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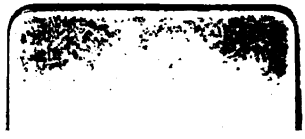

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THE MICROCOSM.

by

Gregory Griffin.

Printed for C. Knight, Windsor.
1787.

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THE MICROCOSM,

A PERIODICAL WORK,

BY

GREGORY GRIFFIN,

Of the COLLEGE of ETON.

The SECOND EDITION.

Inſcribed to the Rev. Dr. DAVIES.

Quid vetat et noſmet?—HOR.

WINDSOR:

Publiſhed for C. KNIGHT, Caſtle-Street;
And Sold by Meſſ. ROBINSONS, Pater-noſter-Row;
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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

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Mr. *R. Smith*, No. 3, 8, 13, 19, 20, 24, 28, 31, 33, and 40, in Conjunction with Mr. Canning.

Mr. *Frere*, No. 4, 9, 16, 25, and 35.

Lord *Henry Spencer*, Letter and Poem ſigned Ironiculus, No. 15, and the Letter of Σοφος Πολυφαγος, 36.

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* In an Etonian's Letter, No. 36, we are proud of confeſſing the aſſiſtance of a name ſo reſpected in the literary world, as Mr. Capel Loft, to whom, as an accident put it out of our power on a former occaſion, we take this opportunity of acknowledging the obligation.

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THE

MICROCOSM,

MONDAY, *November* 6, 1786.

Protinus Italiam concepit, et arma virumque,
Qui modo vix culicem fleverat ore rudi.—MARTIAL.

HE, who a gnat had wept with artleſs tongue,
"ARMS AND THE MAN" *in loftier numbers ſung.*

IT has often been obſerved, that an introduction is the part of a work the moſt embarraſſing to the Author, as well as the leaſt entertaining to the Reader. I have frequently wiſhed that Cuſtom, or a literary etiquette, had preſcribed ſome form of introduction ſo general, as to preclude the idea of plagiariſm, while it ſecured the Author from the

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apprehenſion of miſrepreſenting himſelf to the world; as for inſtance,

TO

THE MOST HIGH AND PUISSANT CRITICS,
BY THE SUFFERANCE OF THEIR SUBJECTS,
OF WIT, POETRY, AND HUMOUR, KINGS,
DEFENDERS OF TASTE,
THE MICROCOSMOPOLITAN SENDS GREETING,
&c. &c. &c.

Next to this, the method almoſt univerſally adopted by periodical writers, of uſurping a feigned name and character, is perhaps the moſt eligible; the dignity of the Author is not diminiſhed by the egotiſms of Iſaac Bickerſtaff, and the Man with the ſhort face reflects no portion of the the ridiculous in his character on Steele or Addiſon.

Thus then I, GREGORY GRIFFIN, ſally forth in this *our* leſſer world, to pluck up by the roots the more trifling follies, and cheriſh the opening buds of riſing merit.

It is the duty of a prudent General, before he hazards an engagement, to ſecure a ſafe retreat; why

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why ſhould a ſimilar conduct be leſs defenſible in an Author? And now a conjecture there is, very likely to have ariſen in the minds of my readers, and which they will wonder I have not anſwered before; namely, who I AM? Now as nothing is more painful than an ungratified deſire of knowledge, I would adviſe my Readers to repreſs and ſmother in its infancy this unhappy paſſion of inquiſitiveneſs; as, whatever be the ſucceſs of this my work, ſuch precautions have been taken with regard to myſelf, as ſhall elude all the efforts of enquiry, and baffle all the arts of Curioſity. Suffice it, that I boaſt with them of "*ſucking the milk "of Science*" from our Mother Eton, under the auſpices of its preſent Director; to whom, (ſhould this work ever be deemed worthy of ſo diſtinguiſhed a Patronage) I would wiſh to preſume to look up for countenance and protection. But to proceed in the explanation of my deſign. As this attempt may have raiſed ſome degree of curioſity within the circle to which it is addreſs'd, as it is in itſelf new and unprecedented in the annals of Eton, I think it incumbent on me, before I proceed any farther, to give an ample account of the ſcope and deſign of this work; that the Reader may be fully acquainted with the nature of the

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amuſement or inſtruction he may expect to find; and that I may obviate any objections, which I foreſee will ariſe to this undertaking. Theſe I ſhall rank under the following heads;—the age of the Author,—the time it may take from his more ſerious avocations,—and the tendency of the work itſelf.

When the reſpectable names of the Spectator, the Guardian, or the Rambler recur to our memory, we ſtart, and are aſtoniſhed at the preſumption of a *puny Authorling*, who dares, at ſo early an age, tread in the ſteps of theſe Heroes of Wit and Literature. No one can ſuppoſe, that it is my intention to affect to rival theſe illuſtrious Predeceſſors. All that I can claim, is a ſincere deſire of executing that deſign in a narrower ſphere, which they ſuſtained with ſuch applauſe in the wider Theatre of the world. My ambition I hope is not illaudable; and if an apology is neceſſary for ſo early an attempt, I can plead the great examples both of ancient and modern Learning: Virgil and Pope produced their Paſtorals long before the one became the glory of Rome as her Epick Poet, or the other of Britain, as her Philoſopher and Satiriſt; if theſe examples are objected to,

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to, as more peculiar to Poetry than Proſe, Cicero's Treatiſe de Inventione was the juvenile efforts of that mind, which was in future time to point the thunders of its eloquence againſt the betrayers of their country; to cruſh the audacious villainy of a Catiline; or ſtrip the deep hypocriſy of an Antony of its ſpecious covering. If the above-mentioned compoſitions were only the preludes to the greater glories of a riper age, may not I, without incurring the charge of too much preſumption, try the feebler efforts of my Genius, and by degrees attempt to accuſtom myſelf to undertakings of a more trying and arduous nature.

For the time which it may be thought to take from my more ſerious avocations, the anſwer will be briefly this. It only occupies a few leiſure hours, which might be more triflingly, if not more unworthily employed. This is an harmleſs recreation at leaſt. My only aim is, that my leiſure moments may in ſome reſpects be amuſing, and I hope in ſome degree inſtructive to others, as well as myſelf.—*Perſonal* reputation cannot be my object; as the voice neither of praiſe or calumny can affect him, who by remaining unknown, remains equally inacceſſible to either; The friends I ſhould

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ſhould gain by this attempt would be uſeleſs, the enemies (if enemies I had) harmleſs. Profit cannot be my object, when the circulation is confined to ſuch a narrow compaſs, and even that I would not wiſh to enlarge; if this Eſſay will defray the expences incident to ſuch an undertaking, it is the ſummit of my hopes, and this, by the Patronage of the Circle I addreſs myſelf to, I flatter myſelf I may perform.

To explain the nature and tendency of the work itſelf, is a taſk of greater length and difficulty; but this I ſhall willingly undertake, rather than leave the ſmalleſt part of this deſign unexplained, and conſequently ſubject to ignorant miſapprehenſions, or wilful miſconſtruction. My deſign is to amuſe, and as far as I am able to inſtruct. Trifling I ſhall endeavour as much as it is in my power to avoid; and the leaſt tendency to immorality or profaneneſs, I abſolutely, and in the ſtrongeſt terms reprobate and diſavow. Does any one aſk from whence am I to collect the materials for ſuch an undertaking? from whence can I have acquired a fund of knowledge, language, or obſervation ſufficient to purſue this arduous plan? my Materials are copious; the whole range, the inexhauſtible.

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hauſtile fund of topics, which every event in Life, every paſſion, every object preſent, lie before me; add to theſe, the ſtores which Hiſtory, reading, and morality, or the offspring of a Muſe juſt ſtruggling into notice can ſupply, combined with the topics of the moment, or thoſe which our peculiar ſituation can afford, together with the hints, which thoſe, who think the correſpondence of the Microcoſm worth their attention, may caſually contribute; ſurvey all theſe, and can I heſitate a moment, can I complain of a dearth of matter, or call my ſubject a barren one?

Quicquid agunt pueri; *noſtri farrago libelli.*
——————*with faithful hints pourtrays*
The various paſſions youth's warm ſoul diſplays.

Not that I mean to exclude every thing of the light or humourous kind. The mind muſt ſometimes be relieved from the ſeverity of its ſtricter ſtudies, and deſcending from the ſublimer heights of ſpeculative thought, deign to bend to inferior objects, and participate in leſs refined gratifications.

I conſider the ſcene before me as a MICROCOSM, a world in miniature, where all the paſſions which agitate the great original, are faithfully pourtrayed

trayed on a ſmaller ſcale; in which the endleſs variety of character, the different lights and ſhades, which the appetites, or peculiar ſituations throw us into, begin to diſcriminate, and expand themſelves. The curious obſerver may here remark in the bud the different caſts and turns of Genius, which will in future ſtrongly characterize the leading features of the mind. He may ſee the embryo Stateſman, who hereafter may wield and direct at pleaſure the mighty and complex ſyſtem of European Politics, now employing the whole extent of his abilities to circumvent his companions at their plays, or adjuſting the important differences, which may ariſe between the contending heroes of his little circle; or a General, the future terror of France and Spain, now the dread only of his Equals, and the undiſputed Lord and Preſident of the boxing-ring. The Grays and Wallers of the riſing generation here tune their little lyres; and he, who hereafter may ſing the glories of Britain, muſt firſt celebrate at Eton the ſmaller glories of his College.

In the number and variety of the ſubjects which I may occaſionally touch upon, it is impoſſible, but that ſomebody may find a foible or a vanity,

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vanity, which he is conſcious of, ſlightly reproved or ridiculed; but I ſolemnly renounce all intention of perſonal applications: It would not only be cruel and unwarrantable in itſelf, wantonly to expoſe defects, which all are in ſome meaſure liable to; but would alſo effectually defeat my own intentions. Who would favour or protect him, who, Drawcanſir like, indiſcriminately ſlaſhed and cut at all around him? my anſwer to this objection is brief,

Qui capit, ille facit,
Let the gall'd jade wince.

I have now fairly and candidly ſtated every part of my plan, and anſwered every objection, which I think can be raiſed to it: I commit this to the public, as my firſt Eſſay, with fear and trembling. Conſcious of the novelty of my ſituation, may I hope that the *Higher Powers* will not look with a diſcouraging eye on my attempt. I have always ſeen too much care, too much attention paid to every apparance of application, and a laudable ambition of excelling, to ſuppoſe, that they will obſtruct my harmleſs and inoffenſive endeavours. If they find any thing blameable, let them conſider my age, and pardon it; if any thing praiſe-

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praiſe-worthy, the good intent with which it was penn'd, and commend it. From my equals I look for ſtill greater indulgence and leſs ſeverity of criticiſm; let them read with candour, and decide with impartiality, then I am not afraid of paſſing the ordeal of their judgment. The mind of youth is naturally too unbiaſs'd by prejudice, too ſuſceptible of generous ſentiments, to be unfavourable to one, whoſe only aim is their pleaſure and amuſement.

P. S. Whatever Perſons ſhould be inclined to favour the Author with their hints on any ſubject, they will be received and acknowledg'd with thankfulneſs. A Letter directed to GREGORY GRIFFIN, the MICROCOSMOPOLITAN, and left at Mr. C. KNIGHT's, *Windſor*, will be ſafely deliver'd, and no farther enquiries made, if the parties wiſh to remain concealed.

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No. II. OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *November* 13, 1786.

Jurare—et fallere Numen.——VIRGIL.
To ſwear and forſwear.

Nec ſine ulla mehercule ironia loquor.—CICERO.
To ſpeak ironically.

HAVING in my former paper, fully, and I hope ſatisfactorily, explained the nature and tendency of this work, and as far as I could foreſee them, anſwered, if not obviated all the objections moſt likely to be ſtarted againſt an undertaking of the kind, I ſhall forbear detaining my readers by any farther prefatory obſervations, and proceed immediately in the execution of my plan:—premiſing only, that, ſhould it appear to the elder part of my readers, the ſubject now before them is too lightly treated, I would not have them conclude from thence, that I am not well aware of its intrinſic weight and importance. Let them however be ſenſible, that *Gregory Griffin* does not, with the ſelf-aſſumed arrogance of an univerſal Cenſurer, commit to the public

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public theſe his lucubrations as dictatorial lectures on morality, but as the reflections of an impartial obſerver of all tranſactions, principally indeed thoſe of this *leſſer world*, of which he boaſts himſelf a Citizen. Theſe, as they afforded both entertainment and inſtruction to him in their formation, he preſumes to hope may be the ſource of the one or the other to ſome of his readers. In this Character I would wiſh them to conſider me in the following paper, and withal to keep in their minds a maxim, indiſputable perhaps from the weight of its Authority,

——————————Ridiculum acri
Fortius, ac melius magnas plerumque ſecat res.
——————————Where moral precepts fail,
The ſneer of ridicule will oft prevail.

It has often occurred as a matter of ſurpriſe to me, and a few friends, who like myſelf can find pleaſure in ſuch ſpeculations as ariſe more immediately from common occurrences, that, among the crowds of pretenders, who profeſs to teach every accompliſhment, neceſſary or unneceſſary, to form the character of a complete gentleman, no one has as yet attempted to give inſtructions in a Science, the uſe of which is more generally adopted, by all ranks of people, than perhaps any other under the

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the ſun.—The reader will probably gueſs, that I allude to the noble art of SWEARING.

So univerſally indeed does this practice prevail, that it pervades all ſtations and degrees of men, from the Peer to the Porter, from the Miniſter to the Mechanic. It is the bond of faith, the ſeal of proteſtations, (the oaths of lovers indeed are a theme too trite to need diſcuſſion here) and the univerſal Succedaneum for logical or even rational demonſtration. And here I cannot forbear reflecting on the infinite improvements made by moderns in the method of elucidating and confirming all matters of opinion. A man now-a-days has need but to acquire one quality, *Impudence*, and to get rid of a troubleſome companion, *Conſcience*, to eſtabliſh whatever maxims he may take in his head. Let him but confirm with an oath the moſt improbable conjectures, and if any one calls his honour in queſtion, the manner of ſettling all ſuch diſputes is too obvious to need explanation. And by theſe means how much unneceſſary trouble does he ſave the rational talents of his auditors; what a world of uſeleſs inveſtigation! Who can help lamenting that this method of arguing was not long ago adopted? We ſhould then probably have eſcaped being peſtered by the eternal diſputations of that

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that uſeleſs ſet of creatures called Philoſophers; as any tolerable ſwordſman might have ſettled the univerſal ſyſtem according to his own plan, and made the planets move by what regulations he pleaſed, provided he was ready, in the *Newgate* phraſe, "*to ſwear through thick and thin.*"

But this is a ſmall part only of the advantages attendant on the extenſive practice of this art. In the councils of the cabinet, and the wranglings of the bar, it adds weight to the moſt ſtriking arguments, and by its authority enforces conviction.

It is an old proverbial expreſſion, that "*there go two words to a bargain;*" now I ſhould not a little admire the ingenuity of that calculator, who could define, to any tolerable degree of exactneſs, how many *oaths* go to one in theſe days; for I am confident, that there is no buſineſs carried on, from the wealthieſt bargains of the Exchange, to the ſixpenny chafferings of a St. Giles's huckſter, in which ſwearing has not a conſiderable ſhare. And almoſt every tradeſman, "*meek and much a lyar,*" will, if his veracity be called in queſtion, coolly conſign to Satan ſome portion of himſelf, *payable on demand*, in caſe his goods be not found anſwerable to his deſcription of their quality.

I

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I remember to have heard of a perſon of great talents for enquiry, who, to inform himſelf whether the land or the water bore the greater proportion in the Globe, contrived to cut out, with extreme nicety, from a map, the different portions of each, and by weighing them together, decided it, in favour of which it is not now material :— Could this experiment be made with regard to the proportion which oaths bear to the reſt of our modern converſation, I own I am not without my ſuſpicions, that the former ſcale would in ſome caſes preponderate ; nay, certain I am, that theſe harmleſs expletives conſtitute conſiderably the *weightieſt* part in the diſcourſe of thoſe, who, either by their own ignorant vanity, or the contemptuous mock-admiration of others, have been dignified with the title of BUCKS. And this indeed, as well in that ſmaller circle which falls more immediately under my obſervation, as in the more enlarged ſociety of *men* ; among whom, to a BUCK who has the honour to ſerve his Majeſty, a habit of ſwearing is an appendage as abſolutely eſſential as a cockade or a commiſſion : And many a one there is among this order, who will ſit down with equal ardour and ſelf-complacency, to deviſe the cut of a coat, or the form of an execration.

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Nay, even the *female* ſex have, to their no ſmall credit, caught the *happy contagion*; and there is ſcarce a Mercer's wife in the Kingdom, but has her innocent unmeaning imprecations, her little oaths "*ſoftened into nonſenſe*," and with ſqueaking treble, mincing blaſphemy into *odſbodikins*, *ſlitterkins*, and ſuch like, will "*ſwear you like a ſucking dove, ay, an it were any nightingale.*"

That it is one of the accompliſhments of *boys*, is more than ſufficiently obvious, when there is ſcarce one, though he be but five years old, that does not liſp out the oaths he has heard drop from the mouths of his elders; while the happy parent congratulates himſelf on the early improvement of his offſpring, and ſmiles to diſcover the promiſing ſeeds of manly wit in the ſprightly ſallies of puerile execration. On which topic I remember to have heard an honeſt Hibernian divine, whoſe zeal for morality would ſometimes hurry him a little beyond the limits of good grammar or good ſenſe, in the height of declamation, declare, that "*the little children, that could neither ſpeak, nor walk, run about the ſtreets blaſpheming.*"

Thus then, through all ranks and ſtages of life, is Swearing the very hinge of converſation! It is the

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the concluſive ſupplement to argument, the apology for wit, the univerſal medium through which every thought is conveyed; and as to the violent paſſions, it is (to uſe the words of the poet) "*the very midwife of the mind;*" and is equally ſerviceable in bringing forth the ſenſations of anger or kindneſs, hope or fear; the extacies of extravagant delight, or the agonies of comfortleſs deſpair. What mortal among us is there, that, when any misfortune comes on him unexpectedly, does not find himſelf wonderfully lightened of the load of his ſorrow, by pouring out the abundance of his vexation in ſhowers of curſes on the author of his calamity? What gameſter, who has reduced himſelf from opulence to beggary, by the intemperate indulgence of a mad infatuation, does not, after ſitting down and venting his execrations for half an hour againſt his ill fortune and his folly, get up again greatly relieved by ſo happy an expedient.

Since then the advantages ariſing from an early initiation into the practice of ſwearing muſt ſo evidently appear to every perſon unprejudiced againſt it, by notions (now indeed almoſt out of date) of religion and morality, I cannot but be ſurprized, that no one has as yet attempted

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to reduce to ſyſtem, and teach the theory of an art, the practical part of which is ſo univerſally known and adopted. An undertaking of this kind could not ſurely fail of ſucceſs; eſpecially in an age like this, when attempts of a much more arduous nature, are every day preſented to our notice: when pigs are brought to exerciſe all the functions of rationality; and Hibernians profeſs to teach the true pronunciation of the Engliſh tongue.

It is not ſo very far removed, but that ſome of my readers muſt recollect the time, when the noble art of *boxing*, was, by the ever-memorable FIGG and BROUGHTON, reduced to a complete and perfect ſyſtem; and the Nobility and Gentry were taught theoretically as well as practically, to bruiſe the bodies, and (to uſe a technical term) *darken the daylights* of each other, with the vigour of a Hercules, tempered with the grace of an Apollo. And it is but a little time, ſince a celebrated Foreigner actually inſtructed ſome perſons, of no inconſiderable rank, of both ſexes, in the art of *eating Soup* with eaſe and dexterity; (though in my humble opinion, few people could need a preceptor to ſhew them the way to their mouths.) —Of much more utility, and ſurely not leſs ſucceſsful

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ceſsful would be the plan I recommend.—Many there were, who, from tenderneſs of age, or delicacy of conſtitution, were precluded from the diverſion of *boxing*; to many the Science of *ſoup-eating* was uſeleſs and impracticable,—merely from having none to eat;—but all have their *oaths* in their own power, and of them neither emptineſs of pocket, nor coporeal or mental imbecility prevent the free and uncontrolled uſe; and almoſt every body, however niggardly he may be in parting with any other of his poſſeſſions, ſcatters theſe with the moſt liberal profuſion.

Thus then, if foſtered by the hand of a ſkilful linguiſt, this Science might perhaps in time come nearer than any other to realize the extravagant idea of the ingenious but romantic Biſhop Wilkins, of an univerſal language. At preſent indeed there are ſome ſlight inconveniencies attending the project, among which no ſmall one is, that according to their preſent general uſage, Oaths, like Yorrick's French Frizeur, by expreſſing too much generally mean nothing: inſomuch that I now make it a rule to leſſen my belief to every aſſertion, in proportion to the number of needleſs corroborative oaths by which it is ſupported. Nor am I indeed unreaſonable in this; and

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and in moſt caſes how can I do otherwiſe? Is it in human nature to ſuppoſe, that when one of my friends declares his joy at ſeeing me, and his kind concern for my health, by intimating a hearty wiſh of my eternal perdition, that he really means what he ſays?

It has been obſerved by ſome ancient Philoſopher, or Poet, or Moraliſt, (no matter which) that nothing could be more pernicious to mankind, than the fulfilling of their own wiſhes. And in truth I am inclined to be of his opinion; for many a friend of mine, many a *fellow-citizen of this leſſer world*, would, had his own heedleſs imprecations on himſelf taken effect, long ere this have groaned under the complication of almoſt every calamity capable of entering a human imagination. And with regard to the world at large, were this to be the caſe, I doubt whether there would be at this preſent time a leg or limb of any kind whole in his Majeſty's ſervice. So habitual indeed was this cuſtom become to an Officer of my acquaintance, that, though he had loſt one of his eyes in the defence of his Country, he could not forgo his favourite execration, but ſtill uſed to vent his curſes on them both, with the ſame eaſe and indifference as when they were both in his poſſeſſion: So *blind*

was

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was he rendered to his own defects, by the continued practice of this — amuſement. For in no other light than as an amuſement or a polite accompliſhment can it be conſidered by thoſe who practice it. Did they conſider it as a vice, they could not, I am ſure perſevere in the indulgence of one, which has not even the common excuſe of having for its aim the purſuit of pleaſure, or the gratification of a darling appetite. I cannot believe they would ſo diſintereſtedly damn themſelves, and vent in public company ſuch imprecations, as in darkneſs and ſolitude they would tremble to conceive.

As an accompliſhment therefore, and as an agreeable indication of youthful gaiety it muſt no doubt be conſidered;—and ſhould any one take the hint here offered him, and commence inſtructor in this noble Science, I need not, I believe, caution him againſt being an Engliſhman; or (ſhould he have the misfortune to be born in this country) remind him of the eaſy transformation of our commoneſt home-ſpun names, into the more faſhionable French, or more muſical Italian; as for inſtance, that of Peters into Pedro, Nicholls into Nicolini, or Gerard into Girardot, and ſo on.—Having thus *un-engliſhed* himſelf, let him get his adver-

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advertiſement drawn up in the Grahamic ſtyle, if not by the Doctor himſelf, profeſſing, that

> " Having added to the early advantages of " a Billingſgate education, the deepeſt re- " ſearches, and moſt indefatigable induſtry, " &c. &c. he now ſtands forth as an apt " and accompliſhed teacher of the never-to- " be-ſufficiently-extolled, the all-expreſſive, " all-comprehenſive, &c. &c. *Art of Swearing*. " Ladies and Gentlemen inſtructed in the " moſt faſhionable and elegant oaths; the " moſt peculiarly adapted to their ſeveral " ages, manners, and profeſſions, &c. &c. " He has now ready for the preſs, a book en- " titled, *The Complete Oath Regiſter*; *or*, *Every " Man his own Swearer*, containing oaths and " imprecations for all times, ſeaſons, pur- " poſes, and occaſions. Alſo, *Sentimental " Oaths for the Ladies*. Likewiſe, *Execrations " for the Year* 1786."

Let him, I ſay, do this, and he may, I believe, aſſure himſelf of no little encouragement among the world at large; though far be it from me to preſume to promiſe him any extraordinary countenance in that ſmaller Circle which comes more immediately under the inſpection of the MICROCOSMOPOLITAN.

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No. III.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *November* 20, 1786.

Ceſſare, et ludere, et ungi.—Hor.
To lounge, and loiter, and perfume.

"Dear Greg,

"YOUR Mic. is *dead Lounge*,—diſſipates "inſufferable *Ennui* of tea table,—fills "boring intervals of *Converſazione*,—Ex- "quiſite ſubſtitute for ſwitch,—and in ſhort quite "the Ton:—By the by, in your next propoſe "ſome new *Lounge*.—They are all ſo *dingle* at "preſent, they are quite a *Bore*.—Lud, how much "I have written!—You charming creature, hint "at ſome new Lounge.

"Your's,

"Narcissus."

Nar-

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Narciſſus's billet doux has led me into ſome reflections on the tenets of thoſe Philoſophers, (for I would not ſpeak of ſo large a portion of our leſſer world's inhabitants by a leſs reſpectable title) who profeſs in its different branches the doctrine of Apathy.

We find, that the walking and ſitting diſputants into which the beards of Greece were divided, originated indeed from one root: but afterwards branched into ſuch innumerable little ſprays, and ſo interſected each other, as not only to prevent all poſſibility of fruit, but when agitated by the leaſt wind of contention, to fall together with a dry offenſive ſort of creaking, of that kind which Virgil deſcribes by the *Aridus fragor*. Senſible that theſe diſagreeable effects proceeded from a ridiculous notion which each Metaphyſical innovator entertained of improving on the doctrines of his predeceſſors, (men much older and in courſe much wiſer than himſelf) the founder of the ſect of *Apathiſts* has condeſcended to borrow this opinion from the great Grecian Maſter, that *the end of Knowledge is to be certified that we know nothing*. Upon this tenet he logically and ingeniouſly builds an argument, which tends to ſupport his main principle,

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principle, viz. The ſummit of *Knowing* is to *Know* that *Knowledge* is a Non Entity. The idea of total ignorance cannot but be grating to the pride of a human creature; Ergo, ſhould we not at once embrace a doctrine which ſaves us this reflection, by teaching us to believe that we know a great deal? Now this belief is the invariable characteriſtic of an Apathiſt. An attempt at improvement would be in him, what an acknowledgement of conviction would formerly have been conſidered in the Stoic.

Not however entirely to preclude the idea of ſtudy, and at the ſame time to point out to his followers ſuch a kind of purſuit as ſhould neither impair the delicacy of their external texture, or interrupt their flow of animal ſpirits by head achs, vapours, and other nervous diſorders, (the inſeparable companions of intenſe application) this great founder has adopted the pithy precept of a brother legiſlator, and enjoins his followers to *Know themſelves*.—Themſelves therefore, ſtrictly obedient to this injunction, and themſelves alone, they ſtudy. The vulgar herd of Mortals are blinded by Ambition, elated by Hope, depreſſed by Fear, melted by Love, tortured by Jealouſy, and

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and in ſhort racked by all the viciſſitudes of the more violent, or agitated by the quick tranſitions of the ſofter paſſions. There are thoſe who would hear of the enfranchiſement of Greece, and the deſolation of the Palatinate, with the ſame emotion; and diſtinguſh no eſſential difference in the characters of Alexander and Uncle Toby: But even theſe would be infinitely diſordered to find the œconomy of their apartments deranged by an unlucky Kitten, almoſt faint at a broken pane, and be abſolutely taken ill at an everted coal-box. The *genuine Apathiſt* alone, equally ſuperior to the violent attacks of paſſion, and the teazing impertinence of fretfulneſs, has, notwithſtanding theſe advantages, ſtrength of mind ſufficient to confine himſelf to the humbler ſphere of the ſocial duties; that is, he eats and drinks with the moſt refined politeneſs; and would rather forfeit his exiſtence than be guilty of ſuch a ſoleciſm in good breeding, as to drain a tea pot, or repleniſh his own cup before thoſe of his companions.

Not but he frequently exerciſes functions of a different nature, and *perſonates* the Man of Taſte, the Genius, and the Critic; (nay there have been known thoſe who have entertained certain vague notions

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tions of that groveling quality called *Common ſenſe.)* He has in ſhort the reputation of being every thing, with the ſatisfaction of being nothing. I have known a complete adept in the external forms required on ſuch an occaſion, by one ſhort ſentence (carefully omitting the Articles, Pronouns, and Verb Subſtantive) eſtabliſh or deſtroy the fame of the moſt capital hoſiers. And any one who is acquainted with the ſigns whereby to diſtinguiſh them, may not unfrequently ſee the moſt eminent among them in yawning majeſty, gaping out the fate of an unread author to their aſtoniſhed retailers.

Wit indeed is a bagatelle for which they ſeem to entertain the utmoſt averſion, and to diſcourage not only among their own body, but in any promiſcuous company into which they may chance to be thrown; and this, not by the trite path of ſtale dogmatical precepts, but by the more uncommon and ſtriking method of example. And to ſhew how ſucceſsful is this plan, I will venture to aſſert, that any one who ſhould hear but a ſingle jeſt of a genuine Apathiſt, would, for at leaſt a week afterwards, be thoroughly convinced of the impropriety of being facetious.

But

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But as in this tenet I perfectly agree with the Apathiſt, that "*example ſtrikes where precept fails,*" it will perhaps more clearly than any deſcription of mine, illuſtrate the true character of what is called in the phraſe of our citizens a *Dead Lounger*, to lay before them a ſecond favour of my old friend and correſpondent Narciſſus. It is a journal of his Sunday's employment; and if I may judge from the compleat ſyſtem which it contains, muſt be the production of a profound adept. He deſires my deciſion on his plan of life; but as I am not yet grown callous in the office of a Cenſor, I conſign him to the cuſtomary method of trial by a jury of his *Peers*.

"DEAR GREG,

"To diſſipate *Vapeur* what remedy d'ye think "have choſen? To write journal, Ha! Ha! Ha! "Want to know how I kill time; your opinion,

"Your's,

"NARCISSUS."

"*Sunday Morning, Half paſt Nine.* Yawned;— "execrably ſleepy.

"*Ten.* Read half your bill.—Head ach.

"*Half*

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" *Half paſt Ten.* Too cold for church.—Head ach
" increaſed by bell.—N. B. To change my apart-
" ment that I may avoid that noiſe.

" *Eleven to Twelve.* Took my chocolate.—Read
" half a page of Henrietta Harville.—Mem. Never
" to read Sentimental Novels after the 1ſt. of May,
" or before 1ſt. of November.

" *Twelve.* Terrace.—Not a ſoul.—On my re-
" turn ſaw cocked hat with man under it.

" *Half paſt One.* Dinner.—No appetite.

" *Two.* Froth called.—Argument with Froth
" on long quarter'd ſhoes.—N. B. Froth diſmally
" in the wrong.

" *Three to Four.* Slept.—Dreamt of Butterflies.

" *Four.* Dreſs'd for Caſtle prayers.

" *Half paſt Four.* Lounged with Froth to Caſtle
" prayers.—'Stoniſhing *Rou.*—Man in Buzz wig.—
" Fribble in thread ſtockings.—Mem. Froth and
" ſelf to drop his acquaintance.—Mem. Broke little
" boy's head.—Mem. Gave the dog a ſhilling.

" *Half paſt Five.* Sipped my tea with Feather.—
" N. B. His ſilk ſtockings.—N. B. The pattern ſeen
" laſt Winter in town.—N. B. Not to tell him till
" he has worn them.

" *Six to half paſt.* Yawned and Rou'd.

" *Half paſt to Seven.* Rou'd and Yawned.

" *Seven*

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"*Seven to Eight.* Got vapours by looking out "Microcoſm.

"*Eight to Nine.* Wrote my journal.—Buckled "my ſhoe.

"*Nine to Ten.* Intolerable Vapours.—N. B. Va- "pours greateſt bore in Univerſe.

"*Ten to half paſt.* Lounged to Dapper's room.— "Caught him reading Latin.—Smoked him.— "Rou'd him.—Mem. Dapper in covered buttons. "—*O imitatores ſer, ſer, ſer,* Lud, my memory! "Do you remember the line in Virgil, Greg?

"*Half paſt Ten to Eleven.* Put on ſlippers and "night gown.—Picked teeth.

"*Eleven to Twelve.* Went to bed."

As an acknowledgement for the aſſiſtance Narciſſus has afforded me, it is but reaſonable that I ſhould, as far as lies in my power, comply with the concluding requeſt of his firſt billet. There is at preſent a vacant ſeat in the *Lounging club*, occaſioned by the expulſion of one of its members for explaining a paſſage in Horace. As far as mental qualifications have any weight in the ſcale, he is perfectly adapted to fill the chair. The honour of being a candidate, was, by the unanimous votes of the ſociety, conferred on the Microcoſmopolitan; and an evening accordingly fixed for my exami-

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examination. Having received timely notice of their intentions, I prepared myself accordingly; and at about half past four was ushered into an apartment, in which at a modest distance from a tea equipage, were seated five respectable personages.

Now, gentle Reader, before I proceed in the account of my reception, it is necessary that I premise, that it is not the mere mechanical qualities of an Author, which have induced me to assume the character of a MICROCOSMOPOLITAN; but that as my predecessor with the short face, derived perhaps more dignity from that distinguishing feature which was to set him apart from the rest of mankind, than from any observation in his whole work, so nature seems to have cut me out for a periodical writer, by endowing a long nose of mine with so strange a predilection for my chin, as on most occasions to form no very harmonious cadence in my organs of elocution.

"*Hinc mihi prima mali labes*: *Hence the first origin of all my ill:*" For when in return to the extravagant politeness of the whole room, I began to attempt something like a compliment, it had so visible an effect on the nerves of my audience,

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that forgetting the etiquette of receiving a ſtranger, they with one accord applied their hands to the offended ſeat of hearing. Nay, ſo violent were the emotions of one of them, that he ſprung acroſs the table with the agility of a monkey, articulating, as well as the chattering of his teeth would allow him, "*I hope in Gad the animal is ta—a—ame.*" An univerſal titter was the immediate conſequence of this ejaculation, when the preſident turning to me with a ſelf complacent apologizing ſimper, obſerved, that "*I muſt excuſe Mr. Tinſel's oddities, as I ſhould find him upon the whole a lounging Creeter.*" Upon my bowing, a general ſilence enſued, till one of the company, in a voice which left me to doubt whether he was broad awake, yawned out, "*Tinſel, you have wetted my ſtocking.*" The whole room, except Tinſel, (whoſe late alarm had forced him to have recourſe to an adjacent lavender bottle) as if they had preconcerted a reply, reiterated *Twaddle.* So general an exclamation in a term which came nearer to *Waddle* than any thing I had any idea of, I miſtook for a perſonal application to me, till I ſaw the harmleſs creatures unanimouſly applying their white handkerchiefs to the injured ſtocking.

As

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As ſoon as this important concern was adjuſted, the preſident, addreſſing himſelf to me, told me, He had peruſed the title page of my work, and was much pleaſed with the ſtyle; that the deſign, as explained there was exquiſite; that having, by an unfortunate accident loſt one of their number, they had unanimouſly agreed to make me the offer of his ſeat. And that ſhould I myſelf ſtart any objections to the propoſals, they wiſhed to make my paper the medium for publiſhing this vacancy to the world; "One thing, added he, Mr. Griffin, this ſociety and myſelf have been ineffably puzzled on, which is, whether your plan is grounded on Perſonal Satire or no?" Having made my acknowledgements to the company in general for the intended honour, I replied, that when it ſhould be convenient to him to favour my firſt paper with a peruſal, his objection would anſwer itſelf: That at preſent I ſhould only aſſure him, that on my ſide, nothing more than general alluſions were intended, and on that of my fellow-citizens, "*Qui capit ille facit: Let the gall'd jade wince.*"

I had ſcarce pronounced theſe words when I became ſenſible of my careleſſneſs by the ſignificant

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looks of the company. The converſation immediately turned on ſtockings; when, as I was out of my element, I ſat for ſome time totally ſilent; and upon a proper opportunity took my leave, and retired to reflect on the ſcene I had quitted. On coming home I found Narciſſus's letters, and diveſting myſelf of all the petulance of a diſappointed candidate, ſat down immediately to advertize him of this opportunity. Convinced, notwithſtanding the plauſible arguments of thoſe, who under the immediate impulſe of any favourite paſſion, cannot brook the idea of total liſtleſſneſs, that an Apathiſt is as much a real, as a GRIFFIN is an imaginary being. C.

NOTES to CORESPONDENTS.

It is not conſiſtent with my plan to inſert the letter of T EL MACHUS; as to its publication in the London Papers he is at liberty to uſe his pleaſure.---My Female Correſpondent, who ſigns herſelf DOROTHY TEAR-SHEET, as I am willing to believe her all that is fair and modeſt, *was not*, I ſhould ſuppoſe, aware of the tendency of her ſignature.

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No. IV.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *November* 27, 1786.

I demens et ſævas curre per Alpes,
Ut Pueris placeas & declamatio fias.—JUVENAL.
Climb o'er the Alps, thou raſh ambitious fool,
To pleaſe the boys, and be a theme at School. DRYDEN.

AS the ſubject of the following diſcourſe is the examination of a paſſion more peculiarly prevalent in the minds of youth; and as I conceive it would be but an indifferent compliment to the talents of the younger part of my readers, to conſider it neceſſary to apologize to them for the more ſerious nature of it; I ſhall, without detaining them any further by unneceſſary introduction, proceed to my ſubject, *the Love of Fame.* And this I conſider not only as that exalted principle, which has in all ages produced patriots and heroes, but when in a depraved ſtate, contributing more perhaps to the promotion of immorality, than our moſt violent paſſions and moſt craving appetites.

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petites. For the obſerver will diſcover, that whenever this *primum mobile* of the mind is diverted from the purſuit of more laudable ambition, to the deſire of falſe honour, and criminal adulation, its tendency is *only* diverted, while its power remains unimpaired. This principle, capable of carrying us to the higheſt pitch of human ambition, or, on the other hand ſinking us to the loweſt ebb of depravity, is implanted in our natures; it is inherent in, and inſeparable from humanity; the reins are thrown into our hands, and the reſt remains with ourſelves.

It ſhould ſeem then, that a reaſonable being, conſcious that he is poſſeſſed of ſuch an internal principle, aware of the conſequences immediately attending on a proper or improper uſe of it, and having the direction of it in his own power, could hardly err in the application: But unfortunately it happens, that the diſtribution of praiſe lies equally in the hands of all; and from hence it is, that the commonalty derive a power, for which they are far from being qualified by greater nicety of judgment or accuracy of obſervation. And theſe, too frequently judging more from outward appearance than an inveſtigation of intrinſic merit, it

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it will happen, that by far the greater ſhare of glory attends upon what are called great actions; which, by their ſuperior ſplendor, attract and dazzle the eyes of the multitude more than a ſober train of benevolence, which paſſes over the mind with the ſmooth uniformity of a poliſhed ſurface, not marked by an eminent feature, or diſtinguiſhed by any leading characteriſtic. Hence, a wide barrier is fixt between actions glorious to the individual, and ſuch as are uſeful to the community; and the effects produced by it are not ſo much to be wondered at as lamented. The life of a man beneficial to ſociety, is moſt commonly paſt in a continued ſeries of benevolent actions, frequently in a circle extremely contracted; but this is not a life of glory, and tho' an uſeful uniformity may demand our praiſe, it lays no claim to our admiration. So unvaried indeed is the tenour of a life really uſeful, and not unuſually charged with ſo little incident, that the muſe, whoſe office it is to ſhed a perfunctory tear over the aſhes of the deceaſed, has frequently been obliged, by the barrenneſs of the ſubject, to have recourſe to topics of praiſe entirely fictitious; or relinquiſh a theme rendered ſo unintereſting by its uniformity. And if we except that of Pope on Mrs. Corbet,

and

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and the original of Craſhaw, from which Pope ſeems to have transfuſed no inconſiderable part of his own performance, there does not perhaps remain in our language, an elegant epitaph on any perſon undiſtinguiſhed by military, civil, or literary exertions. I would wiſh however to except the following lines, which, in a pariſh in Yorkſhire, cover the bones of an honeſt yeoman; whoſe merits ſeem to have been underſtood by the author, tho' he might have been prevented from recurring to feigned topics by the want of art evident in the conſtruction of the lines.—I ſhall ſubject them to the peruſal of my reader; they are as follow;

John Bell Brokenbow
Laies under this ſtane,
Four of my eene ſonnes
Laied it an my weame,
I was maſter of my meat,
Maſter of my wife,
I lived on my own lands
Without nickle ſtrife.

How much more glorious is this ſimple teſtimony to the undiſtinguiſhed merits of a private man, than if it had announced the bones of a general,

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general, who by the ſingular favour of fortune, had, with the loſs of only twenty thouſand individuals of the ſame country with himſelf, ſlaughtered two hundred thouſand, guilty of being divided from it by a narrow ſea, or a chain of mountains. The merit of the former character is evidently ſuperior; yet our admiration had undoubtedly ſided with the latter.

Not that this meritorious inaction is always undiſtinguiſhed by obſervation and applauſe; the character of Atticus, is not perhaps leſs remarkable for its literary excellence, than the inactive acquieſcence which he betrayed at a period when any degree of eminence muſt have been attended with conſequences more or leſs repugnant to the intereſts of his country. How different is this patriotic conqueſt over a deſire of glory not be obtained in a manner conſiſtent with his country's welfare, from the obſtinacy of another character equally eminent about the ſame time, who would have

" *Bluſh'd if Cato's houſe had ſtood*
" *Secure, and flouriſhed in a civil war.*"

It ſhould ſeem doubtful whether the poet meant this ſentiment for the effect of a natural impulſe on the occaſion which introduces it, or the reſult of

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of an affectation eminent in the original character; and which could not have eſcaped the author tho' ſo much its admirer: Certain I am, that it could not proceed from the feelings of nature, even admitting the poſſibility of any connection ſubſiſting between an individual and his country, which did not in a ſtronger manner tie him to his family. I ſhall not at preſent arraign the policy which dictated a law to the Athenians, inflicting diſgrace and ignominy on any one who in a public diſſention might remain inactive; however, the obſerver may diſcover in this edict, the ſource of thoſe diſturbances which continually divided the ſtate, and ended but in its ruin.

But to return to my ſubject, and perhaps it may not be entirely foreign from it, to obſerve, that admitting the deſire of glory to have ſo great an influence as I contend it is poſſeſſed of; the higher ranks in life may be cleared of an imputation under which they have long laboured. I allude to an opinion extremely prevalent, that all national depravity and corruption, before it deſcends to the lower claſſes, originates among their ſuperiors. The regard paid by the lower ranks to the example and authority of their ſuperiors, has been cited, and

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and with ſome degree of plauſibility, to ſupport this opinion; but is not this influence effectually and entirely counterbalanced, by the diſtribution of cenſure and applauſe which reſides entirely in the hands of the commonalty? or can any one doubt the influence which the common people have with their ſuperiors, when he ſees the forms of government change with the diſpoſition of the people; and the affectation of ignorance and illiberality aſſumed by the higher orders at home, in their dreſs, manners, and converſation? We readily grant a propenſity in the inferior orders to imitate the actions of their ſuperiors; but is not imitation the height of flattery? and does not a readineſs to receive and copy the depraved manners of a ſuperior order, ſuppoſe a previous depravity in the people?

Perhaps the only true criterion of the utility or dangerous tendency of this paſſion, is the diſpoſition of the times; for the ſame ſpirit which in a more corrupt period carries the enthuſiaſt for it to the height of exceſs and extravagance, would, in an æra of more ſimple manners, have produced the exact reverſe;

"*Lucullus, when frugality could charm,*
"*Had roaſted turnips in his ſabine farm;*"

and

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and Cincinnatus, had he lived in a period leſs diſpoſed to honour a virtuous poverty, might probably have changed the frugality of his ſimple meal, for the luxury of the *Apollo*.

The preſent path to glory, and conſequently that which its votaries purſue, is faction; and even in this leſſer world the obſerver may diſcover a demagogue in embryo, diſtinguiſhed perhaps only for ſtronger powers of vociferation. But here, as upon all other occaſions, the MICROCOSMOPOLITAN would wiſh to avoid miſapprehenſion; and while he reprobates a turbulence of behaviour, does not wiſh his readers entirely to diſcard their judgment and free will, and to degrade themſelves to the rank of non-entities, or, according to a more accepted phraſe, *cyphers*. The great increaſe of the abovementioned ſpecies calls for attention; whether it proceeds from a prevailing idea that an individual, like a numerical figure, is made of more conſequence by the addition of a cypher, or from a fear in its promoters, of a diſcovery of their own weakneſs; as the cruel policy of Semiramis had its origin in an apprehenſion, that her ſex might be diſcovered by an unprecedented want of beard. From whatever cauſe the

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the preſent increaſe of this ſpecies ariſes, it is now grown to ſo formidable an height, as to require the attention of the public, and more particularly of the MICROCOSMOPOLITAN.

I would wiſh to preſent to the peruſal of my readers, the following lines, not entirely foreign from ſome part of this eſſay; and at the ſame time admoniſh them, that the ſmile of Melpomene at the birth of a poet is uſeleſs, without that of his readers on his publication.

I.

Within the ſounding quiver's hollow womb
Repoſe the darts of praiſe and harmony;
Goddeſs draw forth the choſen ſhaft; at whom
Shall the ſwift arrows of the muſes fly?
By the great almighty mind,
For man's highly favour'd race,
Various bleſſings were deſign'd,
Bounties of ſuperior grace;
Here the fat and fertile ground
Waves the flood of Harveſt round;
Or fervid wine's extatic juice
Cluſter-curved Vines produce;

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A ſullen land of lazy lakes
Rhine ſlowly winding to the Ocean makes,
This reſcued from the eager wave
Human art has dar'd to ſave,
While o'er each foggy pool, and cheerleſs fen
Hums the buſy buz of men.
A warlike nation bent on deathful deeds
From daring actions ſafety ſeeks, and fame,
Ruſh thro' the ranks, wheree'er the battle bleeds,
Or whirl their neighing courſers thro' the flame.
The Indian youth beneath the ſhade
More loves repoſe and peace,
And underneath his plantain laid
Sings indolence and eaſe.

II.

Thus far with unerring hand
All ruling providence has plann'd,
Thus far impartial to divide
Nor all to one, nor one to all denied.
But Order, heav'n-deſcended queen,
Wheree'er you deign to go,
Alone you fix the bounds between
Our happineſs and woe,
Nor wealth, nor peace, nor without thee
Heav'n's firſt beſt bounty, Liberty,
Can bleſs our native land.

Then

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Then come, O nymph! and o'er this iſle
Diſpenſe thy ſoul ſubduing ſmile,
And ſtretch thy lenient hand.

III.

Before time was, before the Day
Shot thro' the ſkies his golden ray,
A ſightleſs maſs, a waſteful wild
Tumultuous gulph, was all this fair creation,
Till you the ſhapeleſs chaos reconcil'd,
Each part commanding to its proper ſtation!
Then hills upheav'd their verdent head,
Above a purer ſky was ſpread,
And Ocean floated in his ample bed;
Then firſt creeping to the main
Rivers drew their tortuous train;
Then from her fertile womb the earth
Brought forth at one ample birth,
All that through the waſte of ſky
Borne on oary pinions fly,
Or thro' the deep's dark caverns roam,
And wallowing daſh the ſea to foam.
Tutor'd by your guiding ſway,
The planets trace their pathleſs way,
The ſeaſons in their order'd dance
In grateful interchange advance!

But

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But when, O Goddeſs, wilt thou deign,
O'er favour'd man to ſtretch thy reign?
Then ſhall ſedition's tempeſt ceaſe,
The daſhing ſtorm be huſh'd to peace,
The angry ſeas no longer roar,
But gently rolling kiſs the ſhore,
While from the wave-worn rock the troubled
waters pour.

IV.

When pois'd athwart the lurid air,
The ſword of vengeance pours a ſanguine ray,
Or comets from their ſtream of blazing hair
Shake the blue peſtilence, and adverſe ſway
Of refluous battle, o'er ſome high vic'd land;
Thro' the ſick air the power of poiſon flies,
By gentler breezes now no longer fann'd,
Sultry and ſtill; the native breathes and dies.
Yet often free from ſelfiſh fear
The ſon attends his father's bed,
Nor will diſdain the ſocial tear
In pleaſing painful mood to ſhed.—
When chilling pine and cheerleſs penury,
Stretch o'er ſome needy houſe their wither'd hand
Where modeſt want alone retires to die,
Yet ſocial love has ſhed her influence bland,
To cheer the ſullen gloom of poverty.

For

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For 'tis decreed, that every ſocial joy,
In its partition ſhould be multiplied,
Still be the ſame nor know the leaſt alloy,
Tho' ſympathy to thouſands ſhould divide
Our pleaſures; but when urg'd by dire diſtreſs,
The grief by others felt is made the leſs.

V.

Not ſo the ills ſedition ſows,
Midſt ſever'd friends, and kindred foes;
When the horrid joy of all,
Embitters ev'ry private fall.
Creeping from her ſecret ſource
Sedition holds her ſilent courſe,
With wat'ry weeds and ſordid ſedge
Skirting her unnoted edge,
Till ſcorning all her former bounds
She ſweeps along the fertile grounds;
And as in ſullen ſolemn ſtate ſhe glides,
Receives into her train the tributary tides;
Then ruſhing headlong from ſome craggy ſteep
She pours impetuous down and hurries to the deep.
Ah! luckleſs he, who o'er the tide
Shall hope his fragile bark to guide;
While ſecure his ſail is ſpread
The waves ſhall thunder o'er his head;

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But if, long tempeſt-toſt, once more,
His crazy bark regain the ſhore,
There ſhall he ſit and long lament
His youthful vigour vainly ſpent;
And others warn, but warn, alas! in vain,
In unambitious ſafety to remain.
Then happy he! who to the gale
Nor truſt too much the varying ſail,
Nor raſhly launching forth amain
Attempts the terrors of the wat'ry plain;
But watchful, wary, when he ſees
The ocean black beneath the breeze,
The cheerleſs ſky with clouds o'erſpread,
And darkneſs gath'ring round his head,
Truſts not too far, but haſtes to ſeek,
The ſhelter of ſome winding creek;
Thence ſees the waves by whirlwinds toſt,
And raſh ambition's veſſel loſt;
Hears the mad pilot late deplore,
The ſhifting ſail, the faithleſs oar,
And hears the ſhriek of death, the ſhriek that's heard no more.

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No. V. OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *December* 4, 1786.

Animo umbris rerum ſatisfacere.

BACON, *de Augm. Scient.*

To ſatisfy the mind with ſpeculation.

Oppida quodam tempore florentiſſima, nunc proſtrata et diruta ante oculos jacent.——SULP. *ad Cic.*

The ruins of Cities formerly flouriſhing and powerful, now lie ſcattered before my eyes.

AS I am naturally of a thoughtful and ſpeculative turn of mind, it is a favourite amuſement with me, not only to traverſe the well known regions of Ancient Hiſtory, but to launch into the wider ocean of conjecture, and explore, in fancy, the *Terra incognita* of probability. In the courſe of theſe reſearches, the mind expatiates in a larger field, than the narrow and confined limits of known facts will otherwiſe permit it; in one caſe the inexhauſtible ſtores of a fertile imagination ſupply abundant materials to our ſpeculations; and we are left at full liberty to form air-drawn ſyſtems, and build impracticable theories as extravagant as the wildeſt flights of fancy could ever ſuggeſt: and

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this has been the favourite, tho' perhaps uſeleſs, employment of many ingenious men, and is an innocent at leaſt, and copious ſource of amuſement, which fills up the languid intervals of a leiſure hour. The Atalantis of Plato, the Utopia of Sir Thomas More, and the Oceana of Dr. Harrington, fall (ſit verbo venia) under the deſcription of air-drawn and impracticable, tho' ingenious ſyſtems. In the other caſe, we are confined to the limits of authenticated Hiſtory, and Fancy makes a vain effort to burſt thoſe chains, which knowledge and truth have impoſed upon her; we can only reflect, and draw uſeful inferences from the various events which crowd the hiſtoric page; from the various calamities which the treachery, the ambition, and the crimes of one ſmall part of mankind have undeſervedly drawn down on the infinitely larger portion that remains. This is in part the opinion of one of the moſt learned and ingenious men of our age; what he applies to the difference between poetry and hiſtory, I ſhall apply to that between hiſtory and conjecture.

* "*Nimium auguſtis finibus continetur Hiſtoria, nimium ſeveras habet operis ſui leges. Res geſtas tradit,*

* *Lowth de Poeſi Hebræorum.*

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dit, eventorum veſtigiis inſiſtit: quod contigit, non quod contigiſſe potuit *aut oportuit narrandum; nec quo documenti opportunitas, aut* probabilitatis *ratio vocat, ſed quo facti neceſſitas cogit, eundum. Hiſtoria res et perſonas certas et conſtitutas tractat, infinitas et univerſales Poeſis: illa præſcriptum iter certâ confixit via, hæc liberis naturæ ſpatiis fruitur."*

"Hiſtory is confined within too narrow limits, is bound by too ſevere reſtrictions; ſhe records tranſactions, and adheres to the traces of paſt deeds; ſhe relates what has, not what *might* or ought to have happened; ſhe is to follow, not where an opportunity of drawing a moral inference, or venturing a *probable conjecture* calls her, but where the neceſſity of relating a fact compells her. Hiſtory treats of particular and determined characters; Poetry comprehends thoſe of every deſcription: The one finiſhes her allotted journey by a certain road; the other expatiates in the ample field of unbounded nature."

But even the hiſtoric field is an extenſive range for the moſt comprehenſive mind; and the ſagacious reflections of learning on ſo copious a ſubject, have filled the volumes of knowledge and philoſophy. But to exerciſe the ſpeculative powers of the mind, is to me at leaſt a more pleaſing

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ſing employment; eſpecially, if forming our judgment from the paſt events of antiquity, and aſſerting, what is ſurely no extravagant aſſertion, that ſimilar cauſes will produce ſimilar effects, we thence deduce the moſt probable conſequences: And thus tempering the licenciouſneſs of conjecture with the caution of experience, form that hypotheſis, which according to the general courſe of human events, and with due allowance for thoſe unexpected incidents which often give the deciſive bias to the moſt important tranſactions, is leaſt liable to objection, and the moſt probable conſequence of a given propoſition.

Indulging this favourite propenſity, I grounded the following ſpeculation on the extract from Sulpicius's conſolatory letter to Cicero, which is prefixed to this eſſay.

When I reflect on the fate of the different Empires, which have at various periods enſlaved mankind; when I conſider thoſe ſtupendous frames of political mechaniſm, which have ſo long engaged the attention and claim'd the admiration of the Philoſopher and Speculatiſt, but whoſe remaining veſtiges are to be traced only in the records of Hiſtory, or diſcoverable in the magnificent

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ficent ruins of deſolated countries; I cannot but ſuppoſe, that a ſimilar fate awaits the now flouriſhing nations of the civilized world: An event, that will moſt probably take place in ſome diſtant period, when the Sun of Science will be again obſcured in the ſhades of ignorance, and once more be immerſed in primitive barbariſm.

The Empires of Aſſyria, Babylon, and Perſia, once fondly flattered themſelves, that their ſplendor would be as laſting as the frame of the Univerſe; and the Roman had a ſtill ſtronger claim to immortality; as, by comprehending the whole then known globe within its boundaries, it ſeemed to be equally ſecure from the impetuous violence of an open enemy, or the more certain, tho' ſlower operations of the great deſtroyer, Time.

When thoſe "Subverters of Nations," and "Scourges in the hand of God," as they were emphatically ſtiled by the contemporary Hiſtorians, who ſo ſenſibly felt the calamities they deſcribed, an Attila or an Alaric had overturned this mighty fabric; its disjointed members were divided into numberleſs diſtinct bodies; from one or the other of which many of the preſent European Powers derive their origin. The Lombards, Goths,

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Goths, and Huns, are inſtances too well known to need further illuſtration; one alone is ſufficient; the preſent Emperors of Germany are, or pretend to be, ſeated on the throne of Auguſtus, the legal ſucceſſors of the Roman Cæſars.

The Eaſtern or Conſtantinopolitan Empire ſtill ſubſiſted, the feeble remnant of that majeſty, which once had ſwayed the ſceptre of the world. But the riſing power of the Ottoman arms, under the auſpices of the ſecond Mahomet, totally obſcured this only remaining ray of the declining ſplendor of the Roman ſyſtem. The ſetting glory of the Saracen and Arabian Caliphs entirely vaniſhed before the Turkiſh Creſcent; and the blood-ſtained laurels of Genghis and Kouli Khan, polluted by that deſtructive ferocity which marked the rapidity of their conqueſts, have long ſince faded and withered from their brows. To cloſe this long liſt of the vanity of human grandeur, the only remaining branch of the illuſtrious houſe of Tamerlane, is at this moment a precarious dependant on the capricious will of a few private Merchants.

The deſtruction of moſt of theſe immenſe powers originated from a quarter, whence it was not dreaded till it was felt; from the attacks of barbarous

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barous and unciviliz'd nations. The Roman indeed ſeems to have foreſeen the tempeſt which was to overwhelm him, and with all the precaution, which human prudence could ſuggeſt, to have guarded againſt it by the ſtrong barriers and veteran legions which garriſon'd the towns on the banks of the Danube and the Rhine. The event proved the wiſdom of that foreſight which dictated the meaſure; for the moment the deſtructive policy of Conſtantine removed theſe barriers, the Barbarians ruſhed in at the opening, and entirely deſtroyed the tottering fabric.

Perhaps in future ages, by analogy of reaſoning, ſome Savage Tribes, now roaming over the vaſt deſarts of Aſia or America, may enrich themſelves with the fertile poſſeſſions of their more poliſhed neighbours; and like ſecond Goths, raiſe the rude ſtructure of Ignorance and Barbariſm on the ruins of Philoſophy, Science, and Civilization.—When the wounds of national diſſention are healed, and that liberty, for which it has ſtruggled againſt the authority of the Parent Country, is eſtabliſhed on the firm baſis of acknowledged conſtitutional rights, the* Phænomenon of an independent Tranſatlantic

* To ſhew that ſpeculation is in ſome inſtances at leaſt well grounded, I ſhall lay before my readers a paſſage from Hume, which proves, that ſo long ago as the year 1606, the ſpeculatiſts of that age

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atlantic ſtate may give the fatal blow to European Politics, and America perhaps ariſe the deſtined ſeat of a future Empire.

When we compare Tacitus's treatiſe *on the Manners of the Germans*, with Lafitau's account of the *American Tribes*, we cannot but be ſtruck with the ſimilarity of the ſubject; and we may remark, that at the period when Tacitus wrote, when the Roman Empire was in its meridian glory, Germany, Gaul, and Britain, now the ſeats of Science and Literature, were nearly in the ſame ſtate of unpoliſhed nature, which is the preſent characteriſtic of the American Tribes, whom Lafitau deſcribes. Europe has now nearly arrived at the higheſt pitch of refinement and civilization. It has been obſerved, that the human mind will never remain inactive, but will always have either a progreſſive or retrograde motion; will either gain the heights of Excellence, or ſink into the abyſs of Depravity; and there is a degree in both, beyond which it can neither

foretold, what a recent event has juſtified, "*Speculative reaſoners, during that age, raiſed many objections to planting remote colonies; and foretold, that after draining their mother country of its inhabitants, they would ſoon ſhake off her yoke, and erect* an independent government *in America.*" Vol. 6. Page 127. By referring to the original text, the reader will find, that the Hiſtorian was no friend to this doctrine; but the event has juſtified the prediction.

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neither riſe or fall, but like the flood, when it has gained the higheſt ſhore, will naturally retreat, and when at the loweſt ebb, will gradually recover its former height. The truth of this obſervation has been already too ſevery exemplified to be doubted; may not a ſimilar corruption of manners produce a ſimilar decline in the arts and military proweſs? and is it an extravagant conjecture, that in proceſs of time the ſame fate may overwhelm us, which deſtroyed the Empires before us?

But it is time to reſtrain the lawleſs efforts of Imagination, and to recall the attention of the mind from a ſpeculation, in whoſe windings and labyrinths our directing clue may be loſt; where the powers of deluſion may faſcinate the mental eye, and involve us in inextricable darkneſs and error.

If the reader will indulge me a few moments longer in the ſelf-created phantoms of my brain, I ſhall give way to the melancholy-pleaſing ideas of my fancy; and purſuing my ſpeculation, ſuppoſe what may be the probable ſtate of Great-Britain at that period, when we ſhall no longer exiſt as an independent nation; when the chains of Slavery ſhall have gall'd our limbs, and Liberty be only that

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that "*magni nominis umbra*," that "*Shadow of a mighty name*," which

wrinkled Beldams
Teach to their grandchildren as ſomewhat rare,
That anciently appeared, but when, extends
Beyond their Chronicle.—GRAY'S AGRIPPINA.

Perhaps the inquiſitive Genius of Curioſity may then viſit this iſland, from the ſame motives which now attract the traveller to the venerable ruins of Athens or Rome: the Antiquary may collect a ſeries of Britiſh, with as much avidity, as he now arranges his Roman or Grecian coins; a true George the Third may engage the attention of Virtú as much as a genuine Auguſtus or Trajan; the older edition of Shakeſpeare, Milton, or Pope, may authorize a different reading, as much as an older manuſcript of Homer, Cicero, or Virgil; the monumental records of Weſtminſter-Abbey may be conſidered as the authentic teſtimonies of illuſtrious actions, as much as the inſcriptions collected by Montfauçon or the Arundelian Marbles at Oxford. The ruins of an Univerſity may attract the admiration of the traveller; the plans and deſigns of the different buildings may be preſerved with that reverence which we now pay to the ruins of Palmyra or Balbec. May not the ſame ſpirit which inſpired Cicero when he beheld the porticos

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porticos of Athens, ſeize ſome future Philoſopher? the one has paid, the other will pay the homage of admiration due to departed Genius. As the one beheld with reverential awe thoſe ſeats which had been dignified by the preſence of a Socrates, a Plato, and an Ariſtotle; the other may behold with pious gratitude thoſe, where the immortal Milton planned his Paradiſe loſt; a Newton pierced through the clouds of philoſophical error; and the comprehenſive mind of a Bacon burſt the fetters of ſcholaſtic Pedantry, and boldly aſſerted the incontrovertible laws of Nature, Truth, and Learning. To contract myſelf to a narrower ſphere, may not reflection heave a ſigh, when ſhe beholds the veſtiges of this nurſery of Genius, where ſo many Patriots, Philoſophers, and Poets, each in their reſpective lines the boaſt of their native ſoil, firſt caught that generous enthuſiaſm for ſolid glory, which proved the ſource of ſuch renown to themſelves and their country; by which they reflected a mutual light on each other; and which enabled the one to immortalize by his pen, thoſe exploits, which the more active abilities of the other had emboldened him to perform. A

I beg leave to lay before my readers the following Poem, produced by reflections of a ſimilar kind.

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THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

Unrival'd Greece! thou ever honour'd name,
Thou nurſe of Heroes dear to deathleſs Fame!
Tho' now to worth, to honour all unknown,
Thy luſtre faded, and thy glories flown,
Yet ſtill ſhall Memory with reverted eye
Trace thy paſt worth, and view thee with a ſigh.
Thee Freedom cheriſh'd once with foſtering hand,
And breath'd undaunted valour through the land.
Here the ſtern ſpirit of the Spartan ſoil,
The child of Poverty, inur'd to toil.
Here lov'd by Pallas and the ſacred Nine,
Once did fair Athens' tow'ry glories ſhine.
To bend the bow, or the bright faulchion wield,
To lift the bulwark of the brazen ſhield,
To toſs the terror of the whizzing ſpear,
The conqu'ring ſtandard's glitt'ring glories rear,
And join the madding battle's loud career,
How ſkill'd the Greeks; confeſs, what Perſians ſlain
Were ſtrew'd on Marathon's enſanguin'd plain;
When heaps on heaps the routed ſquadrons fell,
And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell.
What millions bold Leonidas withſtood,
And ſeal'd the Grecian freedom with his blood;
Witneſs Thermopylæ! how fierce he trod,
How ſpoke a Hero, and how mov'd a God!
The ruſh of nations could alone ſuſtain,
While half the ravag'd globe was arm'd in vain.
Let Leuctra ſay, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!

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Nor war's vaſt art alone adorn'd thy fame,
"But mild Philoſophy endear'd thy name."
Who knows not, ſees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?
To bend the arch, to bid the column riſe,
And the tall pile aſpiring pierce the ſkies.
The awful fane magnificently great,
With pictur'd pomp to grace, and ſculptur'd ſtate,
This Science taught; on Greece each ſcience ſhone,
Here the bold ſtatue ſtarted from the ſtone;
Here warm with life the ſwelling canvaſs glow'd;
Here big with thought the Poet's raptures flow'd:
Here Homer's lip was touch'd with ſacred fire,
And wanton Sappho tun'd her amorous lyre;
Here bold Tyrtæus rous'd the enervate throng,
Awak'd to glory by th'inſpiring ſong;
Here Pindar ſoar'd a nobler, loftier way,
And brave Alcæus ſcorn'd a tyrant's ſway.
Here gorgeous Tragedy with great controul
Touch'd every feeling of the impaſſion'd ſoul;
While in ſoft meaſure tripping to the ſong
Her comic Siſter lightly danc'd along.—
This was thy ſtate! but oh! how chang'd thy fame,
And all thy glories fading into ſhame.
What? that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land
Should crouch beneath a Tyrant's ſtern command!
That Servitude ſhould bind in galling chain,
Whom Aſia's millions once oppos'd in vain;
Who cou'd have thought? who ſees without a groan,
Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'erthrown.
That where once tower'd the ſtately ſolemn fane,
Now moſs-grown ruins ſtrew the ravag'd plain,

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And unobſerv'd but by the traveller's eye
Proud, vaulted domes in fretted fragments lye,
And the fall'n column, on the duſty ground,
Pale Ivy throws its ſluggiſh arms around.
Thy ſons (ſad change!) in abject bondage ſigh;
Unpitied toil, and unlamented die.
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glitt'ring tyranny of Othman's ſons,
The pomp of horror which ſurrounds their thrones,
Has awed their ſervile ſpirits into fear,
Spurn'd by the foot they tremble and revere.
The day of Labor, Night's ſad, ſleepleſs hour,
Th' inflictive ſcourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed ſteel,
The murderous ſtake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice) the bowſtring, or the bowl,
Damps their faint vigour, and unmans the ſoul.
Diſaſtrous Fate! ſtill tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful ſigh;
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy preſent ſhame.
So ſome tall rock, whoſe bare, broad boſom high,
Tow'rs from the earth, and braves the inclement ſky;
On whoſe vaſt top the blackening deluge pours,
At whoſe wide baſe the thundering Ocean roars;
In conſcious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious, and defies the ſtorm.
Till worn by age, and mouldering to decay,
Th' inſidious waters waſh its baſe away,
It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
And ſpreads a tempeſt of deſtruction round.

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No. VI.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *December* 11, 1787.

Turba Clientum.

A croud of Correſpondents.

WHATEVER ſatisfaction the reader may receive from the peruſal of the following letters, he is to attribute it to the favors of our unknown correſpondents; with whom I have taken the liberty allowed me of omitting ſome paſſages, which could not be inſerted, without incurring, on my ſide, the imputation of vanity. As I have been forced to adapt their productions to the limits of my work, a few paragraphs, which had not an immediate reference to the ſubject, have been alſo ſuppreſſed, but not a line added.

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"TO MR. GREGORY GRIFFIN.

"*Nunc adbibe puro*
"*Pectore verba, puer, nunc te melioribus offer.*—HOR.
"———————*Now pliantly inure*
"*The mind to virtue, while your heart is pure;*
"*Now ſuck in wiſdom.*——— FRANCIS.

"SIR,

"FULLY ſenſible that the nobleſt "purſuit which can poſſibly engage the attention "of a human being, next to the practice of Virtue "itſelf, is the ſtudy of diminiſhing the numberleſs "mad votaries, who daily flock to the alluring ban-"ners of vice; and by pointing out the latent quick-"ſands where ſo many heedleſs thouſands have "periſhed, exhort others to avoid a ſimilar de-"ſtruction, by a ſudden reform of their pernicious "courſes, and by eagerly embracing the proffered "offers of repentance; a mind eager to add its "humble mite to this glorious undertaking, dic-"tates the preſent epiſtle; and hopes, that the ſin-"cerity of its intention will plead for the favor "and patronage of the *Microcoſmopolitan.*

"Sages verſed in the moſt abſtruſe ſciences of "Philoſophy, thoſe who thro' all ages have

"made

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" made the moſt ſplendid appearance in the paths " of literature, and the eſtimation of the learned " world, have in many inſtances generouſly given " up the labours of their life, to the taſk of im- " planting the admonitions of morality in the " breaſt of their contemporaries.

' In the vegetable and animal creation, early cul- " ture applied to the tender plant, or management to " the beaſt, as ſoon as either is capable of receiving " good or bad impreſſions, will remain, " until the " one is hewn down and caſt into the fire," and the " other periſhes by the natural effects of age. The " Gardener's hand can cauſe the delicate Honey- " ſuckle to entwine the Majeſtic Oak; the inhabitant " of Iſpahan tames the gigantic Elephant; the ſa- " vage African traverſes his native deſarts on the " back of the ſtately Dromedary; and the fartheſt " Citizen of Kamſchatka paſſes over tracts of ice and " ſnow ſeemingly impervious, by the wonderful ſa- " gacity which he has inſtilled into Dogs. That the " human mind is much more wonderfully formed " for a ſimilar cultivation, need not be obſerved.

" Youth is the ſeaſon, when every example, every " leſſon which virtue or vice can inculcate, are the

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"moſt certain to ſtamp laſting impreſſions on the "mind. Paſſions imbibed at an early period, "ſeldom fail to give a deciſive bias to our future "life; and conquering almoſt every oppoſition, to "govern the man with an arbitrary ſway. Con- "vinced of this, how ſincerely grateful ſhould we "be for every endeavour which tends to the im- "portant point of our future filicity; how cau- "tiouſly ſhould we guard every trifling action "againſt the baleful influence of vice, or the in- "ſidious blandiſhments of temptation.

"Few breaſts are ſo pure, or poſſeſs ſuch an "abſolute ſelf-dominion, but that ſome one paſ- "ſion will by degrees, and by frequent indul- "gence, gain an aſcendency over the others; and "work them into a ſtate of ſuch abject ſlavery, as "to render them entirely ſubſervient to its own "authority. Would we but impartially examine "our own minds, and determine to diſcover it in "its riſe, very little reſtraint might perhaps ut- "terly eradicate it in its infancy; or reduce it at "leaſt to ſuch ſubjection, as to prevent it from "becoming our future bane.

"But

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"But deſcending from ſubjects more important, "give me leave to remark, with how much greater "pleaſure to themſelves, with how much leſs cen- "ſure from the world at large, or particularly from "their more immediate acquaintance, would the "lives of individuals be paſſed, if each (although "I fancy it is a thing utterly impracticable en- "tirely to attain) would endeavour, as far as is in "his power, to extirpate from his converſation, "and the general tenor of his more private actions, "certain ridiculous peculiarities which eminently "mark his character.

"If, for inſtance, I interrogate a friend of mine, "whether Miſs —— attended ſuch a ball, and "how ſhe danced? he inſtantly replies, "*Indeed, Sir, "ſhe did attend; and danced, oh! ſhe danced like the "very Devil!*" How, I again aſk, was ſhe dreſſed? "*Oh! ſhe was dreſſed with peculiar elegance, out- "ſhone the other beauties in the room, and looked "as enchanting as the Devil.*" Whether his in- "fernal majeſty really poſſeſſes all the attributes "my friend is pleaſed to aſcribe to him or not, "is not much to our purpoſe; however, to the ge- "nerality of his auditors I ſhould rather ſuppoſe, "that ſuch an addition to moſt of the ſentences he "uttered,

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" uttered, would appear in a disadvantageous, ra-
" ther than an ornamental light.

" The same person (as if he was desirous early to
" accustom his body to the use of a coffin) would, I
" believe, rather forego his night's rest, than sleep
" in a bed two inches broader than is absolutely
" necessary. Many other peculiarities time will
" not permit me to notice. I frequently threaten
" him with the certainty of his expiring an old
" batchelor; but I am convinced, that an hint
" from Mr. Griffin, will be far more efficacious
" towards the recovery of my friend, than the
" terrors of perpetual celibacy.

" I am, Sir, &c.

" Nov. 18, 1786. " MUSIDORUS."

" DEAR GREG,

" YOU were in a plaguy hurry to
" fill up the vacant seat in the lounging club. I
" should have disputed the pretensions of Narcissus
" myself, and I am confident there is not a sin-
" gle member of our *non-chalance* society, but bet-
" ter deserved the distinction;—Hear and judge
" for yourself.—You must know we are a firm
" CON, who regularly spend our Saturdays in re-

" capitulating

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" capitulating the buſineſs of the week, and the
" lucky rogue who proves himſelf to have done the
" *leaſt* good, who has taken the moſt effectual pains
" to evade every purpoſe of his education, to af-
" fect indiſpoſition with the greateſt art, and loll
" away his hours with the moſt perfect indolence,
" is choſen PRESIDENT for the enſuing week;
" with many privileges that I may poſſibly ac-
" quaint you with hereafter.—The immediate
" peals of applauſe that follow the promotion,
" would do your heart good, and has made me take
" more pains to arrive at the honor, than the clo-
" ſeſt attention to my education would have coſt
" me. I proved to the ſatisfaction of the whole ſoci-
" ety laſt Saturday, that all the traces of my abi-
" lities, diſcoverable for the laſt week, were thoſe
" before them on the chimney piece, from a hot
" poker. What ſhouts of applauſe! and I was ac-
" tually huſtled one foot into the chair, when an
" unlucky member diſcovered, that I had taken
" too much pains in burning the initial letters of
" my name, and that they remained an *indelible*
" proof againſt me. He ſprung into the chair
" with the unanimous voice of the whole club, for
" it was proved in his favor, that in the whole
" courſe of the week he had done nothing, except
" indeed

" indeed throwing a cravat into the fire, becauſe it
" had been ill waſhed, and was not brought the mo-
" ment he ordered it. There was exertion in this,
" added to ſome abuſe he had given the ſervant,
" and I voted to diſpoſſeſs him; but it appeared,
" that his Tutor, with a mildneſs peculiar to him-
" ſelf, had taken great pains that very morning to
" convince him of his errors; that his idleneſs and
" extravagance deeply diſtreſs'd an indulgent fa-
" ther; was ruin to the hopes of his whole family;
" and a melancholy waſte of abilities that he might
" ſome time lament, but never have the power to
" retrieve. To this, and much more, dictated by
" virtue and friendſhip, he turned an ear of *nou-*
" *chalance*, vow'd it was an exceſſive *bore*, flew to
" the club, and ſent for a new pair of buckles
" three inches larger than the laſt. I roared my con-
" ſent to the promotion of ſuch a jolly dog, proof
" againſt the mildeſt dictates of reaſon; the ſtrong-
" eſt ties of gratitude and affection; and the neceſ-
" ſity of that œconomy, which his ſituation in life
" particularly demanded from him. I now ſtand a
" candidate for the next week, and in the name of
" all the powers of indolence, my dear Greg,
" don't bring lounging into contempt, till I have
" ſhared the honours of the ſociety.

" You

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"You have abſolutely deſtroyed us by your rail-
"lery againſt Swearing. It was a happy relief for
"dullneſs, and ſupplied the want of information
"upon every ſubject. I ſwore roundly on the cle-
"verneſs of your firſt number, and had actually prac-
"tiſed a new and choice collection of execrations to
"come out with the ſecond; and when our PRE-
"SIDENT read it, (a labour by the by, that but
"for his unrivaled claims would have coſt him his
"place) I ſat lounging with one leg careleſſly
"thrown over my knee, patting the other, with
"my new volley, as I may ſay, ready at my fingers
"ends; but when he had finiſhed, I could not ex-
"preſs a ſingle ſyllable, and have not ſwore an
"oath ſince, without a ſheepiſh kind of conſciouſ-
"neſs, that deſtroys as it were the plumpneſs of
"utterance; and I verily believe, I ſhall be reduced
"to the wretched alternative of feigning myſelf
"totally dumb, or be at the pains of acquiring ſome
"knowledge to qualify myſelf for converſation.

"I was recovering the other day, and beginning
"to rap out an execration with a tolerable air of
"indifference, when a tall fellow tapped me on the
"ſhoulder, halloo'd *Microcoſm* in my ear, and
"making me ſpring at leaſt thee feet from the
"ground,

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" ground, whirl'd my abortive oath to ſome at-
" tendand Spirit, who never let it drop in this
" world, and I hope will never record it in the next.
" But, for pity's ſake, my dear Greg; don't be too
" virtuous; leave us ſome vices to revel in; for
" at the unmerciful rate you go on, lopping off a
" vice or a folly every week, we ſhall be the dull-
" eſt ſeminary in Chriſtendom; we ſhall have no-
" thing to do but ſtudy; and I am ſadly afraid
" it will become faſhionable to be attentive, dili-
" gent, and healthy; — for why attempt, by
" feigned ſickneſs, to eſcape from ſcholaſtic
" trammels, if it is no longer *knowing* to *ſwear*,
" *lounge*, or in any ſhape to play the fool?

" Your's,

" *Nov.* 20, 1786. OCTAVIUS."

" *Eton, Monday, Nov.* 27, 1786.

" To the MICROCOSMOPOLITAN.

" DEAR GRIF,

" BEING myſelf a ſincere
" admirer of your plan, and being willing, as far
" as lay in my power to contribute to its ſucceſs,
" I have made it my buſineſs to collect the vari-
" ous obſervations of your fellow-citizens on their

" new

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"new Cenſor. I ſhall not detain you with the "many different conjectures concerning the mean- "ing, and true pronunciation of your title, ſuf- "fice it, there was not a word beginning with "the ſame letter, or any ways reſembling it, ei- "ther in ſimilarity of ſound, or an equal number "of ſyllables, to which it was not ſuppoſed to "have ſome reference. Nor was the deſign itſelf, "and the concealment which the author affected, "leſs the ſubject of inveſtigation. Morality, ri- "baldry, politics, poetry, panegyric, and per- "ſonal invective, were by turns hinted at as the "materials of your lucubrations. With regard "to yourſelf, were I to mention to you all who "were ſuppoſed to lie hid under the name of "*Gregory Griffin*, I ſhould ſeem to impoſe on your "credulity. Neither the vacant levity of the "*idler*, the ſolid ſtupidity of the *blockhead*, nor "the harmleſs inſignificance which diſtinguiſhes "the lifeleſs character of the *cypher*, ſecured "them from the imputation of GREGORI- "NISM. Every body's motions were watched "with a ridiculous attention; the hapleſs being "who was diſcovered reading a manuſcript of "any kind, gave riſe to an immediate ſuſpicion; "and an unuſual diſtention of the riſible muſcles

"at

"at the ſight of the Microcoſm, effectually "branded him with the name of *Authorling*. Nay, "even the innocent letters which compoſed the "name, (upon the idea of *Cabal and Smectymnuus*) "were adjudged to the rack; and like tortured "criminals, made to confeſs more than they knew. "Nor were there wanting ſome, who by ſhrewd "ſhrugs and ſly innuendos, ſagaciouſly intimated, "that tho' they ſaid nothing, *they knew what they* "*knew*. The beak and claws of the imaginary be- "ing, whoſe name the author had aſſumed, were "not ſuppoſed to be given him for nothing. And "many, the ſummit of whoſe ambition before "had been to paſs thro' life with comfortable ſe- "renity, now began to look upon themſelves as "objects ſufficiently dignified for ſatirical notice "or hoped at leaſt, to be laſhed into importance "as the ſhadows of more diſtinguiſhed offenders, "without perſonally feeling the ſmart; as the "*pillorying* of his maſter reflects honour on the "printer's devil, while he himſelf remains

——"*Sanus utriſque*
"*Auribus.*
"*His ears uncropped.*

"I am, Sir,
"Your ſincere well wiſher,
"OBSERVATOR."

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No. VII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *January* 15, 1787.

———————————*Jocis,*
Ludoque dictus non Sat idoneus.—HORACE.

———————————*Unfit*
For Sprightly Jokes, or ſportive Wit.

'TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'SIR,

'TO diſcharge with faithfulneſs the duties 'of the important office which you have 'undertaken, you ought in my opinion 'to omit nothing which might be any ways con-'ducive to the advantage or improvement of your 'fellow-citizens; to the advancement of their wel-'fare, or the ſupport of their dignity. Of this 'number

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'number I have the honor to be one; and by 'grounding a few remarks on the ſubject which I 'now offer to your conſideration, you will confer 'a benefit not on me only, but on many others of 'the great as well as little world, who may la- 'bour under the ſame calamity.

'You muſt know, Mr. Griffin, that it is my hard 'hap, to receive an annual invitation from an old 'gentleman, a diſtant relation of mine, to ſpend 'every Chriſtmas at his Hall, in a Northern 'County. This compliment I am never at li- 'berty to refuſe; as, his eſtate being very large, 'and himſelf too far advanced in life to give any 'apprehenſions of matrimony, my family have 'built great hopes and expectations on his par- 'tiality for me. That you may underſtand the 'nature of my misfortunes, it is neceſſary to in- 'form you, that he is one of that race of men, 'called Country 'Squires; who having been de- 'prived of the advantages of a liberal education, by 'the fooliſh fondneſs of his parents, which occa- 'ſioned them always to keep him in their ſight, 'profeſſes to hold *book-learning* in the greateſt con- 'tempt. Hence he takes no ſmall pleaſure to 'overthrow the arguments advanced by the parſon

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'of the Pariſh in its favor, by alledging its ineffi-
'cacy to enrich a man, which he exemplifies
'in the poverty of his opponent; and adds, with
'a triumphant ſneer, that "*if his learning would*
"*get him a good living, he would ſay ſomething.*" In
'ſhort, Sir, this talent of *Joking*, is the grievance
'of which I complain; for when the old Gentleman
'is once in the humour, he is apt to be unmerci-
'fully waggiſh; an event which never fails to take
'place on the day of my arrival.

'I would you could ſee us, Mr. Griffin, as we
'ſit round the table in the great hall; you might
'then poſſibly form ſome idea of my miſerable
'ſituation.—It is neceſſary for your proper in-
'formation, to premiſe, that the company on that
'day always conſiſts of the 'Squire, with his feet
'in flannel, (the gout, like myſelf, uſually paying
'its annual viſit about this time;)—the parſon of
'the pariſh, who is always invited to welcome
'me,—and two nieces of the 'Squire, who have
'paſſed ſome years with him, not much to the ad-
'vantage of their education, and are dizened out
'on this occaſion in all their finery.

'Having for ſeveral years been accuſtomed to ſuſ-
'tain a very regular fire of wit all the firſt evening
'of

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'of my arrival, and knowing from experience the 'order in which the jokes ſucceed each other, I 'can now nearly bear the battle without flinching. 'The firſt attack is made, as the parſon terms it, '*à poſteriori*, by deſiring a cuſhion to be brought 'for me to ſit down upon; one of his nieces, with 'a ſuitable grin on her countenance, enquires the 'reaſon, as in duty bound, for which ſhe is re-'ferred to me; and on my proteſting my igno-'rance of it, the old gentleman's right eye in-'ſtantly aſſumes an arch leer at the company, while 'with a compoſed gravity he enquires of me, '"*Whether birch grows pretty plentifully about Eton?*" 'This queſtion is immediately followed by an un-'governable he! he! from the young ladies, and 'a ſly "*I warrant ye!*" from the parſon. The 'Squire having for a time retained his gravity, at 'length, as if quite overcome by the force of his 'own wit, gives himſelf up to a loud and tu-'multuous vociferation. This grand volley of 'wit, with the ſcattered ſmall ſhot that follow, 'concerning, *Great home conſumption of the Article; 'Great demand for pickle, diachylon*, &c. &c. ge-'nerally fills up the ſpace before dinner. That 'joke indeed about the ſimilitude of *our* arms to 'the American, namely *thirteen ſtripes*, did, the

'firſt

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'first time of hearing, occasion me to laugh heartily; the second recital provoked a smile; but I 'am now grown so callous by dint of frequent repetition, that I can hear it without moving a 'muscle of my countenance.

'At dinner my troubles begin afresh. The 'very dishes are calculated to furnish out a set of 'witticisms. The leg of mutton he supposes he 'may help me to, as he dares to say that I never 'heard of any such thing at Eton; the boiled 'fowls he conjectures to be too common food for 'me; and he declares himself not without apprehensions, that I may find fault with the poorness 'of his wines, being accustomed to drink none 'but the choicest elsewhere. During the interval 'between the first and second course, it is easy to 'perceive that there has been some little plan concerted for my surprise or mortification. Every 'nose in company has a forefinger applied to it to 'enforce secrecy; and every eye is fixed on my 'countenance, to enjoy the transports, which I 'am expected to discover at the entrance of a '*plumb pudding* of immoderate size; half of which 'is immediately transferred to my plate, accompanied with sundry wise cautions, to lose no

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'time, and not to be too modeſt. While in my 'own defence, I am endeavouring to make away 'with ſome little portion of it, the 'Squire de- 'clares he thought he ſhould ſurpriſe me; and on 'my diſclaiming any ſuch ſurpriſe, an appeal is 'made to the reſt of the company, by whom it is 'unanimouſly reſolved, that, when the pudding 'made its appearance, I betrayed the ſtrongeſt 'ſymptoms of rapturous admiration.

'Finding it vain to contend, I now reſign my- 'ſelf to my fate;—nor long the time, before the 'old gentleman's countenance begins to undergo 'various revolutions, which ſeem to prognoſticate 'ſome ſtroke of uncommon pleaſantry:—and at the 'appearance of a diſh of pippins, I prepare myſelf 'with Chriſtian patience for the *good ſtory*, which 'I am aſſured I have never heard before,—name- 'ly, "*a full and true account of his being caught in* "*Farmer Dobſon's Orchard, ſtealing, as it might be,* "*juſt ſuch apples as theſe, when he was juſt about my* "*age.*"—It is now, Mr. Griffin, juſt fourteen years 'ſince I firſt heard this ſtory; and every one of 'the fourteen times of telling it, he has, with won- 'derful facility, adapted it to my comprehenſion, 'by contriving to be "*juſt about my age*" when 'the

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'the adventure happened. The tale being told, 'it is cuſtomary for one of his nieces to aſk me in 'a whiſper, "if I don't think him *monſtrous funny?*" 'on my aſſenting to it, I am informed, that "*he* "*has ſome ſuch comical ſtories I can't think,* and 'that "ſhe will get him to tell me *how old Dixon* "*tricked the Londoner.*" Nor is it without an in-'finite number of proteſtations, that I am able to 'make her ſenſible of my perfect acquaintance 'with all the circumſtances of that notable hiſtory, 'and to diſſuade her from a courteſy ſo ſuper-'fluous.

'After ſome ſhort reſpite, I perceive the old 'gentleman begins to grow waggiſh again, and am 'ſoon deſired to ſtand up and meaſure heights 'with the young ladies.—As I am ſome years older 'than they, I have been regularly found ſome 'inches taller every time of meaſurement; and 'this circumſtance has, as regularly produced one 'wink of the 'Squire's right eye, and two ſeveral 'repetitions of the old proverb, that "*Ill weeds* "*grow apace.*"

'Next follows my examination by the parſon, 'touching the proficiency which I have made;

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'prefaced indeed by the 'Squire's declaring himself 'willing to wager any thing on *my knowing all* 'about it as well as the best of them. During the 'ceremony he usually falls asleep, and on 'waking takes the opportunity to have a fling at 'the parson, by asking significantly "whether I "am too *hard for him?*

'But in short, Mr. Griffin, I lament my inabi-'lity to give you a perfect idea of this character, 'which however I am persuaded is not very un-'common. There are, no doubt, many, who in 'the same manner, aim at the reputation of *Wits*, 'without any advantages either of natural abi-'lities, or acquired understanding. On such as 'these I could wish you to bestow some advice, 'for the correction of their ignorant pretensions, 'and the amendment of their erroneous opinions. 'These are the people most apt to indulge their 'satirical humour at the expence of your fellow-'citizens, whose honour and credit it is your du-'ty to defend against every calumniatory impu-'tation. Tell then these good people, how wide-'ly mistaken they are in supposing, that the mind 'of youth, like the vegetation of the wallnut-tree, 'is quickened by blows in its advances to matu-'rity.

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'rity. Tell them, that the waters of Helicon do 'not flow with *brine*; nor are the laurel and the 'birch ſo intimately interwoven in the chaplets of 'the Muſes, as they are willing to believe. Tell 'them alſo, that an increaſe of *knowledge* does 'not neceſſarily bring with it a proportionable in-'creaſe of *appetite*; and that the being able to 'read a Roman Author with facility, does not juſ-'tify the ſuppoſition of an immoderate deſire for '*toaſt and butter*, and an inſatiable craving for '*plumb-pudding*. Remind them, that theſe, and all 'ſimilar Jokes which they are pleaſed to make uſe 'of on theſe occaſions, have been made the ſame 'uſe of at leaſt fifty times before. Adviſe them to 'reflect how often they themſelves, on the ſame 'ſubjects, at ſtated opportunities, have reiterated 'thoſe regular bon mots and trite conceits; how 'often given vent to the ſame ſtrain of annual wag-'gery, to the ſame ſallies of periodical facetiouſ-'neſs. And let them know, that as they have but 'little to boaſt of on the ſcore of novelty, they 'have as little on that of humour. If on the re-'petition of their witticiſms, a grin takes poſſeſ-'ſion of the countenance of their auditors, warn 'them, that they miſtake not the ſneer of ridicule 'for the ſmile of approbation; and hint to them,

'that,

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'that, tho', by the reſpect or diffidence of thoſe 'at whoſe expence it pleaſes them to be merry, 'they may be ſecured from being rendered open-'ly ridiculous; they may ſtill be liable and likely 'to become ſecretly contemptible.

'I am, Sir,

'Yours, &c. &c.

The grievance of which my correſpondent complains, is well worthy of being attended to, nor had it indeed eſcaped my notice; but he has placed his ſubject in ſo proper a light, that to dilate on it farther would be totally ſuperfluous.—I ſhall therefore only venture to throw together ſome obſervations of a more general kind.

It is with men of their wit, as with women of their beauty:—Tell a woman ſhe is fair, and ſhe will not be offended that you tell her ſhe is cruel. Tell a man that he is a wit, and if you lay to his charge ill-nature or blaſphemy, he will take it as a compliment rather than a reproach. Thus too, there is no woman but lays ſome claim to beauty; and no man that will give up his pretenſions to wit. In caſes of this kind therefore, where ſo much depends upon opinion, and where every man

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man thinks himſelf qualified to be his own judge, there is nothing to a reader ſo uſeleſs as illuſtration; and nothing to an author ſo dangerous as definition. Any attempt therefore to decide what true WIT is, muſt be ineffectual; as not one in a hundred would be content to abide by the deciſion: it is impoſſible to rank all mankind under the name of wits, and there is ſcarce one in a hundred who does not think that he merits the appellation.

Hence it is that every one, how little qualified ſoever, is fond of making a diſplay of his fancied abilities; and generally at the expence of ſome one to whom he ſuppoſes himſelf infinitely ſuperior. And from this ſuppoſition many miſtakes ariſe to thoſe who commence wags, with a very ſmall ſhare of wit, and a ſtill ſmaller of judgment; whoſe imaginations are by nature unprolific, and whoſe minds are uncultivated by education. Theſe perſons, while they are ringing their rounds on a few dull jeſts, are apt to miſtake the rude and noiſy merriment of illiterate jocularity, for genuine humour. They often unhappily conceive, that thoſe laugh *with* them, who laugh *at* them. The ſarcaſms which every one diſdains to anſwer, they vainly

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vainly flatter themſelves are unanſwerable; forgetting, no doubt, that their *good things* are unworthy the notice of a Retort, and below the condeſcenſion of Criticiſm. They know not perhaps that the Aſs, whom the fable repreſents as aſſuming the playfulneſs of the lap-dog, is a perfect picture of jocular ſtupidity; and that in like manner, that awkward abſurdity of waggiſhneſs, which they expect ſhould delight, cannot but diſguſt; and inſtead of laying claim to admiration, muſt enſure contempt.

But alas! I am aware that mine will prove a ſucceſsleſs undertaking; and that, tho' knight-errand like I ſally forth to engage with the Monſters of Witticiſm and Waggery, all my proweſs will be inadequate to the atchievement of the enterprize. The World will continue as facetious as ever in ſpite of all I can do; and people will be juſt as fond of their "little jokes and old ſtories," as if I had never combated their inclination.

Since then I cannot utterly extirpate this unchriſtian practice, my next endeavour muſt be, to direct it properly, and improve it by ſome wholeſome regulations.—And herein ſhall I imitate his moſt

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moſt Chriſtian Majeſty, who by licencing a limited number of brothel houſes, reſtricted an evil which he never could entirely have ſuppreſſed; prevented many of the ill conſequences which naturally ariſe from promiſcuous libertiniſm; and drew moreover from the profits no very inconſiderable revenue; thus, from the folly of individuals deriving advantage to the community. Equally advantageous to the public, and equally profitable to myſelf, will be the plan which I have laid down; and which I have already beſtowed ſome pains to bring to perfection. I propoſe, if I meet with proper encouragement, making application to parliament for permiſſion to open "A LICENCED WAREHOUSE FOR WIT," and for a Patent, entitling me to the ſole vending and uttering Wares of this kind, for a certain term of years. For this purpoſe, I have already laid in *Jokes*, *Jeſts*, *Witticiſms*, *Morceaus*, and *Bon-Mots* of every kind, to a very conſiderable amount, well worthy the attention of the public. I have *Epigrams*, that want nothing but the ſting; *Conundrums*, that need nothing but an explanation; *Rebuſſes* and *Acroſtics*, that will be complete with the addition of the name only. Theſe being in great requeſt, may be had at an hour's warning. *Impromptu's* will be got ready

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ready at a week's notice. For common and vernacular uſe, I have a long liſt of the moſt palpable *Puns* in the language, digeſted in Alphabetical order;—for theſe I expect good ſale at both the univerſities.—*Jokes* of all kinds ready *cut* and *dry*. N. B. Proper allowance made to gentlemen of the law going on circuit; and to all ſecond-hand venders of wit and retailers of repartee, who take large quantities. N. B. *Attic Salt* in any quantity.—N. B. Moſt money given for old *Jokes*.

B

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

Availing myſelf of the permiſſion of OCTAVIUS, I ſhall adapt his letter to the limits of my work, and ſhall take the ſame liberty with that of MUSIDORUS. My *viſionary* friend who ſigns himſelf AN ETONIAN, has expreſs'd himſelf in ſuch a ſtrain of encomium, as I could not inſert without incurring the imputation of vanity. Should he be inclined to favor me with a continuance of his correſpondence, I would wiſh him to adopt another ſignature. I cannot but be ſurprized, that after I have ſo abſolutely diſclaimed all tendency to perſonality, ARCHILOCHUS could expect the inſertion of his *Characteriſtics*.

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No. VIII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *January* 22, 1787.

Majorum primus quiſquis fuit ille tuorum
Aut paſtor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

JUVENAL.

——Your honour's ancient ſource,
Was a poor ſhepherd's boy, or ſomething worſe.

DRYDEN.

TURNING over the other day ſome manuſcripts belonging to the Griffin family, I accidentally caſt my eyes on a parchment roll, carefully ſealed, and inſcribed "The Pedigree." Not having before conſidered that I was entitled to any anceſtry, I began to feel an increaſed conſequence, as I opened this ſacred teſtimony of my being a ſon of Adam; and was elated or depreſſed, according to the titles or occupations of my grand-fathers from time immemorial.

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I will not, courteous reader, detain thee with the honorable mention made of my family by bards of old; how, for inſtance, one of them being inſpector of the gardens to a foreign potentate, was overdoſed by one Hercules, who in the mean while robbed an orchard of certain golden-pippins: —how, afterwards, upon my anceſtor's waking, he claimed them by right of diſcovery, and in farther proof of ſuch right, moſt valiantly did beat his brains about his ears. How, another being appointed guardian of a woolen manufactory, was lulled to ſleep by a certain adventurer from acroſs the ſeas, who by that means ſtole his golden fleece; (no impeachment on the ſagacity or vigilance of my anceſtor,) the ſame ſpark having previouſly impoſed on a wild and fiery bull who kept a mighty coil, and by putting a yoke on his neck ſubjected him to his own convenience. Theſe, reader, I ſay, I will not detain thee with; but as I propoſe to make my after reflections on this parchment, the ſubject of this paper, ſhall proceed to them without farther preamble.

Pride, ſays the old Caſtilian, is that principle, which from a conſciouſneſs of inborn ſuperiority, ſets a [illegible] above the weakneſſes of human nature; in

in prosperity enables him to preserve that dignity which his situation demands; and prevents him in adversity from consenting to any thing which might be derogatory to the principles of a man of honor. These, probably, or nearly these, are the ideas not of a patriotic but provincial bigot; but this is far from being a true definition of pride: and not only theoretical supposition, but practical observation, will daily enable us in some measure to controvert this reasoning. In order to reduce our enquiry as near the truth as possible, let us, by placing the arguments of opposite prejudice in equal balances, suppose, as is generally the case, that a fair and candid decision will lay in the midway between them.

Pride, says the more polished, and of consequence less prejudiced man of the world, who has not had the honour to have been born on the other side of the Pyrenees, is a false principle of honor, seeking its gratification in the abject submission of others, and refining to extravagant punctilio and constrained resentment, that, which should only proceed from the genuine and lively emotions of the soul. It is a deformity of the mind, which subjects its possessor not only to the ridicule

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ridicule of all around him, but to infinite mortification on the failure of that reſpect which he conſiders as due to his ſuperior merit; a mortification, which as few others view him in the ſame light, he muſt be frequently ſubjected to.

Though theſe principles are in all reſpects diametrically oppoſite, each of them have a ſpecious appearance of truth. By tempering therefore each with the other, are we moſt likely to prove, whether pride is a principle to be cheriſhed in the human heart or no. That pride, for inſtance, which when moderately indulged, fires a man with a juſt and noble reſentment for wrongs received, when carried farther, degenerates into punctilio. That which prevents a man from condeſcending to any thing unworthy himſelf, is a laudable principle; but when any thing a degree below his expectation or wiſhes is interpreted into an unworthy occupation, it becomes a folly. As to the mortifications a man draws on himſelf, by an intemperate indulgence of this failing, it muſt be allowed, that the poiſon is in that reſpect its own antidote; and a mind ſo impregnated, is at leaſt equal to ſupporting the ridicule which is levelled againſt it. Pride in ſhort is of two kinds, defenſive and offenſive,

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fenſive. While only defenſive, it is far from being *offenſive*, and ſerves as a ſword in the ſcabbard, which though harmleſs at the moment, protects the wearer from inſult; when offenſive, it is an attack on the reſt of mankind, which calls for every one's exertions to repell it.

But I ſeem to be ſtraying from my motto, which, as I am more particularly on the ſubject of family pride, calls on me to prove the deſcent of all our noble houſes from ſhepherds, or what, as the poet ſings, "I am aſhamed to ſay." As in a former paper I invited my readers to a melancholy proſpect in the terrra incognita of probabilities; ſo will I now preſent them with a full as unflattering a retroſpect in the terra firma of Hiſtory.

Mankind are obliged to the ſo much talked of Golden age, in no other reſpect than for the quantity of harmonious ditties it has produced; and the pretty alluſions concerning hanging woods, purling ſtreams, the ſocial intercourſe of man and ſheep, the great conveniency which ſwains of thoſe days uſed to experience in finding their repaſts ready cut and dried on ſome friendly ſhrub, &c. &c. which it has from time immemorial, and

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ſtill continues to furniſh to Arcadian Garretteers. So far indeed was any age from being preexiſtent to the iron, that the firſt crime committed by man, was a violation of the expreſs law of God; the ſecond of that of God and nature. From that time forward, particular facts, which prove that Antidiluvian is no word to be applied to any thing over religious, are too numerous to dwell on. Suffice it to ſay, that the hiſtory of our right worſhipful grandſires, both before and ſince the flood, does not all tend to ſtrengthen then the opinion of the poet.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitioſiorem.—HOR.

More vicious than their father's age
Our ſires begot the preſent race
Of actions impious, bold and baſe;
And yet with crimes to us unknown,
Our ſons ſhall make the coming age their own.
FRANCIS.

The conqueſt, wealth, luxury, and from thence the decline of commonwealths, have in all ages been the theme as well of the Moraliſt as the Hiſtorian; theſe therefore let us paſs by, and by looking

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ing back ſo far only as to the firſt population of this Iſland, conſider, whether the motto is not as applicable to the family pride of a true born Briton, as that of a Roman Citizen.

Notwithſtanding the comfortable aſſertions of thoſe ingenious gentlemen who wiſh to derive us from the illuſtrious race of Troy, our vicinity to the Continent pleads hard for our being neither more or leſs than the deſcendants of a few ſhipwrecked fiſhermen; or what is worſe, ſome light-footed heroes, who preferred the chance of eſcaping by ſea, to the certainty of hanging on ſhore. Nor has this ſtock been much mended by the exotic ſhoots which have from time to time been ingrafted on it: Such as the Romans, our firſt invaders, from whom, I believe, many geneaſogiſt of the preſent day pretend to derive their origin; though it ſcarce ſeems probable, that a people who had more of that pride than any other Nations, would have conſented to forego their country and friends, in order to ſettle among a race of barbarians; unleſs perhaps ſome few who were not in the Cenſor's liſt, and therefore in fact no Romans, or ſome chance deſerters, who took refuge among the natives to avoid military diſci-

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pline. The Danes, a wretched band of adventurers, whoſe ferocity was their only diſtinguiſhing characterestic; whoſe only motive for forſaking their own country was poverty, and whoſe only view in invading Britain was plunder: The Saxons, in themſelves a brave and antient nation, but happily at that time delivered of their own ruffians in the perſons of our conquerors; Laſt of all, the Normans, under the command of a baſtard, put a finiſhing blow to the contentions of foreign powers for the poſſeſſion of this unhappy iſland; and compleated a mixture of bravoes, differing in their manners and intereſts, each (as not being attached to one head by any principles of loyalty and affection) naturally endeavouring to advance his own partizans; and ſmothering that jealouſy from conſtraint, which only waited for an opportunity to burſt into a flame.

From this engaging portrait of our forefathers, a Chineſe Philoſopher would be led to ſuppoſe, that the antiquity of a Britiſh family was its greateſt ſtain. But ſo far is this from being the caſe, that even in this miniature picture of mankind, family pride is no inconſiderable feature; and ſome there are, who though their only merit lies in a crowded

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crowded vault, from that ſingle diſtinction conſider themſelves as infinitely ſuperior to thoſe *men of Yeſterday*, whoſe meritorious exertions evince them to be rather ambitious of founding, than boaſting a noble family. But from a probable ſuppoſition that this extravagant principle can only have taken root in the minds of thoſe from whom it is impoſſible to eradicate it, let us proceed to that family pride, which has at firſt a more ſpecious appearance, and if ingrafted on notions naturally virtuous, is more likely to produce good effects; that, I mean, which boaſts not ſo much the antiquity, as eminence of its family. Even this, however, though to a noble mind it is an additional incentive to great and glorious actions, if it happens to be cheriſhed by a wicked or even a paſſive diſpoſition, will be found to be equally ridiculous with the other.

If the good qualities of mankind were like thoſe of cattle, hereditary, a virtuous anceſtry would be the moſt deſirable poſſeſſion a man could receive from inheritance; but if experience teaches us that they ſo ſeldom are, if from the adulation with which men of family and fortune are generally from their infancy ſurrounded, it is very impro-

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bable that they ſhould be oftener virtuous, what does a man derive from a noble family; unleſs, that by the profuſion of light in the back ground, the ſhade in front is more effectually expoſed. To thoſe few therefore, to thoſe choſen few, who conſider that a noble family reflects either honor or diſgrace only according to the uſe made of it by themſelves; who reflect, that it is nothing more than a ſplendid burthen, an additional tax on them, to add one more to the diſtinguiſhed liſt, to them may a degree of family pride be conſidered as an advantage: And among thoſe, our little world may boaſt of having uſhered no inconſiderable ſhare into the larger theatre of life; who have ſince diſtinguiſhed themſelves as good and great men. Nor in any other reſpect does a public education ſo much evince its ſuperiority, as in the equitable treatment our citizens receive from each other; and which, ſays Dr. Moore, "often ſerves as an antidote againſt the "childiſh ſophiſtical notions with which weak or "deſigning men endeavour to inſpire them in af-"ter life."

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No. IX.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *January* 29, 1787.

Sit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat & unum.
Be what you will ſo you be ſtill the ſame.—Rosc.

THERE are few precepts, dictated like the above, by judgment and experience, which, though originally confined to a particular application (as this to the formation of Dramatic character) may not be adopted with ſucceſs in the ſeveral branches of the ſame ſcience, and even tranſferred into another. The direction which the poet gives us here, to preſerve a regard for ſimplicity and uniformity, may be applied to the general deſign and main ſtructure of a poem; and, if we allow them a ſtill greater latitude of interpretation, may be found to convey a very uſeful rule

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rule with reſpect to the inferior component parts which conſtitute a work.

A venerable pile of Gothic architecture, viewed at a diſtance, or after the ſober hand of time has ſtripped it of the falſe glare of meretricious ornament, communicates a ſenſation which the ſame object under a cloſer inſpection in its higheſt degree of perfection, was incapable of producing; when the attention, ſolicited by a thouſand minutiæ with which the hand of caprice and ſuperſtition had crowded its object, was unavoidably diverted from the contemplation of the main deſign.

In all points which admit of heſitation, the ſiſter ſciences are found to throw a correſponding luſtre on each other. The impropriety of admitting ill-judged ornament, though connected as in the above inſtance with all that is awful and venerable, muſt be evident to the moſt ſuperficial obſerver; and this circumſtance ſhould lead us to conjecture, that the ſame principle exiſted in a ſimilar tho' ſuperior ſcience. Originality of ſentiment, vivacity of thought, and loftineſs of language may conduct the reader to the end of a work.

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work, tho' awkwardly designed and injudiciously constructed; while the nicest adherence to poetic rule would be found insufficient to compensate for meanness of thought, or vulgarity of expression. That these two faults should infallibly destroy all title which any writer might otherwise have to the name of poet, should seem self evident, and yet a fault which appears to be a composition of them both, has, I think, in some instances past without reprehension, I mean allusion to local circumstance: I shall therefore make this paper the vehicle of a few observations on this practice.

Nothing can be more directly adverse to the spirit of poetry, considered under one of its definitions as an universal language, than whatever confines it to the comprehension of a single people, or a particular period of time.

Blackmore, a name now grown to a bye word in criticism, in the original structure of his poem, was little, if at all, inferior to the great prototypes of antiquity; but that simplicity and uniformity so visible in the first design, was in every other respect conformably to the taste of his time, violated and neglected. It is said, that the most de-

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ſolate deſerts of Africa are diſtinguiſhed by little inſulated ſpots, cloathed with perpetual verdure; and it ſometimes happens, that beautiful paſſages preſent themſelves in the Prince Arthur, as in the firſt book,

The heavens ſerenely ſmil'd, and every ſail,
Fill'd its broad boſom with the indulgent gale.

But when lines like theſe occur, we muſt conſider it, to borrow an expreſſion from a contemporary Poet,—a gift no leſs

"*Than that of manna in the Wilderneſs.*"

Scriptural alluſions like the foregoing, were much in faſhion among the Poets of that period; and in this particular, ſo earneſt a follower of it was not to be left behind: he has accordingly introduced his enchanter, Merlin, building ſeven altars, offering upon each a bullock and a ram, and attempting to curſe the army of the hero, in imitation of Balaam, and with the ſame ſucceſs.

Dryden himſelf is ſtrongly tinctured with the taſte of the times; and thoſe *Dalilahs of the Town*, to uſe his own expreſſion, are plentifully ſcattered throughout his works, eſteemed in the preſent age for thoſe paſſages only in which he ventur'd to oppoſe

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poſe his own taſte to that of his readers, and which have already paſt the ordeal of unmerited cenſure.

Nor is that narrowneſs of conception which confines a work to the comprehenſion of a particular portion of individuals, leſs reprehenſible or leſs repugnant to the eſſential principles of poetry; and of this defect innumerable inſtances occur in both the authors above cited, with this difference, that in one inſtance we contemplate with regret the ſituation of an eminent genius conſtrained by his exigences to poſtpone the powers of his own taſte, and ſubmit his judgment to the arbitrary dominion of a prevailing mode; while in the other, we view with indifference, an author, ſpoilt indeed by the taſte of the times in which he lived, but who, had he not adopted their's, had moſt probably ſucceeded as ill by following his own. Nothing is ſo common, as in both theſe writers to meet with expreſſions and alluſions drawn from the meaneſt mechanical employments; at preſent infinitely diſguſting to the general ſcholar, and (a proof of the neceſſity of obſerving the rule we have endeavoured to illuſtrate) to a foreigner, acquainted only with the learned part of our language, entirely unintelligible*. In

* I would not here be underſtood to hint at any ſimilarity in the original genius of theſe authors; were I to draw the line of affinity, I ſhould call Blackmore the caricatura of Dryden.

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In the earlier ſtages of civilization, while the bonds of ſociety hang yet looſe upon the individual, before the benefits of mutual aſſiſtance and dependence are felt or underſtood, the ſavage, elate with the idea of abſolute independence, and unacquainted with all the advantages which accompany the arts of ſociety, looks down with ſupreme contempt on a ſtate, whoſe every individual is entirely dependent upon and connected with the community*. The wretched Eſquimaux give themſelves the excluſive title of *men*, and the Indian of North America, beſtows on the Europeans, as compared with himſelf, the epithet of the *accurſed race.*

In a ſtate of abſolute barbariſm the arts of life are few, and agreeably to that all-ſufficiency which the ſavage ſo much affects, practiſed and underſtood by each individual. The Indian, unacquainted with the arts of poliſhed life, is to himſelf, what ſociety is to the members which compoſe it: he raiſes himſelf the roof of his humble hut, and ventures upon the ocean in the canoe which his own hands have hollowed; his weapons for war or for the chace are ſuch as his own induſtry, or ſometimes a caſual intercourſe with politer nations,

* Robertſon's Hiſtory of America, Book IV.

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tions, have furniſhed for him*. The component members of barbarous ſocieties are ſeldom numerous, owing to the extreme difficulty which attends the education of infancy among the hazards and hardſhips of ſavage life, and join'd to it produces that extreme tenderneſs which all uncivilized communities entertain for the life of an individual. Where the numbers are comparatively few, the principle of patriotiſm is concentrated—the loſs or miſconduct of a North American Indian would be more ſenſibly felt by his tribe, than that of a thouſand Engliſhmen by the parent country.

It remains after a conſideration of the cauſes, to trace their effects in the artleſs eſſays of the more remote periods. Oſſian's poems, if allowed to be authentic, are the only ſpecimen of this ſpecies generally known; Homer, being, according to the teſtimony of Ariſtotle, poſterior to a long line of poets, his predeceſſors and perhaps his patterns: the decided preference given thro' every poem, to the nation, the family, and perſon of the poet, ſtrongly mark the national character as well as that of the times. Alluſions to the inferior arts are ſo unuſual and ſo ſimple as

* Robertſon's Hiſtory of America, Book IV.

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as muſt ſpeak them in their firſt period of progreſſion; or evince a taſte and judgment in the author far beyond the times in which he is ſuppoſed to have flouriſhed. He is himſelf, agreeably to that idea of ſelf-importance, the invariable attendant on ſavage life, the hero of his own tale. Filial duty, and a regard to the merits of an illuſtrious warrior, might contribute to give Fingal a conſpicuous character in poems, the productions of his ſon; but no other reaſon can be given why Oſſian, the *bard of ſong*, ſhould be the hero of it. "The Battle", ſays Regnor Lodbrog, a prince, pirate, and poet of a ſucceeding age, "is "grateful to me as the ſmile of a virgin in the "bloom of youth; as the kiſs of a young widow "in a retired apartment." An egotiſm which moderns muſt ſuppoſe agreeable to the character of thoſe times.—The pride of family, a prevailing paſſion where arts and commerce have not ſet mankind on a level, was indulged by the poet; who compriſed in his profeſſion that of the genealogiſt. Homer frequently traced the deſcent of his heroes into remote and fabulous antiquity; probably with a view to gratify ſuch of his patrons as piqued themſelves on their pedigree.

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The poetry of ruder ages is ſeldom diſtinguiſhed for elegance of diction or variety of imagery; yet there are advantages ſo ſtrongly peculiar to it, as muſt raiſe it high in the eſteem of all admirers of nature, while yet ſimple and unſophiſticated. The ſtate of the arts, as yet rude and imperfect, renders it impoſſible to deviate from ſimplicity. The diſtinctions of property being as yet faintly delineated, no idea of ſuperiority can obtain but what ariſes from perſonal qualifications; and poetic praiſe, unproſtituted to power and wealth, muſt be the genuine tribute of gratitude and admiration. That property was in a very unſettled ſtate in the days of Homer, may be gathered from numberleſs paſſages in his writings; among the calamities which awaited an aged father on the death of his only ſon, the plunder of his poſſeſſions is mentioned; and Achilles laments, that life, unlike every other human poſſeſſion, was not to be obtained by theft. Accordingly, in the epithets which accompany the name of each hero, through the Iliad and Odyſſey, we ſee no alluſions to the adventitious circumſtances of wealth and power, if we except the title of *lord of rich Mycenæ* ſometimes, though rarely beſtowed on Agamemnon. While the ſubtlety of Ulyſſes, the ſwiftneſs of Achilles,

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Achilles, the courage and ſtrength of Diomed, are mentioned as often as the names of thoſe Heroes occur.

The intermediate ſtep between barbarity and perfection, is perhaps the leaſt favourable to the cultivation of poetry; for the *neceſſity* of writing with ſimplicity is taken away long before its *beauty* is diſcovered or attended to. The arts, if we may believe the picture of them, as exhibited in the ſhield of Achilles, had attained this intermediate ſtage of their progreſs in the days of Homer; and accordingly we find in the works of that great maſter, ſome alluſions to the meaner arts, as well as illuſtrations drawn from them; which, however the antiquary might regard as throwing light on ſo remote a period, criticiſm muſt reject as repugnant to that ſimplicity and univerſality which form the eſſential characteriſtics of poetry. When Hector tells Paris that he deſerved *a coat of ſtone*, i. e. to be ſtoned to death, I cannot help ſuſpecting it to have been a cant word of that time; and am rather diſguſted than ſatisfied, to find the ſecurity which Neptune gives for Mars, was agreeable to the form of procedure in the Athenian courts. Though in this inſtance a modern, and eſpecially

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a modern of this Country, may be eaſily prejudiced; the laws here by the uncouthneſs of their language, and other numberleſs particularities, wearing an air of ridicule by no means connected with the idea of laws in general. Yet, whatever allowances we admit in conſideration of the diſtant period which produced this patriarch of poetry and literature, and however we abſtract ourſelves from the prevailing prejudices of modern manners, we ſtill find onrſelves better pleaſed with thoſe images, which, from their ſimplicity in ſo long a period, have undergone the ſmalleſt variation. The following lines are perhaps the moſt pleaſing to a modern reader of any in the whole Iliad.

What time in ſome ſequeſtred vale,
The weary woodman ſpreads his ſparing meal;
When his tir'd arms refuſe the axe to rear,
And claim a reſpite from the ſylvan war;
But not till half the proſtrate foreſt lay,
Stretch'd in long ruin, and expos'd to day.—POPE.

And it is a curious conſideration, that in a period which has exhauſted the variety of wealth and vanity, the ſimple life of the labourer has not undergone the moſt trifling alteration.

Milton,

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Milton, a ſtrict obſerver as well as a conſtant imitator of the antients, has adopted the ſame idea in the following lines,

What time the labour'd ox,
With looſen'd traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwink'd hedger at his ſupper ſat.

The father of Engliſh poetry, like that of the Grecian, lived in a period little favourable to ſimplicity in poetry; and ſeveral meanneſſes occur throughout his works, which in an age more refined, or more barbarous, he muſt have avoided. We ſee among the *worthie* acts of *Duke* Theſeus,

How he took the nobil cite after,
And brent the walls and tore down roof and rafter.

And, among the horrid Images which crowd the temple of Mars,

The child ſtranglid in the cradil,
The coke ſcaldid for alle his long ladil.

That ſtate of equipoiſe between horror and laughter, which the mind muſt here experience, may be ranked among its moſt unpleaſing ſenſations.—The period at which the arts attain to their higheſt degree of perfection, may be eſteemed more favourable to the productions of the Muſes, than either

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either of the foregoing; the mind is indulged in free retroſpect of antiquity, and ſometimes in conjectural glimpſes of futurity; with ſuch a field open before him, the objects which we muſt ſuppoſe ſhould more immediately attract the attention of the poet, would be the failure or ſucceſs of his predeceſſors; and the cauſes to which either was to be attributed. Pope has fully avail'd himſelf of the dear-bought experience of all who went before him; there is perhaps no poet more entirely free from this failing. I ſhall however only cite one inſtance in which he may ſeem to have carried his regard for ſimplicity ſo far, as to ſhew himſelf guilty of inaccuracy and inattention.

The hungry Judges now the ſentence ſign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine.

That judges in England never *ſign* a ſentence is well known; and hunger, whatever effect it might have had on the jurymen of antient days, with thoſe of modern times ſeems to operate rather as an incitement to mercy.—*Clifden's proud alcove* has not at preſent, and probably never had, any exiſtence; but the fault, if any there is, ſeems rather that of the language than of the poet: or perhaps, after all, it was mere penury of rhime, and a diſ-

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treſs ſimilar to that which made him in another place hunt his poor dab-chick into *a copſe* where it was never ſeen but in the Dunciad.

After ſo much ſaid on the ſubject of local alluſions, and terms of art, it cannot but occur to me, that I have myſelf ſometimes fallen into the error which I have here reprehended, and adopted phraſes and expreſſions unintelligible, except to the little circle to which my labours were at firſt confined; an error I ſhall cautiouſly avoid for the future: for how little claim ſoever the lucubrations of GREGORY GRIFFIN may have to public notice, or a protracted term of exiſtence, he is unwilling to abridge either by wilful continuance in an acknowledged error. D

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NO NOVELIST, Two SENEX's, and the COUNTRY GIRL are received. The latter has a full right to the *indulgence* ſhe deſires, and will much oblige me by her future correſpondence. I am very loth to refuſe any thing to ſo fair a petitioner, as I take it for granted MATRONA is, and grieve that it is not in my power to accept her invitation at preſent, and oblige her by the interview which ſhe ſolicits. In any thing elſe ſhe may command me.

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No. X.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *February* 5, 1787.

Et ſilicis venis abſtruſum, excuderit ignem.—VIRG.
And ſtruck the impriſon'd ſpark from veins of Stone.

MANKIND in general, when they contemplate the records of thoſe illuſtrious for Patriotiſm, Philoſophy, Poetry, or any other qualities which entitle them to immortality, are inclined to complain of the dearth of abilities and paucity of true Genius obſervable in all ages. Genius, exclaims the diſcontented complainant, is given but with a ſparing hand; inſtead of moving in a regular orbit as the Planet, its Courſe is lawleſs as the Comet's; inſtead of diffuſing the permanent rays of the Sun, it glitters only with the dazzling glare of the lightning; it is quick and tranſitory, and like the Phœnix, appears not once in a century.—Such is

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the uſual outcry of thoſe, who love to turn good into evil; to depreciate the dignity of man, and undervalue the works of their creator. The arguments by which they ſupport this hypotheſis are plauſible; they obſerve, that illuſtrious men have generally flouriſhed not in a continued ſeries, when the loſs of one was ſupplied by a ſucceſſor equally capable; but in a collective body. After their demiſe, nature, as exhauſted by ſuch an unuſual effort, has ſunk into a lethargy, and ſlept for ages. Theſe Sons of Fame, like the brighter conſtellations of the Heavens, obſcure by their ſuperior ſplendor the infinite hoſts of Stars which are ſcattered through the regions of endleſs ſpace. To eſtabliſh this poſition, they inſtance the noted reigns of Auguſtus, Charles, Ann, and Louis. The reſpectable names of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, Propertius, Livy, and the other glories of this learned age are produced: Milton, Dryden, Tillotſon, and Clarendon, with Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Addiſon, Corneille, Racine, and Moliere, ſeem to corroborate this aſſertion. But let us examine with impartiality, and the deception will be detected. Can we ſuppoſe, that nature has ſcattered her bleſſings with more profuſion to one age than another; or, that like an unfeeling ſtep-mother, ſhe has robbed one child

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child of its portion to enrich the other? Rather has not the univerſality of her influence been equally extended to all? Whence then, it is required, whence originates that inequality of Genius and Learning, which is ſo incontrovertibly conſpicuous in the annals of Hiſtory? The anſwer is brief, from the difference of cultivation: The moſt fertile fields will, if neglected, be overrun with weeds; and the bramble will choak the luxuriance of the floweret. How many neglected ſpots are concealed in the wilds of Africa; how many tracts, ſeemingly oppreſſed with the curſe of ſterility, have, by the aſſiſtance of art teemed with the fruits of cultivation. The human mind is that luxuriant field, rich in the gifts of Nature; but requiring the foſtering care of education, to raiſe the imperfect ſeed to the maturity of the full grown crop.

I will venture to affirm, that neither the dark ages of the latter Roman Empire, nor the darker ones which ſucceeded, (the period when human nature was at its loweſt ebb, and had relapſed into the barbariſm from which the ſuperior wiſdom of the firſt race of man had raiſed it) were deficient in Genius, if opportunity had called forth its powers. Statius and Claudian undoubtedly poſſeſſed the fire ſo requiſite to form the poet; and the

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the excellent Boethius, martyred by the cruel policy of the imperial court, was born to grace a more ſplendid æra. To deſcend ſtill deeper into this region of darkneſs, even ſo late as the cloſing years of the Greek Empire, the Princeſs Anna Comnena, to the eminence of her illuſtrious birth, joined the milder glories of Arts and Literature. Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, and the other Schoolmen ſhew an acuteneſs of reaſon, and comprehenſion of mind, employed indeed on ſubtle niceties and frivolous diſtinctions; but which, under the direction of a better taſte, might have explored the profoundeſt depths of true Philoſophy. The Roſicrucians, with other chemical projectors, in the courſe of an extravagant ſearch after an imaginary Menſtruum, ſtumbled on many uſeful diſcoveries in that curious ſcience. Pope Silveſter, with his illuſtrious follower, Friar Bacon, who were for their extraordinary knowledge deemed Magicians by the ignorant multitude, and who were both, for the honor of our nation, Engliſhmen, directing their ſtudies to the proper ends of Philoſophy, were the harbingers of that glorious light which has ſince blazed out. Charlemagne and Alfred are characters which might dignify the annals of any Hiſtorian, as Warriors and Legiſlators; the firſt ſoftened the rigours of the feudal ſyſtem ſo peculiarly

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arly adapted to bind mankind in indiſſoluble chains; the other bleſſed his native land with liberty, and laid the firſt foundations of that conſtitution, which has ſince proved the envy and admiration of Europe. Theſe few illuſtrious names, which are the ſole ornaments of ſo many ages only feebly enlightened, were not able to diſpel the ſurrounding clouds; their rays, ſcattered through ſuch an extenſive ſpace, only ſerved to make

"*Darkneſs viſible,*"

and when the poet exclaimed

"*Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt Flacce, Marones,*"
Let Sheffields ſmile, and Drydens ſtill ſhall write,

he aſſerted that, to which experience has ſince given the ſanction of Truth.

It is not to be doubted, but that many a man, whoſe powers of mind might have carried him to the higheſt pitch of human glory, has languiſhed in obſcurity for want of thoſe opportunities, or that patronage, which calls forth the powers of the ſoul. Thoſe few to whom their better fortune has granted this envied lot, ſufficiently prove this poſition; and many of the moſt excellent of the latter Roman Emperors, left the more humble roofs of their native cottages, for the ſplendid magnificence of the imperial palace.

But

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But the land of liberty is the ſoil favorable to the rearing theſe latent ſeeds; and it has been obſerved, that tho' Genius may flouriſh awhile under the exotic warmth of arbitrary power, its bloſſom is but periſhable: it languiſhes under the nipping blaſts of oppreſſion; and pines for the more congenial Sun of Freedom. The iron ſway of ſlavery cruſhes the ſoul as well as body.

Animum quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.
Weighs down the portion of celeſtial birth,
The breath of God, and fixes it to Earth.—FRANCIS.

That I may not ſeem to aſſert an improbability, let us examine the different ſtates of literature in the commonwealths of Greece and Rome, under the dominion of the Cæſars. An objection is now eaſily ſtarted, viz. that the Auguſtan age is the great æra of Roman Literature; and that under the commonwealth the advances towards the politer arts were ſlow and difficult. The fact is, that the Romans, during the firſt centuries, were too deeply engaged in their foreign and domeſtic wars, to attend to the milder occupations of Peace. Self preſervation naturally engages the attention of man, prior to all other conſiderations; when that is ſecured, he has leiſure to look around him, and make

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make his firſt attempts in the Sciences. In the earlier rude and martial times the Trumpet drowned the notes of the Lyre; in thoſe times therefore, the Genius moſt ſuitable to the age, ſhone with diſtinguiſhed luſtre; this was the age of Patriotiſm and Conqueſt, and military merit was the only certain road to the dignities of the Republic. When Rome was ſubjected to Cæſar, her Empire extended over the then known world. The Grecian elegance had ſoftened her rougher Genius; and Science had poliſhed the ferocity of her manners. The laurel of conqueſt faded before the Olive of peace; and literary merit became the object of attention. Auguſtus only eſtabliſhed that of which others had laid the foundations. Ennius, Terence, Lucretius, Catullus, and Salluſt were prior to him; and the Roman eloquence, which was born, and which died with Cicero, ſunk under the malignity of his influence. It is worth remarking, that tho' the Auguſtan age produced the beſt Poets, yet Eloquence fled with Freedom; after the death of Cicero ſhe degenerated from her purer ſtrains, into the laboured phraſes of affected declamation. Poetry, which is ſo noted for its ſuppleneſs, flouriſhed only for a few years; and probably owed its temporary vigour to the mean proſtitution of its talents, in flattering the Enſlaver of his Country, and the Tyrant of the World.

Greece

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Greece on the contrary produced a continued ſeries of great and learned men; ſhe was not like Rome, forced to ſtruggle for her liberty and exiſtence againſt the jealouſy of ſurrounding ſtates. After the deciſive battles of Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis, her internal diſſenſions were her only enemies; but even theſe promoted rather than impeded the powers of her Genius. To the Peloponneſian war we owe the hiſtory of Thucydides, the funeral orations of Pericles and Plato, and to the treachery of Philip the ſublime invectives of Demoſthenes; but when the conquering Eagle of Rome, under the pretence of protecting, enſlaved the country, from that moment her Genius withered; and the only muſe ſhe afterwards produced, Polybius in particular, inſtead of recording the glories of the native country, celebrated the exploits of Rome. Rome therefore, now the uncontrouled Miſtreſs of the world, was expected to excel in arts as well as arms; under Auguſtus, as before obſerved, ſhe flouriſhed for a time, but under the ſucceeding Emperors ſhe relapſed into the ignorance, tho' ſhe poſſeſſed not the virtues of the Conſular State. The feeble efforts which Learning afterwards made to recover her ancient preeminence, ſeem to confirm the poſition, that under liberty alone ſhe can acquire a permanent ſtrength.

Under

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Under the happy reigns of Veſpaſian, Trajan, and the better Emperors, the ſhort lived ray of returning Freedom awaked her from her lethargy; and Juvenal, Plinies, and Tacitus, are enrolled in the laſt liſt of Roman worthies.—The works of the two Plinies might have been produced under any reign, however tyrannical. — The ſtudies of the Naturaliſt could never awaken the jealouſy of the moſt capricious Tyrant; and the Panegyric of the younger Pliny was a piece of complimentary flattery, which muſt be acceptable to the ears of any Prince. Of his letters it has been truly obſerved, that they are only elegant trifles. In Cicero's collection we find a hiſtory of the times, the characters of the greateſt men delineated with ſpirit, and his ſentiments delivered with a Roman freedom. Pliny was overawed by the terrors of Deſpotiſm, and dared not to venture on topics which might rouſe the anger of his Sovereign; but that Juvenal and Tacitus adorned this period, muſt unconteſtibly be the effect of at leaſt ſome degree of liberty; otherwiſe the unſparing laſh of the Satiriſt would not have attacked the moſt powerful men of Rome; or the bold pen of the Hiſtorian dared to diſplay the actions of the former Emperors with ſuch freedom of cenſure, ſo odiouſly and yet ſo juſtly. He would have been contented with a bare relation,

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tion, and left the reader to make thoſe obſervations, which tho' he could not but have felt, he would have been afraid to give vent to; eſpecially when Juvenal, in the reign of Domitian, had been baniſhed for a ſlight reflection on an inſignificant actor.

As in the courſe of this paper many of the great names of antiquity have been mentioned, I cannot help noticing the aſſertion of a very learned man, in which his partiality for the ancients ſeems to have hurried him on beyond due lengths. I refer the Reader to the 127th paper, 4th vol. of the Adventurer, from whence the following is extracted, "The age will never again return, when a Pe-"ricles, after walking with Plato in a Portico "built by Phidias, and painted by Apelles, might "repair to hear a pleading of Demoſthenes, or a "tragedy of Sophocles."

Unleſs this paſſage is more accurately conſidered, it ſeems to give the deciſive turn againſt the moderns; and preſents a formidable liſt of great names to which we have but few to oppoſe. But if we examine the Chronological order, we ſhall find, that Pericles, Phidias, and Sophocles, were hardly contemporaries, Pericles dying in the 87th Olympiad; but Demoſthenes, who was contemporary with Apelles,

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Apelles, did not pronounce his firſt Philippic till the 107th, and Plato died in the 108th. The reader who would wiſh to know the more particular dates, I refer to Tallent's chronology, who has regulated his by Scaliger's tables.—From this it will appear, that tho' a Pericles might have walked in a Portico built by Phidias, it could not have been painted by Apelles; and tho' he might have heard a tragedy of Sophocles, he could not have converſed with Plato, or repaired to a pleading of Demoſthenes. I might with equal juſtice ſay, the time will never return, when an Alfred, after walking with Bacon in a portico built by Wren, or painted by Weſt, might repair to hear a ſpeech of Chatham's, or a Tragedy of Spakeſpeare's. Surely this is an unfair mode of compariſon, and to take a hint from his own motto,

Si veteres ita miratur laudatque,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat.

But oft they labour under great miſtakes,
As when their ancients laviſhly they raiſe,
Above all modern rivalſhip and praiſe.—FRANCIS.

But to return to my ſubject. From the variety of concurring accidents and combination of circumſtances, which are ſo neceſſary if not to form, at leaſt to force Genius into notice, it is more to be wondered

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wondered at, that ſo many great characters have, than that more have not exiſted. True it is, that there are ſome, who are by nature endowed with ſuch powers of mind, that they have riſen ſuperior to all ſurrounding impediments; but the number of theſe tranſcendent men are comparatively few with thoſe who have rendered themſelves eminent from the fortuitous concurrence of lucky circumſtances. To any one who attentively conſiders the variety of characters which may be met with in a large public ſchool, the following will appear no unimportant circumſtance. He cannot but obſerve the great number of boys, who by their natural abilities and early attainments ſeem to promiſe future greatneſs; and who, provided they had all an equal chance of ſucceeding in the world, might attain the heights of excellence. Yet how few of them in their maturer years fulfill thoſe expectations, which the earlieſt period of their life ſo juſtly excited.—The reaſon is evident, when at School they had full and fair ſcope for the exerciſe of their talents; they were fired with emulation, animated by the hope of glory. Envy had not as yet tainted the purity of the breaſt; and every one honeſtly confeſſed his admiration of their ſuperior powers. When they enter the larger Theatre

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of the World, the caſe is widely different: The paſſions then take a larger range; Envy, and all the blacker ones expand themſelves. One man hides himſelf in the obſcurity of what miſtaken philoſophy calls a life of retirement and eaſe, that is, of indolence and ſloth; another deſtroys himſelf in the exceſſes of licentious pleaſure; here diſtreſſed merit pines in want and obſcurity; there the bent of the ſoul is miſtaken, and the injudicious and arbitrary will of a Parent or a Guardian, forces it into that line, where its luſtre is darkened and its powers fail. For the human mind, in ſpite of the pride of wiſdom, and vanity of ſelf-complacency, is confined to a narrow ſphere; tho' ſome men by the univerſality of their attainments, and verſatility of their powers, ſeem to contradict this aſſertion, yet, thoſe inſtances are ſo rare, as ſcarce to form an exception to the general rule. Newton is great as an aſtronomer, and Chatham as a ſtateſman; when confined to their own proper paths, their abilities are wonderful, their glory conſequently great; but place a Chatham at the aſtronomical calculation of a Newton, or a Newton at the helm of ſtate, their reſpective worth is immediately loſt, and they both would ſink to the level of common mortals. Genius then, if not totally buried,

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tied, is often perverted, and its powers rendered ineffectual. Pope obſerved of a certain illuſtrious character, "*How ſweet an Ovid in a Murray loſt,*" and it is not to be doubted, but that the abilities of many have been equally diſtorted from their natural bent.

I am inclined to think, that the maxim

"*That as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd,*"

is not univerſally tho' generally true. Rather like a tree forced from its natural ſituation, it will, when left to the axerciſe of its own powers, recoil with the greater violence. We may remember that Addiſon was made a ſecretary of ſtate, and Swift, if he had liſtened to King William, would have been a Cornet of Horſe.—How little the talents of the one were adapted to his office, is well known; what a figure the Author of the Tale of the Tub would have made as a Cornet, I leave to my readers to judge. The Attic elegance and poliſhed wit of Addiſon was loſt amidſt the turbulence of State Intrigues; and the keen ſarcaſtic Genius of Swift was by no means fitted for the camp; unleſs it can be proved, that humour can gain a battle, or ſatire take a town.

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No. XI. OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *February* 12, 1787.

Res geſtæ regumque, ducumque, et triſtia bella,
Quo ſcribi poſſint numero, monſtravit Homerus.—HOR.
By Homer taught, the modern Poet ſings,
In Epic ſtrains, of heroes, wars, and Kings.—FRANCIS.

THERE are certain forms and etiquettes in life, which, though the neglect of them does not amount to the commiſſion of a crime, or the violation of a duty, are yet ſo eſtabliſhed by example, and ſanctioned by cuſtom, as to paſs into Statutes, equally acknowledged by ſociety, and almoſt equally binding to individuals, with the laws of the land, or the precepts of morality. A man guilty of breaking theſe, though he cannot be tranſported for a felon, or indicted for treaſonable practices, is yet, in the High Court of Cuſtom, branded as a flagrant offender againſt decorum, as notorious for an unprecedented infringement on propriety.

There is no race of men on whom theſe laws are more ſevere than Authors; and no ſpecies of Authors more ſubject to them, than Periodical Eſ-

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ſayiſts. *Homer* having preſcribed the form, or, to uſe a more modern phraſe, *ſet the faſhion* of *Epic Poems*, whoever preſumes to deviate from his plan, muſt not hope to participate his dignity: And whatever method, *The Spectator*, *The Guardian*, and others, who firſt adopted this ſpecies of writing, have purſued in their undertaking, is ſet down as a rule for the conduct of their followers; which, whoever is bold enough to tranſgreſs, is accuſed of a deviation from the original deſign, and a breach of eſtabliſhed regulation.

It has hitherto been cuſtomary for all Periodical Writers, to take ſome opportunity, in the courſe of their labours, to diſplay their Critical abilities, either by making obſervations on ſome popular Author, and work of known character, or by bringing forth the performances of hidden merit, and throwing light on genius in obſcurity. To the critiques of *The Spectator*, *Shakeſpear*, and more particularly, *Milton*, are indebted, for no inconſiderable ſhare of the reputation, which they now ſo univerſally enjoy; and by his means were the ruder graces, and more ſimple beauties of *Chevy Chace* held up to public view, and recommended to general admiration.

I ſhould probably be accuſed of ſwerving from the imitation of ſo great an example, were not I

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to take occaſion to ſhew that I too am not entirely deſtitute of abilities of this kind; but that by poſſeſſing a decent ſhare of critical diſcernment, and critical jargon, I am capable of becoming a very tolerable commentator. For the proof of which, I ſhall rather prefer calling the attention of my readers to an object, as yet untreated of by any of my immediate predeceſſors, than venture to throw in my obſervations on any work which has before paſſed the ordeal of frequent examination. And this I ſhall do for two reaſons; partly, becauſe were I to chooſe a field, how fertile ſoever, of which many others had before me been reaping the fruits, mine would be at beſt but the gleanings of criticiſm; and partly, from a more intereſted view, from a ſelfiſh deſire of accumulated praiſe; ſince, by making a work, as yet almoſt wholly unknown, the ſubject of my conſideration, I ſhall acquire the reputation of taſte, as well as judgement;—of judiciouſneſs in ſelection, as well as juſtneſs in obſervation;—of propriety in chooſing the object, as well as ſkill in uſing the language, of commentary.

The *Epic Poem* on which I ſhall ground my preſent critique, has for its chief characteriſtics, brevity and ſimplicity. The Author,—whoſe name I lament that I am, in ſome degree, prevented from

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conſecrating to immortal fame, by not knowing what it is—the Author, I ſay, has not branched his poem into excreſſences of epiſode, or prolixities of digreſſion; it is neither variegated with diverſity of unmeaning ſimilitudes, nor glaring with the varniſh of unnatural metaphor. The whole is plain and uniform; ſo much ſo indeed, that I ſhould hardly be ſurpriſed, if ſome moroſe readers were to conjecture, that the poet had been thus ſimple rather from neceſſity than choice; that he had been reſtrained not ſo much by chaſtity of judgement, as ſterility of imagination.

Nay, ſome there may be perhaps, who will diſpute his claim to the title of an *Epic Poet*; and will endeavour to degrade him even to the rank of a *ballad-monger*. But I, as his Commentator, will contend for the dignity of my Author; and will plainly demonſtrate his Poem to be an *Epic Poem*, agreeable to the example of all Poets, and the conſent of all Critics heretofore.

Firſt, it is univerſally agreed, that an *Epic Poem* ſhould have three component parts; *a beginning*, *a middle*, and *an end*;—ſecondly, it is allowed, that it ſhould have one *grand action*, or *main deſign*, to the forwarding of which, all the parts of it ſhould directly or indirectly tend; and that this deſign ſhould

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ſhould be in ſome meaſure conſonant with, and conducive to, the purpoſes of *Morality*;—and thirdly, it is indiſputably ſettled, that it ſhould have *a Hero*. I truſt that in none of theſe points the poem before us will be found deficient. There are other inferior properties, which I ſhall conſider in due order.

Not to keep my readers longer in ſuſpenſe, the ſubject of the poem is "*The Reformation of the Knave of Hearts.*" It is not improbable, that ſome may object to me that a *Knave* is an unworthy Hero for an Epic Poem; that a Hero ought to be all that is great and good. The objection is frivolous. The greateſt work of this kind that the World has ever produced, has "*The Devil*" for its Hero; and ſupported as my author is by ſo great a precedent, I contend, that his Hero is a very decent Hero; and eſpecially as he has the advantage of *Milton's*, by reforming at the end, is evidently entitled to a competent ſhare of celebrity.

I ſhall now proceed to the more immediate examination of the poem in its different parts. The *beginning*, ſay the Critics, ought to be plain and ſimple; neither embelliſhed with the flowers of poetry, nor turgid with pompoſity of diction. In this

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this how exactly does our Author conform to the eſtabliſhed opinion! he begins thus,

"*The Queen of Hearts*
"*She made ſome Tarts*"—

Can any thing be more clear! more natural! more agreeable to the true ſpirit of ſimplicity! Here are no tropes,—no figurative expreſſions,—not even ſo much as an Invocation to the Muſe. He does not detain his readers by any needleſs circumlocution; by unneceſſarily informing them, what he *is* going to ſing; or ſtill more unneceſſarily enumerating what he *is not* going to ſing: but according to the precept of Horace,

——————*in medias res*,
Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit,——

That is, he at once introduces us, and ſets us on the moſt eaſy and familiar footing imaginable, with her Majeſty of Hearts, and intereſts us deeply in her domeſtic concerns. But to proceed,

"*The Queen of Hearts*
"*She made ſome Tarts*,
"*All on a Summer's Day*."

Here indeed the proſpect brightens, and we are led to expect ſome livelineſs of imagery, ſome warmth of poetical colouring;—but here is no ſuch thing.—There is no taſk more difficult to a Poet, than that of *Rejection*. *Ovid*, among the ancients, and *Dryden*, among the moderns, were perhaps

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perhaps the moſt remarkable for the want of it. The latter from the haſte in which he generally produced his compoſitions, ſeldom paid much attention to the "*limæ labor*," "the labour of correction," and ſeldom therefore rejected the aſſiſtance of any idea that preſented itſelf. *Ovid*, not content with catching the leading features of any ſcene or character, indulged himſelf in a thouſand minutiæ of deſcription, a thouſand puerile prettineſſes, which were in themſelves unintereſting, and took off greatly from the effect of the whole; as the numberleſs ſuckers, and ſtraggling branches of a fruit-tree, if permitted to ſhoot out unreſtrained, while they are themſelves barren and uſeleſs, diminiſh conſiderably the vigour of the parent ſtock. *Ovid* had more genius, but leſs judgement than *Virgil*; *Dryden* more imagination, but leſs correctneſs than *Pope*; had they not been deficient in theſe points, the former would certainly have equalled, the latter infinitely outſhone the merits of his countryman.—*Our Author* was undoubtedly poſſeſſed of that power which they wanted; and was cautious not to indulge too far the ſallies of a lively imagination. Omitting therefore any mention of—ſultry Sirius,—ſilvan ſhade,—ſequeſtered glade,—verdant hills,—purling rills,—moſſy mountains,—gurgling fountains,—&c. &c.—he ſimply tells us that it was

"*All*

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"*All on a Summer's Day.*" For my own part, I confeſs, that I find myſelf rather flattered than diſappointed; and conſider the Poet as rather paying a compliment to the abilities of his readers, than baulking their expectations. It is certainly a great pleaſure to ſee a picture well painted; but it is a much greater to paint it well oneſelf. This therefore I look upon as a ſtroke of excellent management in the Poet. Here every reader is at liberty to gratify his own taſte; to deſign for himſelf juſt what ſort of "*Summer's Day*" he likes beſt; to chooſe his own ſcenery; diſpoſe his lights and ſhades as he pleaſes; to ſolace himſelf with a rivulet, or a horſe-pond,—a ſhower, or a ſun-beam,—a grove, or a kitchen garden,—according to his fancy. How much more conſiderate this, than if the Poet had, from an affected accuracy of deſcription, thrown us into an unmannerly perſpiration by the heat of the atmoſphere; forced us into a landſcape of his own planning, with perhaps a paltry good-for-nothing zephyr or two, and a limited quantity of wood and water.—All this *Ovid* would undoubtedly have done. Nay, to uſe the expreſſion of a learned brother-commentator, "*quovis pignore decertem*" "I would lay any wager," that he would have gone ſo far as to tell us what the tarts were made of; and perhaps wandered into an epiſode on the art of preſerving cherries. But *our Poet*, above

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above ſuch conſiderations, leaves every reader to chooſe his own ingredients, and ſweeten them to his own liking; wiſely foreſeeing, no doubt, that the more palatable each had rendered them to his own taſte, the more he would be affected at their approaching loſs.

"*All on a Summer's Day.*"

I cannot leave this line without remarking, that one of the *Scribleri*, a deſcendant of the famous *Martinus*, has expreſſed his ſuſpicions of the text being corrupted here, and propoſes, inſtead of "*All on*" reading "*Alone*," alledging, in favour of this alteration, the effect of Solitude in raiſing the paſſions. But *Hiccius Doctius*, a High Dutch commentator, one nevertheleſs well verſed in Britiſh literature, in a note of his uſual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of *Scriblerus*. In ſupport of the preſent reading, he quotes a paſſage from a poem written about the ſame period with our author's, by the celebrated *Johannes Paſtor**, intituled "*An Elegiac Epiſtle to the Turnkey of Newgate*," wherein the gentleman declares, that rather indeed in compliance with an old cuſtom, than to gratify any particular wiſh of his own, he is going

——————"*All hanged for to be*
"*Upon that fatal Tyburn tree.*"——

Now

* More commonly known, I believe, by the appellation of "*Jack Shepherd.*"

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Now as nothing throws greater light on an author, than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of *Hiccius's* opinion, and to conſider the "*All*" as an elegant expletive, or, as he more aptly phraſes it "*elegans expletivum.*" The paſſage therefore muſt ſtand thus,

"*The Queen of Hearts*
"*She made ſome Tarts*
"*All on a Summer's Day.*"

And thus ends the firſt part, or *beginning*; which is ſimple and unembelliſhed; opens the ſubject in a natural and eaſy manner; excites, but does not too far gratify our curioſity: for a reader of accurate obſervation may eaſily diſcover, that the *Hero* of the Poem has not, as yet, made his appearance.

I could not continue my examination at preſent through the whole of this Poem, without far exceeding the limits of a ſingle paper. I have therefore divided it into two; but ſhall not delay the publication of the ſecond to another week,—as that, beſides breaking the connection of criticiſm, would materially injure the *unities* of the Poem.

B

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No. XII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *February* 12, 1787.

———————*Servetur ad imum,*
Qualis ab incepto proceſſerit, et ſibi conſtet.

HORACE.

From his firſt Entrance, to the cloſing Scene,
Let him one equal Character maintain.

FRANCIS.

HAVING thus gone through the firſt part, or *beginning* of the Poem, we may, naturally enough proceed to the conſideration of the ſecond.

The ſecond part, or *middle*, is the proper place for buſtle and buſineſs; for incident and adventure.

" *The Knave of Hearts*
" *He ſtole thoſe Tarts.*"

Here attention is awakened; and our whole ſouls are intent upon the firſt appearance of the Hero.

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Hero. Some readers may perhaps be offended at his making his *entré* in ſo diſadvantageous a character as that of a *thief*. To this I plead precedent.

The Hero of the Iliad, as I obſerved in a former paper, is made to lament very pathetically, —that "life is not like all other poſſeſſions, to "be acquired by theft."—A reflection, in my opinion, evidently ſhewing, that, if he *did* refrain from the practice of this ingenious art, it was not from want of an inclination that way. We may remember too, that in *Virgil's* poem, almoſt the firſt light in which the *Pious Æneas* appears to us, is a *deer-ſtealer*; nor is it much excuſe for him, that the deer were wandering without keepers; for however he might, from this circumſtance, have been unable to aſcertain whoſe property they were; he might, I think, have been pretty well aſſured that they were not *his*.

Having thus acquitted our Hero of miſconduct, by the example of his betters, I proceed to what I think the Maſter-Stroke of the Poet.

"*The Knave of Hearts*
"*He ſtole thoſe Tarts,*
"*And——took them——quite away!!*"

Here

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Here, whoever has an ear for harmony, and a heart for feeling, muſt be touched! There is a deſponding melancholy in the run of the laſt line! an air of tender regret in the addition of "*quite away!*" a ſomething ſo expreſſive of irrecoverable loſs! ſo forcibly intimating the "*Ah nunquam reditura!*" "They never can return!" in ſhort, ſuch an union of ſound and ſenſe, as we rarely, if ever meet with in any author, ancient or modern. Our feelings are all alive—but the Poet, wiſely dreading that our ſympathy with the injured Queen might alienate our affections from his Hero, contrives immediately to awaken our fears for him, by telling us, that

"*The King of Hearts*
"*Call'd for thoſe Tarts,*"—

We are all conſcious of the fault of our Hero, and all tremble with him, for the puniſhment which the enraged Monarch may inflict;

"*And beat the Knave—full ſore!*

The fatal blow is ſtruck! We cannot but rejoice that guilt is juſtly puniſhed, though we ſympathize with the guilty object of puniſhment. Here *Scriblerus*, who, by the bye, is very fond of making unneceſſary alterations, propoſes reading "*Score*" inſtead of "*ſore,*" meaning thereby to par-

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particularize, that the beating beſtowed by this Monarch, conſiſted of *twenty* ſtripes. But this proceeds from his ignorance of the genius of our language, which does not admit of ſuch an expreſſion as "*full ſcore*," but would require the inſertion of the particle "*a*," which cannot be, on account of the metre. And this is another great artifice of the Poet: by leaving the quantity of beating indeterminate, he gives every reader the liberty to adminiſter it, in exact proportion to the ſum of indignation which he may have conceived againſt his Hero; that by thus amply ſatisfying their reſentment, they may be the more eaſily reconciled to him afterwards.

"*The King of Hearts*
"*Call'd for thoſe Tarts,*
"*And beat the Knave full ſore!*"

Here ends the ſecond part, or *middle* of the poem; in which we ſee the character, and exploits of the Hero, pourtrayed with the hand of a maſter.

Nothing now remains to be examined, but the third part, or *End*. In the *End*, it is a rule pretty well eſtabliſhed, that the Work ſhould draw towards a concluſion, which our Author manages thus.

"*The*

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" *The Knave of Hearts*
" *Brought back thoſe Tarts.*"

Here every thing is at length ſettled; the theft is compenſated; the tarts reſtored to their right owner; and *Poetical Juſtice*, in every reſpect, ſtrictly, and impartially adminiſtered.

We may obſerve, that there is nothing in which our Poet has better ſucceeded, than in keeping up an unremitted attention in his readers to the main inſtruments, the machinery of his poem, viz. The *Tarts*; inſomuch, that the aforementioned *Scriblerus* has ſagely obſerved, that " he can't tell, but he doesn't know, but the " tarts may be reckoned the heroes of the Poem." *Scriblerus*, though a man of learning, and frequently right in his opinion, has here certainly hazarded a raſh conjecture. His arguments are overthrown entirely by his great opponent, *Hiccius*, who concludes, by triumphantly aſking, " Had the tarts been eaten, how could the Poet " have compenſated for the loſs of his Heroes?"

We are now come to the *denouèment*, the ſetting all to rights: and our Poet, in the management of his *moral*, is certainly ſuperior to his great ancient pre-

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predeceſſors. The moral of their fables, if any they have, is ſo interwoven with the main body of their work, that in endeavoring to unravel it, we ſhould tear the whole. *Our Author* has very properly preſerved his whole and entire for the *end* of his poem, where he completes his *main deſign*, the *Reformation* of his Hero, thus,

"*And vow'd he'd ſteal no more.*"

Having in the courſe of his work, ſhewn the bad effects ariſing from theft, he evidently means this laſt moral reflection, to operate with his readers as a gentle and polite diſſuaſive from ſtealing.

"*The Knave of Hearts*
"*Brought back thoſe Tarts,*
"*And vow'd he'd ſteal no more!*"

Thus have I induſtriouſly gone through the ſeveral parts of this wonderful Work; and clearly proved it, in every one of theſe parts, and in all of them together, to be a *due and proper Epic Poem*; and to have as good a right to that title, from its adherence to preſcribed rules, as any of the celebrated maſter-pieces of antiquity. And here I cannot help again lamenting, that, by not knowing the name of the Author, I am unable to twine our laurels together; and to tranſmit to poſterity the

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the mingled praiſes of Genius, and Judgment; of the Poet, and his Commentator.

Having ſome ſpace left in this paper, I will now, with the permiſſion of my readers of the *great world*, addreſs myſelf more particularly to my fellow-citizens.

To them, the eſſay which I have here preſented, to them, will, I flatter myſelf, be peculiarly ſerviceable at this time; and I would earneſtly recommend an attentive peruſal of it, to all of them whoſe muſes are engaged in compoſitions of the Epic kind.—I am very much afraid that I may run into the error, which I have myſelf pointed out, of becoming too *local*,—but where it is evidently intended for the good of my fellow citizens, it may, I hope, be now and then pardonable. At the preſent juncture, as many have applied for my aſſiſtance, I cannot find in my heart to refuſe it them. Were I to attempt fully explaining, why, at the *preſent juncture*, I fear it would be vain. Would it not ſeem incredible to the Ladies, where I to tell them, that the period approaches, when upwards of a hundred *Epic Poems* will be expoſed to public view, moſt of them nearly of equal length, and many of them nearly of equal merit,

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with the one which I have here taken into consideration; illustrated moreover with elegant etchings, designed either as *hieroglyphical* explanations of the subject, or as *practical puns* on the name of the author?—And yet in truth so it is,—and on this subject I wish to give a word of advice to my countrymen.

Many of them have applied to me by letter, to assist them with designs for prefixing to their poems; and this I should very willingly have done, had those gentlemen been kind enough to subscribe their real names to their requests: whereas, all that I have received have been signed, *Tom Long*, *Philosophus*, *Philalethes*, and such like. I have therefore been prevented from affording them the assistance I wished; and cannot help wondering, that the gentlemen did not consider, that it was impossible for me to provide *typical references* for feigned names; as, for ought I know, the person who signs himself *Tom Long* may not be four feet high; *Philosophus* may be possessed of a considerable share of folly; and *Philalethes* may be as arrant a liar as any in the kingdom.

It may not however be useless to offer some general reflections for all who may require them. It

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It is not improbable, that, as the ſubject of their poems is the *Reſtoration*, many of my fellow-citizens may chooſe to adorn their *title-pages* with the repreſentation of His Majeſty, Charles the Second, eſcaping the vigilance of his purſuers in the *Royal Oak*. There are ſome particularities generally obſervable in this picture, which I ſhall point out to them, leſt they fall into ſimilar errors. Though I am as far as any other Briton can be, from wiſhing to "curtail" his Majeſty's Wig "of its fair proportion;" yet I have ſometimes been apt to think it rather improper, to make the Wig, as is uſually done, of larger dimenſions than the tree in which it and his Majeſty are concealed. It is a rule in Logic, and I believe may hold good in moſt other Sciences, that "*omne majus continet in ſe minus*," that "every thing larger can hold any thing that is leſs;" but I own, I never heard the contrary advanced or defended with any plauſible arguments, viz. "that every little thing can hold one larger." I therefore humbly propoſe, that there ſhould be at leaſt an edge of foliage round the outſkirts of the ſaid wig; and that its curls ſhould not exceed in number the leaves of the tree. There is alſo another practice almoſt equally prevalent, of which I am ſceptic enough to doubt the propriety. I own, I cannot think it by any

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means conducive to the more effectual concealment of his Majeſty, that there ſhould be three Regal Crowns ſtuck on three different branches of the tree. Horace ſays indeed,

——————*Pictoribus atque Poetis,*
Quidlibet audendi ſemper fuit æquapoteſtas.
Painters and Poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the ſame.—FRAN.

And this may be reckoned a very allowable *poetical licence*; inaſmuch as it lets the ſpectator into the ſecret, *who is in the tree.* But it is apt to make him at the ſame time throw the accuſation of negligence and want of penetration on the three dragoons, who are uſually depicted on the foreground, cantering along very compoſedly, with ſerene countenances, erect perſons, and drawn ſwords, very little longer than themſelves.

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No. XIII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *February* 19, 1787.

Quanto ferocius ante ſe egerint, tanto cupidius inſolitas voluptates hauſiſſe.—TAC.

Their appetite for unuſual pleaſure, was in proportion to their former ferocity.

THERE are many ideas, which, as I have hinted in a former paper, we are apt, merely on poetical authority, to adopt as data, and to ſubſtitute the pleaſing, but extravagant exuberance of a luxuriant fancy, for the convincing ſolidity of Hiſtorical demonſtration. Among theſe, none perhaps recurs more frequently to our imagination, or ſtrikes it more forcibly, than the primæval innocence of man. We inwardly reproach ourſelves with degeneracy; and are chagrined, when, after having

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having contemplated the beauties of ſo highly finiſhed a picture, we caſt our eyes on an imperfect ſketch which ſuffers ſo much by the compariſon.

A ſtate of nature, however, when diveſted of its poetical ornaments, will be found to be by no means a ſtate of innocence; and we ſhall perceive, upon a more accurate inſpection, that civilization, far from being prejudicial to the virtues of mankind, is in reality that fine poliſh which diſplays his exalted endowments to advantage; and effects the grand diſtinction between brute and human nature, The ſoul of man is ſo intimately blended with his paſſions, that Apathy is almoſt non-exiſtence; and even in the moſt ſluggiſh and inſenſible, we diſcover ſome ruling appetite, ſome main ſpring, which ſeems to actuate the few ideas of his liſtleſs vacancy. To reduce theſe therefore from our tyrants to our aſſiſtants, and to convert to the purpoſes of an agreeable variety, what was originally the cauſe of a flagitious ſameneſs in our actions, is ſurely beneficial to community. The vices of Nature are concentrated, but violent; thoſe of Civilization diffuſe, but gentle. According therefore to the eſtabliſhed political maxim, *Divide and conquer*, thoſe of the latter being individually leſs powerful,

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powerful, are more eaſily ſubdued. To this it may be objected, that if the vices of the natural man are more violent, his virtues are at leaſt of a ſuperior nature; that obſequious incincerity is but a bad ſubſtitute for diſintereſted honeſty; and that where courage and friendſhip are exchanged for policy and civility, however it may advance the abilities of mankind, it argues that their hearts are proportionably corrupted.

Specious as the names of theſe virtues are, that boaſted honeſty, while it extended its influence to the immediate circle in which it moved, narrowed the heart againſt a general intercourſe with mankind, and precluded the idea of philanthropic benevolence; on the contrary, a general attention to the duties of Society, while like the ſun it diffuſes its light and heat, loſes nothing of its central fire. Courage, when reſtricted by laws, is a deſirable attribute; but when it becomes its own legiſlator, is too much the child of chance to be depended upon as the arbiter of the happineſs or miſery of mankind.

Civilized Policy is by no means ſo infernal an agent to ambition as it has been generally repreſented. The time is at length arrived in the more enlightened parts of Europe, when the ſtateſman has ceaſed to adopt the dagger and the bowl, as neceſ-

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ſary pieces of furniture in his cabinet; and in the preſent age, the School of Machiavel is not conſidered as the only road to greatneſs: ſo far has the refined ſpirit of the times contributed to humanize even the love of power.

Having thus endeavoured to prove, that a cloſer union of the bonds of Society is by no means derogatory to the dignity, or even prejudicial to the intereſts of mankind; my next endeavour ſhall be to inveſtigate, what in all ages has been the moſt effectual method of reducing barbarous ferocity; of ſoftening the vices of human nature into foibles; and of refining its good qualities into virtues. And no principle we may obſerve has been more conducive to theſe effects than the love of pleaſure. We may exemplify this by the authority of the moſt conſummate politicians; the revolutions of the moſt powerful empires; and the errors of the moſt experienced commanders, the world ever produced. Cæſar, in accounting for the ſuperior ferocity of the Germans to the Gauls, mentions, as the principal cauſe, the effeminacy which a frequent intercourſe with merchants had introduced among the latter; but which, among the former, was hitherto but little known. Nay, ſo adapted to the ſupport of this idea are the words of Tacitus, in relating Agricola's method of reducing

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ducing the ſavage independence of the Britons, that I will treſpaſs on the Reader's patience by tranſcribing them.

Ut homines diſperſi et rudes, eoque bello faciles, quieti et otio per voluptates aſſueſcerent; hortari privatim, adjuvare publicè, ut templa, fora, domus exſtruerent, laudando promptos, et caſtigando ſegnes. Jam vero principum filios liberalibus artibus erudire. Inde etiam habitûs noſtri honor, et frequens toga. Paulatimque diſceſſum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus, et balnea, et conviviorum elegantiam. Idque apud imperitos humanitas vocabatur, cum pars ſervitutis eſſet.

"That this nation, diſperſed and uncultivated, "and on that account more prone to war, might, "by indulgencies become more accuſtomed to eaſe "and quiet, he began privately to encourage, and "publickly to aſſiſt them in building temples, "courts of judicature, and habitations; by com- "mending the ready and chaſtiſing the idle; and "at the ſame time, to inſtruct the ſons of their "chieftains in the liberal arts. From hence aroſe "their reſpect for us, and their frequent aſſumption "of the Roman Habit; ſo that by degrees they were "brought over to the allurements of luxury, Por- "ticos and Baths, and elegant entertainments; their "ignorance giving the name of refinement, to what "was in reality to conduce to their ſlavery."

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A convincing proof, that this politic meaſure was appoved of by this great pattern of provincial government; a meaſure, which, when we reflect on its ſalutary conſequences, naturally brings to our mind the oppoſite conduct of the firſt invaders of America, whoſe progreſs was marked with ſuch carnage, merely perhaps from their ignorance or neglect of this founded principle.

To proceed however in illuſtrating what I have advanced, and to prove that the love of pleaſure has often been inſtrumental to ſubverting the conſtitution of empires founded on Military law, by lulling to ſleep this ferocious inſolence where it was a conſtituent part of the government; I need only recur to the well-known inſtances of Sparta and Rome. The decline of the former, may, with great reaſon be dated from the abrogation of thoſe wiſe ſumptuary laws inſtituted by the political penetration of Lycurgus. That celebrated Legiſlator, from having long ſtudied the genius of his countrymen, judged, that a military government was moſt peculiarly adapted to it; and that the very principle of refinement, which, from their innate pride ſupported the Athenians, would tend to enervate the haughty ſeverity of the Spartans; and ſubvert that warlike diſpoſition by which alone

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alone they exiſted as a commonwealth. The alteration produced in the manners, and ſhortly after in the government of the latter, from ſimilar cauſes, (a period of about one hundred and thirty years having elapſed from the introduction of the Corinthian and Syracuſan luxuries, to the perpetual dictatorſhip of Sylla,) is too well known to need diſcuſſion here. Suffice it to ſay, that during this interval, and even after the ſubverſion of the Commonwealth, the great and elegant geniuſſes, who from the introduction of the liberal arts, were enabled to add cultivation to a rich and luxuriant ſoil, have ſo far obſcured the rugged and unformed virtues of their predeceſſors, that though the mind may reſt with a momentary ſatisfaction on a Cincinnatus or a Fabricius, it is to the refined voluptuouſneſs of a Lucullus, the unbounded ſoul of a Cæſar, and the inexauſted genius of a Cicero, that we look for the character of this extraordinary people.

Laſtly, to exemplify this idea in the defeats or diſſolution of the moſt powerful and veteran armies, which have entirely originated in a deviation from the ſimple abſtinence neceſſary to their unity, let us take a ſhort review of the conduct of Hannibal, from his entrance into Italy, to the defection

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defection of Capua. This aſtoniſhing commander, having, through the moſt barbarous countries in the midſt of the united attacks of war, famine, and tempeſt, cemented the jarring intereſts of an army made up of the flower of ſome nations, and the ſcum of others; having perſonally ſurmounted the moſt incredible difficulties, and in all his enterprizes united the characters of ſoldier and general; having gained four deciſive victories over the Romans in the very heart of Italy; neither himſelf nor his army could reſiſt the ſoft climate and luxurious effeminacy of Campania, "*Adeo ut vere dictum ſit,*" ſays Florus, "*Capuam Hannibali Cannas fuiſſe.*" "*So that it was with juſtice ſaid, that Capua was Hannibal's Cannæ.*" I might farther enforce this maxim, by Cæſar's deſcription of the ſtate of Pompey's camp, when he accounts for his victory in Theſſaly; and afterwards by the effect of Egyptian Luxury on the veteran legions of Antony; were I not haſtening to a period, with which, as I preſume, ſome of my fellow-Citizens are unwillingly familiar, I purpoſe concluding this *winter's tale.*

The ſudden alteration in the genius of the Engliſh on the Reſtoration, an Epocha which has now a double hold on immortal celebrity, from the

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the aſſiſtance of Hiſtory and Poetry, has been to ſome a matter of ſurpriſe; and the immediate tranſition from the cold ſuſpicious policy of Cromwell, and the fanatic hypocriſy of the Common-Wealth, to the general ſpirit of diſſipation, and the ſudden revival of ſprightly wit, and genius in all its levity, which characterized the reign of Charles, has been conſidered as a ſtriking inſtance of fickleneſs in the human underſtanding.

But it was probably this principle, ſo inherent in our natures, which gave riſe to ſo general a variation. The mind of man, after having been harraſſed by the uſurpation of the more violent paſſions, ſeizes with avidity, the firſt object which offers itſelf, as a relaxation from care, and a gratification of the unſatisfied appetites. This was, at the acceſſion of Charles, the ſtate of England; at one time diſtracted by internal diſcord, at another enſlaved by its pretended deliverer, it eaſily concurred with the more voluptuous diſpoſition of its new maſter, in exchanging Political, for Poetical ribaldry; and converting the intrigues of the Cabinet, into thoſe of the Chamber. In the one caſe, the angry colliſion of two thunder clouds, ſtruck forth mutual flaſhes, whoſe progreſs was only known by the ſubſequent deſtruction; in the other,

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ather, the returning Sun, doubly prolific after the ſtorm, nurtured thoſe flowers of wit and genius, which form no inconſiderable figure in the Annals of Engliſh literature.

The ſame effects from the ſame cauſes may be obſerved to have taken place in the latter years of William's reign, and more particularly during that of Queen Anne, (deſervedly eſteemed the Auguſtan age of Great-Britain;) and from that period, though perhaps the ſame day has not ſeen the united excellencies of ſo many diſtinguiſhed men, our viſible refinements on Luxury will be ſufficient evidence of our progreſs in civilization. Innumerable are the conveniencies, nay, ſuperfluities of life in this opulent kingdom, which in the beginning of this Century were totally unknown; and which, though they may feed Cynical ſpleen, or offend the ſeverity of a Stoic, if they tend to add one more link to the chain of ſociety, to awaken one more liberal emotion in the heart, or to humanize, into a citizen of the world, one more malecontent, (as from their tendency we have evident reaſon to ſuppoſe they do,) the temporal evil is by no means equivalant to the laſting good; and the man who advances civilization to its higheſt poliſh, is the moſt beneficial member of the community.

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No. XIV.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *February* 26, 1787.

Locus eſt et pluribus umbris.—HOR.
Still I have room.——FRANCIS.

ACCORDING to my promiſe made in a former paper, I ſhall dedicate this to the favors of correſpondents. They will ſee that I have been careful to abridge nothing, but what was neceſſary to reduce their letters to a more convenient ſize.

'TO THE MICROCOSMOPOLITAN.

'SIR,

'AN ingenious paper of your's, con-
'taining ſome acute and juſt obſervations on Epi-
'taphs, induced me to offer for your inſpection
'the following remarks on that ſubject.

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'We need no other witneſs than our own con-
'ſcience, to convict us of that inordinate love of
'Fame, ſo predominant in all orders and ranks of
'men. If then in the prime of life, this paſſion pre-
'vails over every other conſideration, and out-ba-
'lances all objections thrown into the oppoſite ſcale
'by virtue or religion; if thoſe Moraliſts are to
'be credited, who contend, not without ſome ſha-
'dow of reaſon, that the paſſions operate on the
'human mind in a greater degree, as we draw nearer
'to our end; this, above all others, muſt conſe-
'quently have greater influence at that awful pe-
'riod; ſince its ſole aim is to be the topic of praiſe
'and admiration to its own and ſucceeding gene-
'rations. Why do the "ſhort and ſimple annals of
"the poor," in the Country-Church-Yard, court
'the tribute of a tear from the ſympathetic tra-
'veller? Why do we behold with wonder and aſto-
'niſhment, the monumental records of the rich and
'noble in that vaſt pile of antiquity, where the
'Princes and Prelates, the Heroes and Poets of this
'land, lie mouldering together? For the ſame rea-
'ſon;—that deſire of being diſtinguiſhed, even after
'death, from the common herd of mortals, formed
'of the ſame periſhable materials as ourſelves.
'The unlettered Ruſtic exults as much in his ill-
'ſhaped

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'ſhaped rhymes, which afford matter of conver-
'ſation to the humble tenants of his native Ham-
'let, as the trophied General in the ſuperb folly
'of a ſtupendous Mauſoleum; both feel a propor-
'tionable degree of happineſs, if they die with
'the hopes that their name ſhall eſcape the canker-
'worm of oblivion.

'In the gradual riſe therefore and progreſs of
'different ſtates, we may obſerve with what judge-
'ment the legiſlators ſelected this paſſion, as the
'hinge on which many of their principal laws ſeem
'to turn; no incentive to virtue was found ſo
'efficacious, as inſcribing the actions of the dead
'on their monuments: thus inciting future heroes
'to ſimilar exertions, by holding up to their eyes
'the laurels of their anceſtors.

'The Lacedemonians indeed thoroughly under-
'ſtood the force and policy of this laſt tribute to
'the memory of the dead, and enacted a law, pro-
'hibiting all in their realm from making
'Epitaphs on any perſons except thoſe who had
'ſurrendered up their lives for the ſervice of their
'country; and in what did the bulwark and glory
'of Sparta conſiſt? In military valour! which ſhe
'endeavoured to ſtrengthen by a reward the moſt

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'endearing and grateful to the ſoul of man; a cer-
'tainty, that his fame ſhould ſurvive the frailty of
'human nature.

'When therefore we reflect on their utility, we
'cannot but lament the paucity of good Epitaphs;
'tho' it is indeed a kind of writing ſo generally cul-
'tivated in all nations, that certainly there muſt be
'*ſome* in every country which redound as well to
'the honour of the author, as to the glory of
'thoſe whom they immortalize. I wave menti-
'oning many in our own language, which, tho'
'excellent, are obvious to every one; but cannot
'help claiming your attention to one not ſo gene-
'rally known, and at the ſame time remarkable for
'its elegance and ſimplicity. Drayton was a Poet,
'who lived in the ſixteenth century.

'*Doe pious marble, let thy readers know,*
'*What they and what their children owe*
'*To Drayton's name, whoſe ſacred duſt*
'*We recommend unto thy truſt;*
'*Protect his memory and preſerve his Storye,*
'*Remain a laſting monument of his Glorye,*
'*And when thy ruines ſhall diſclame*
'*To be the Treas'rer of his name,*
'*His name, which cannot fade, ſhall be*
'*An everlaſting monument to thee.*

'How

'How different are the Epitaph-writers of 'theſe days, when every tomb-ſtone bears the 'ſtrongeſt contradiction to truth and reaſon. To 'be aſſured of this, only take a ſurvey of the bu- 'rial places within the bills of mortality, and at 'the ſame time a retroſpect of the lives of thoſe, 'whoſe bones are adorned with this miſerable and 'faithleſs deſcant on their virtues; and you will 'find every day ſome freſh proof, how frequently

——"*Some kind friend ſupplies,*
"*Hic jacet, and a hundred lies.*"

'The notoriety indeed of their miſuſe is ſo fla- 'grant among the French, that, "*Menteur comme* "*un Epitaph,*" paſſes for a proverb with them. 'But not to detain you any longer on this ſubject, 'I ſhall preſent you with the following, as a ſpe- 'cimen of honeſty and integrity in an Epitaph 'rarely to be found. It is written on an amphibious 'animal, vulgarly called a Marine; and I ſuſpect 'it to be the production of ſome true-hearted Tar, 'both from the originality and peculiar bluntneſs 'of the compoſition, but I leave that to the deci- 'ſion of the learned.

'*Here lies retired from buſy ſcenes,*
'*A firſt Lieutenant of Marines,*
'*Who lately lived in health and plenty,*
'*On board the good ſhip, Diligente,*

'*Now*

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'*Now ſtripp'd of all his warlike ſhew,*
'*And laid in box of elm below,*
'*Confind to earth in narrow borders,*
'*He riſes not till further orders.*"

'But to return to my ſubject, and to apply it 'more particularly to thoſe for whom it was in-'tended, will prove on trial a more difficult and 'important matter, than at firſt it appeared to be. 'For there are certain followers of Democritus, 'who maintain, that *every thing ſerious is ridi-'culous*. Paradoxical as this doctrine ſeems, there 'are not wanting thoſe, even in our *leſſer world*, 'who laugh reflection out of countenance, merely 'becauſe it comes not within the ſphere of their 'comprehenſion. But I ſhall conſider myſelf as 'addreſſing thoſe who are unhackneyed in the ways 'of this ſect; the lovers of contemplation, and you, 'who have exhibited by your weekly lucubrations 'a fondneſs and attachment to literature, highly 'meritorious, and leave them to enjoy their laugh, 'tho' at my expence.

'Are the young and inexperienced to admire an 'Epitaph on a diſtinguiſhed and noble character, 'for the elegance and perſpicuity of the ſtyle; for 'the harmony of the periods alone? Does the en-'tombed

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'tombed glory of Chatham ſuggeſt to the con-
'templative mind no other ideas than thoſe, which
'are fleet and tranſient as the morning dew before
'the Sun? No, "*E'en from the Tomb the voice*
"*of Nature cries,*" while we contemplate with
'regret the loſs of a great and noble hero, "*Go*
"*and do thou likewiſe.*"

'CÆMETERIUS.'

I cannot better comply with the requeſt of the young Lady to whom I am indebted for the following letter, than by publiſhing her caſe in her own words.

'TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR,

'YOU, who are ſcarcely
'entered into life, yet know ſo well how to judge
'of its proprieties, will take up with ſpirit, I flat-
'ter myſelf, the ſubject which I propoſe recom-
'mending to your obſervation. And as you are
'in a great meaſure the Guardian of a world, whoſe
'inhabitants will one day largely contribute to fill
'up the various circles of higher life, any hints
'from a pen ſo peculiarly intereſting as yours,
'muſt

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'must deeply impreſs their minds with the con-
'viction of thoſe truths you wiſh to inculcate.

'My caſe will perhaps ſeem at firſt ſight un-
'worthy of ſerious conſideration; but it has been
'very truly obſerved, by many very wiſe men,
'that there are trivial mortifications, which, being
'conſidered by the world as too inſignificant for
'their pity, are, more particularly perhaps on that
'account, equally painful to the ſufferer with the
'moſt ſerious misfortunes.

'The circumſtances which I at preſent allude
'to, are the loud whiſpers, the half-ſuppreſſed
'fits of laughter, and thoſe other nameleſs rude-
'neſſes, which are not ſo pointed as to bring a
'*Jemmy Fellow* into danger of a ſerious reprimand;
'but are generally *too* well underſtood by the vic-
'tim of their raillery, and are very long and ſe-
'verely felt.—Perhaps I ſhall better elucidate my
'meaning by a candid recital of the particular af-
'fair which induced me to write to you, of which
'you will make what uſe you pleaſe; and grant
'generous allowances to the firſt female correſ-
'pondent who claims your countenance and
'ſupport.

'I

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'I have been educated very far from the gay 'and fashionable world; and my heart now pal- 'pitates at the recollection of what I felt, when 'on the morning of my eighteenth year my father 'offered me a journey to London. I accepted it 'with transport, and I have actually been in Town 'now a whole fortnight. It would be dull and 'uninteresting to give you an account of all the 'raptures I have felt at the variety of scenes, which 'have the powerful charm of novelty, added to all 'that is pleasing, to recommend them.

'An invitation to a ball awaited my arrival; 'and great was the metamorphosis made in my 'appearance, to qualify me for the very best com- 'pany. After a last look of approbation at my 'glass, I had scarcely courage to encounter my 'father's eye with a sight so new to him. I hesi- 'tated as I entered the Room; he surveyed me 'with a look of mingled affection and surprize; 'my huge muff fell from my hand, and appeared 'to me at that moment more formidable than 'the animal could have done to whom it origi- 'nally belonged. By an approving smile, how- 'ever, from my father, the muff was re-instated 'in my favour; the *whim* of my cap was changed

'into

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'into *taſte*; the feathers drooped more gracefully 'than ever; and I adjuſted my hankerchief in 'perfect good humour with its enlarged and ex-'tended ſize.—Thus ſelf-complacent, my mind 'was left at eaſe to dwell upon the delightful ex-'pectations I had formed from the ball. My 'watch ſurely beat more tedious hours than when 'I was in the Country. The moment however at 'laſt arrived. I entered the room full of a thou-'ſand pleaſing chimeras; and as I felt a warm 'animated glow of partiality for every body I 'ſaw, I never once conceived but they all felt a 'reciprocal lively prepoſſeſſion in my favor.

'While the lady of the houſe was introducing 'me to the circle of her friends, and my heart 'was exulting with joy not to be deſcribed, a 'ſmart well dreſſed beau tripped up to a lady near 'me, and ſignificantly repeated, in a loud whiſ-'per,

"*So ſtiff, ſo mute, ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,*
"*Stepp'd from its pedeſtal to take the air.*"

'I turned ſuddenly round and caught his eye, 'a titter followed,—and in one moment I was 'humbled to the duſt. Judge of my ſenſations; 'confuſed, mortified, and all my hopes of pleaſing 'flown.

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'flown. In vain I endeavoured to recover my 'chearfulneſs; my partner was pleaſing and at-'tentive; but the frightful figure, who had thus 'put me out of humour with myſelf, came ſo of-'ten near me in the dance, and his odious rhime 'ſo jingled in my ears, that it was to no purpoſe 'I reaſoned againſt thoſe feelings, which the 'conſciouſneſs of guilt itſelf could hardly have 'encreaſed.

'Pray tell me, my dear Sir, where do people 'derive the right to trifle with the eaſe and com-'fort of others? The advantages of fortune and edu-'cation, which this gentleman, I find may boaſt 'of, were no advantages to me. They might 'have been extremely pleaſing, had they induced 'him to behave with common propriety to a per-'ſon (ſaid to be handſome,) certainly *young*, and 'a *ſtranger*, and who could not therefore poſſibly 'have offended him.

'As *good breeding* is founded on *good ſenſe*, and 'clearly meant to prevent uneaſy feelings, ſhould 'there not be ſome badge worn by thoſe Gen-'tlemen who defy laws it is ſo much to the in-'tereſt of Society to revere, that we may know

'how

'how to escape their insults? I will not say that 'a Highwayman would *frighten* me less with a 'pistol pointed at my breast; but I am certain I 'could forgive him sooner: The one is an open 'attack, from which, if you *can*, you *may* defend 'yourself; in the other case there is no tempta- 'tion, but from the hope of giving pain, and 'witnessing the cruel effects of it;—a pleasure 'which I do not recollect that *Milton* has ascribed 'to his fallen Angels.

'Let me hope then, that you, Sir, will bestow 'some salutary admonitions on persons of this de- 'scription; and will take the trouble to inform 'them, that the behaviour of which I complain, 'is utterly unworthy of a Gentleman; of a man of 'honour, courage, and benevolence.

'I am, dear Sir, with the greatest respect,
'Your humble Servant,
'A mortified
'COUNTRY GIRL.'

That I may as much as possible fulfil the de- sire of my fair Correspondent, I shall subjoin, for the information and edification of all whom it may concern

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concern of the great and little world, the following Reſolutions, paſſed in a COMMITTEE appointed for the purpoſe of inveſtigating all manners, cuſtoms, and behaviour of *Children*, of what kind or denomination ſoever.

GREGORY GRIFFIN, Eſq. in the Chair.

RESOLVED UNANIMOUSLY,

I. That the being able to ſay by heart two or more lines of *Pope*, or any other Poet or author whatſoever, does not conſtitute a *pretty fellow*, a wit, or a ſatiriſt.

II. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that wilfully and maliciouſly to inſult the feelings of an inoffenſive and unprotected female, is, in the extreme, mean, cowardly, and ungenerous.

Mr. GRIFFIN then leaving the chair, it was

RESOLVED,

That the thanks of this meeting be given to the Chairman, for his active, candid, and impartial conduct,

Mr.

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Mr. GRIFFIN then resumed the Chair, and it was

RESOLVED,

I. That this Committee do continue to sit on every business, complaint, or application, of what kind soever that is laid before the MICROCOSMOPOLITAN; and strictly and impartially do examine, investigate, and determine on the same.

II. That the Resolutions of this COMMITTEE be printed in the MICROCOSM.

Signed by the Chairman.

GREGORY GRIFFIN, Chairman.

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No. XV.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *March* 5, 1787.

Discordia semina rerum.———OVID.
Discordant matter.

THE first of the following letters I insert, as well on account of its intrinsic merit, as because it contains a request, with which I think it my duty to comply; and its own appearance will be not a little serviceable towards promoting the wish of its Author.—The second claims my attention, as it practically illustrates, in a manner very striking, a proposition I have before laid down, namely, the ill effects arising from intemperate joking.

'To GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'*London, February*, 1787.

'SIR,

'AS the motive which has induced you to undertake your justly-admired 'Work, seems chiefly the good of your fellow-citizens; and as the plan upon which you profess 'to conduct it, is so truly liberal, I am assured

t

'that a hint, from whatever quarter, will not fail 'to meet with a favorable reception.—Your il- 'luſtrious predeceſſors, the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, &c. '&c. were ſo famous for their candid and diſinter- 'eſted conduct in this particular, that they were 'not afraid of diſplaying the faults which their 'correſpondents pointed out; a circumſtance 'which (with the wiſe and diſcerning) muſt have 'contributed not a little to advance their repu- 'tation.—But it is not faults, Sir, upon which I 'would deſcant; I declare to you at preſent I have 'not perceived any which are material; and I am 'not one of thoſe cavilling critics who are eager to

"*Catch the ſtraws which ſwim at top,*
"*And leave the pearls behind.*"

'My preſent intention is merely to take the li- 'berty of pointing out to you a ſubject which I 'ſhould be happy to ſee diſcuſſed in one of your 'papers; a ſubject which I think as likely to be 'beneficial to your contemporaries in their future 'progreſs through life, as moſt which could be 'propoſed.—It is, Sir, to point out to them, the 'very eſſential difference which ſubſiſts between 'true and falſe greatneſs.

'There are ſome of them whoſe unhappy pro- 'penſity to indolence and futility, you have hu-

'morouſly

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'morouſly deſcribed; but there are doubtleſs 'others, who have a laudable ambition to diſtin-'guiſh themſelves, and who (to make them valu-'able as well as conſpicuous members of ſociety) 'want only ſome friendly hand to point out the 'proper goal to which their race ſhould be directed.

'Of all the powers of the human mind, the 'judgement ſeems to be that which arrives the 'lateſt at perfection: the reaſon is obvious; to 'compare and decide, requires a degree of calm-'neſs and perſpicuity, almoſt incompatible with 'the fire and enthuſiaſm of youth.

'Without ſome aſſiſtance, therefore, my good 'Sir, how are they likely to diſcriminate between 'what is really, or only apparently great? will not 'the glare of the one be preferred to the ſteady 'brightneſs of the other? will not partial excel-'lence delude their imagination? and when the 'admirable and the eſtimable come in competi-'tion, will they not be apt to ſeize the former 'with eagerneſs, and reject the latter with con-'tempt?

'The cold cautions of age and experience deli-'vered upon theſe occaſions, are generally derided,

'or

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'or at beſt heared with indifference; but this can-
'not be the caſe, Sir, when they come from you.
'—Your fellow-citizens will ſurely liſten with
'attention to one, who has reflected ſo much
'honour upon their ſociety; and will receive with
'confidence the precepts of one, who convinces
'them by his conduct that he not only knows,
'but practiſes what is truly meritorious.

'Haſten then, my good Sir, to inſtruct them in
'what real greatneſs conſiſts. Should you ſuc-
'ceed, the riſing generation will have cauſe to
'bleſs you! the name of the MICROCOSMO-
'POLITAN will be mentioned with admiration
'and reverence to all futurity; and as for myſelf,
'I proteſt to you, my family Creſt ſhall be imme-
'diately eraſed, and a Griffin ſubſtituted in its
'room.

'I am, Sir, with the trueſt reſpect,

'Your conſtant reader,

'And admirer,

'ALFRED.'

'SIR,

'AS the poor wretch who is
'about to ſuffer the laſt penalty of the law, points
'out to his fellow creatures the errors which have
'cauſed

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'caused his ruin, and, at the same time, patheti-
'cally warns them by his unhappy fate; so I,
'with like conviction of misconduct, am solicitous
'to represent to the world my own inadvertencies;
'and by my example, to caution others against
'committing faults similar to those which have
'proved my ruin.

'You must know, Mr. Griffin, that in my
'younger days I was exceedingly ambitious of
'being distinguished as a jester. There was no
'other consideration with me in life but what I
'would willingly sacrifice to this. When at Eton,
'I was remarked for being much better acquainted
'with *Joe Miller* and *Tom Brown*, than any of the
'Greek or Roman Classics. My profession was
'the Law, but I could not endure its drudgery;
'and therefore, instead of *sapping* at the statutes at
'large in my chambers, or *sporting Cicero* at the
'bar, I employed my time in scribbling Bon-mots
'for the newspapers, and frequenting the society
'of *young fellows* of wit and pleasure. The clubs,
'of which I was a member, declared me a pheno-
'menon of wit. I was pleased with this distinc-
'tion; and knowing that my company in general
'consisted of men who had little to boast of but
'their facetiousness, I frequently paid for them

'their

'their tavern reckonings, that I might enjoy the 'livelineſs of their converſation; and purchaſed 'my participation of their feſtivity, at a price lit-'tle ſuitable to the contracted ſtate of my finances.

'I had once the happineſs of poſſeſſing a very 'valuable friend. He was an exceedingly honeſt 'man, firmly attached to me, and capable as well 'as willing to do me many ſervices; but, unfor-'tunately, he was not remarkable for any great 'quality of penetration; and beſides this, he had 'a natural imperfection in his ſpeech. Happening 'one day to be reckoning up with him a liſt of 'famous Orators, and humorouſly putting his 'name among the number, he fell into a violent 'rage, inſiſted that I inſulted him, and pulled me 'by the noſe. I pitying his want of ſagacity in 'not diſcovering that all I intended was a joke, 'and at the ſame time reflecting that fighting was 'no part of the buſineſs of a man of wit, very 'calmly pocketed the affront, and left him. Thus 'terminated our intercourſe of friendſhip.

'Some years ago I paid my addreſſes to a young 'lady, celebrated for her great beauty, fortune, and 'mental endowments. I had every reaſon to feli-'citate myſelf on the proſpect of being happily 'united

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'united to her; till chancing one evening to cut a 'joke on the ſeventh commandment, in the pre- 'ſence of herſelf and father, I was immediately 'frowned at by the lady, rebuked by the old gen- 'tleman, and ſoon after forbid the preſence of the 'one, and the dwelling of the other.

'In the early part of my life, I was regarded by 'an old rich uncle of mine, who had a pretty 'young houſekeeper, as his heir. But as my evil 'ſtars would have it, being once on a viſit to him, 'and unthinkingly telling him a ſtory of a ridi- 'culous old dotard, and a briſk young damſel, he 'took the application to himſelf, called me an im- 'pertinent fellow, and diſcarded me.

'Many other misfortunes, Mr. Griffin, have at- 'tended this unlucky diſpoſition of mine. They 'have had indeed, at laſt, this good effect on me; 'they have brought me to my ſenſes; and I be- 'gin to ſee, that had I poſſeſſed only wit enough 'to diſcover I was a fool, I ſhould have acted very 'differently in theſe caſes, and have been now a 'happy man.

'I am, Sir, yours, &c.

'CHRISTOPHER CUTJOKE.

For

For the inſertion of the following letter I ſhall make no apology, but its own merit, and leave it to ſpeak for itſelf.

'To GREGORY GRIFFIN, Esq.

'DEAR SIR,

'AS the profeſſed intention 'of your admirable work, is to treat of the foibles 'and follies of mankind in general, and our little 'world in particular, I preſume, that (however 'other purſuits may have induced you to depart 'from your original plan) the following unfi- 'niſhed lines, on a ſubject which you have not yet 'taken in hand, will not be totally unacceptable.

'I ſhall omit troubling you with the hackneyed 'apology of "an unfledged muſe," however 'a propos it may be to the preſent caſe. This 'however I may be allowed to ſay, that they 'were written careleſſly and in a hurry; and may 'poſſibly ſtand in need of much correction and de- 'falcation. If however on any future occaſion 'they ſhall be deemed worthy of a place in your 'paper, it will be the higheſt honour that can be 'aſpired to, by, your conſtant reader and admirer,

'IRONICULUS.

ARS

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ARS MENTIENDI;

OR,

The ART of LYING.

'When ſordid man by juſtice unreſtrain'd
'Rang'd the wild woods, and food by plunder gain'd;
'Yet unenlighten'd by mild reaſon's ray
'Coarſe Nature rul'd with undiſputed ſway.
'But when ſome ſage's great aſpiring mind,
'By bonds of mutual intereſt link'd mankind,
'Then Art reſtrain'd her ſiſter's wide domain,
'And claim'd, with nature, a divided reign.
'Yet ſtill diſtruſtful of her own ſucceſs,
'She ſought to pleaſe by wearing nature's dreſs.
'So *that* great art, whoſe principles and uſe,
'Employ the pen of my unworthy muſe,
'Tho' great itſelf, in theſe degenerate days
'Is forced to ſhine with adſcititious rays,
'Nor ever can a laſting ſceptre wield,
'Unleſs in robes of pureſt truth conceal'd.
'Hear then, whoe'er the arduous taſk will try,
'Who wiſh with ſenſe, with ſkill, with taſte to *lye*;
'Ye patriots, plotting miniſters diſgrace,
'Ye miniſters who fear——a loſs of place;
'Ye tradeſmen, who with writs the fop entrap,
'Ye fops, who ſtrive thoſe tradeſmen to eſcape;

'Ye

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'Ye reverend Jews, enrich'd by chriſtian ſpoil,
'Ye parſons, who for benefices toil;
'No longer hope by open war to win,
'Ceaſe, ceaſe, ye fools, to lye "*thro' thick and thin.*"
"But know this truth, enough for rogues to know,"
'Lyes ne'er can pleaſe the man who thinks them
'ſo.
'Would you by flattery ſeek the road to wealth?
'Puſh not too hard, but ſlide it in by ſtealth.
'Mark well your cully's temper and purſuit
'And fit to every leg the pliant boot.
'Tell not the ſpendthrift that he hoards with fenſe,
'Tell not the miſer that he ſcorns expence.
'Nor praiſe the learning of a dunce profeſt,
'Nor ſwear a ſloven's elegantly dreſt.
'Thus, if by chance, in harmleſs ſport and play,
'You coolly talk a character away;
'Or boldly a flat perjurer appear,
'Nor gallows dread, nor lacerated ear,
'Still let your lyes to truth *near neighbours* be,
'And ſtill with probability agree.
'So ſhall you govern with unbounded reign,
'Nor longer cringe, and toil, and *lye* in vain;
'While Truth laments her empire quite o'erthrown,
'And by a form uſurp'd ſo like her *own.*'

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No. XVI.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *March* 5, 1787.

———————*Uſus*
Quem penes arbitrium eſt et jus et norma loquendi.

Uſe is the judge, the law, and rule of ſpeech.

IT is a favourite amuſement with me, and one of which in the preſent paper I ſhall invite my readers to participate, to adopt a maxim eſtabliſhed in any ſingle inſtance, to trace its influence where it has operated undiſcovered; to examine the ſecret ſprings by which it has worked; and the cauſes which have contributed to their concealment. In the courſe of this purſuit, I may boaſt, that there is ſcarce one of theſe *miniatures* of experience and obſervation, from the moral maxims of Grecian Philoſophy, to

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to the prudential apothegms of *Poor Robin*, which has not been ſucceſſively the object of my obſervation and diſcuſſion. I am however aware, that in the opinion of their importance, I may perhaps be ſingular.

That "life is ſhort," that "the generality of "mankind are vicious," ſeem ideas that might have ſuggeſted themſelves to a mind undiſtinguiſhed for peculiar ſagacity, or an uncommon ſhare of experience.—But to carry further the former of theſe maxims, and to conſider that life is ſhort, when compared with the multiplicity of its buſineſs, and the variety of its purſuits; that it is too much ſo for the purpoſes of honor and ambition; that to draw a concluſion from the attempts of men, we ſhould imagine it longer; is an obſervation not ſo entirely unworthy of a philoſopher. And by purſuing the latter of theſe thoughts, though on the firſt view it may not appear the reſult of any extraordinary obſervation, it may be found on a narrower inſpection, to convey a ſtrong argument of the impropriety of popular government.

The ſcrap of Latin, which, in conformity to eſtabliſhed precedent, is prefixed to my paper, exhibits

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hibits an example of the influence of Faſhion beyond thoſe limits, which are uſually aſſigned to its prerogative. For were we to accept the definition of it, the moſt uſually accepted, we ſhould conſider it only as the director of diverſion and dreſs; of unmeaning compliment, and unſocial intimacy. And however evidently miſtaken ſuch an opinion might appear, we muſt look for its ſource in one of the moſt prevailing principles of the human mind; a principle, (the exceſs of which we ſtigmatize by the name of Pedantry) of deducing the illuſtrations of every ſubject of enquiry from the more immediate objects of our own purſuits, and circumſcribing its bounds within the limits of our own obſervation. On the contrary, we ſhall find, that all our attempts to preſcribe bounds to the activity of this ſo powerful agent, will end only in ſurpriſe at the extent of its authority; in aſtoniſhment at the univerſality of its influence. Its claim to an undiſputed empire over language, is aſſerted by the author from whom I have taken the motto of this paper; with what juſtice, the teſtimony of a ſucceeding age may declare; when a Cæſar, who made and unmade the laws of the world at his pleaſure, found the ſmalleſt innovation in language beyond the utmoſt limits of arbitrary power. Nothing indeed but the higheſt

higheſt vanity, nouriſhed by the groſſeſt adulation, an idea of the infinitude of ſovereign authority, and ſervile obedience, could have given birth to ſuch an attempt.

However paradoxical it may ſeem, that, in a matter of judgment and taſte, the vague arbitration of individuals ſhould be preferable to the abſolute deciſion of a learned body; yet the imbecillity ſo evident in the language of a neighbouring nation, and ſo undoubtedly the effect of eſtabliſhing ſuch a court of criticiſm, leaves us little reaſon to regret, that language with us, is ſo entirely the child of chance and cuſtom.—The firſt prize of Rhetorick given to a woman, was a bad omen to the future endeavours of the French Academy.

To omit the innumerable inconveniencies attending on every attempt to regulate language; to judge of the poſſible ſucceſs of ſuch an attempt, from the abſtracted probability alone, were to declare it impoſſible. A multitude of circumſtances, equally unforeſeen and unavoidable, muſt concur to the formation of a language. An improvement, or corruption of manners; the reduction of a foreign enemy; or an invaſion from abroad, are circumſtances that

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that ultimately, or immediately, tend to produce ſome change in the language of a people. And even of theſe, the moſt feeble agents have been found more efficacious, than the joint operations of power and policy.

The conqueſts of this nation on the continent, contributed more perhaps to the naturalization of the French language amongſt us, than the Norman invaſion, and its attendant conſequences, the neceſſity laid on every individual, to acquire the uſe of that tongue in which all caſes of property were to be determined; and the numberleſs diſadvantages and reſtrictions impoſed on the ſtudy of the native language.

At a time when meaſures ſo ſeemingly deciſive proved ineffectual, it may be curious to obſerve the agency of others, apparently foreign from any connection with the improvement or alteration of our language. The reſidence of our nobility in the conquered provinces of France, the continual wars maintained againſt that nation, making the ſtudy of their language an indiſpenſible qualification in all who aſpired to civil or military dignities, unavoidably brought on a change in our own. The accuſation, therefore, of

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of a learned Etymologiſt, againſt *Chaucer*, of introducing into our language "*integra verborum* "*plauſtra*," "*whole cartloads of words*," however elegant in expreſſion, is falſe in foundation. The language of *Chaucer's* poetry, is that of the court in which he lived; and that it was not, no probable concluſion can be drawn, from any difference of ſtyle in his authors, contemporaries. In thoſe who writ under the ſame advantages, no ſuch difference is obſervable; and thoſe, who were excluded from them, laboured under extreme diſadvantages, from the variations of vernacular language, and the diverſity of provincial dialect; which, as they have now in a great meaſure ceaſed to exiſt, may, together with their primary cauſes, furniſh a ſubject for curious enquiry.

It appears, from the concurrence of ſeveral ingenious antiquaries, as well as from the teſtimony of *Caxton*, in one of his prefaces, that the Engliſh language was, in his time, diverſified by innumerable provincial peculiarities. He mentions his own choice of the Kentiſh dialect, and the ſucceſs that attended it. The language of *Chaucer's* poetry is frequently more intelligible to a modern reader, than that of ſuch of his ſucceſſors, as employed themſelves on popu-

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lar ſubjects. *Gawin Douglas*, a poetical tranſlator of *Virgil*, is now, owing to the uſe of a Northern dialect, though a near contemporary of *Spenſer's*, almoſt unintelligible.

After eſtabliſhing the exiſtence of a fact, the beaten track of tranſition will naturally lead us to a conſideration of its cauſes. Among the firſt effects produced by an extenſion of empire, may be reckoned a barbarous peculiarity of language, in the provinces the moſt remote from the ſeat of learning and refinement. *Livy* is ſaid to have had his *Patavinity*; and *Claudian* is accuſed of barbariſms, the conſequence of his education in a diſtant province. A difficulty of conveyance, a ſtagnation of commercial intercourſe, will produce the ſame effects with too wide an extenſion of empire; and are as an effectual a barrier againſt a mixture of Idioms and dialect, as, in a more civilized ſtate, the utmoſt diſtance of ſituation between the moſt remote provinces.

To cauſes ſeemingly ſo unconnected with the ſituation of language, muſt we attribute the barbarity of our own, during ſo many centuries. And thoſe which contributed to its refinement, may, at

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firſt ſight, probably, ſeem equally foreign to that effect. No nation perhaps contributed leſs to the revival of literature, than our own; a circumſtance which in a great meaſure ſecured it from that torrent of pedantry which overwhelmed the reſt of Europe. The ignorance of our anceſtors kept them unacquainted with the ancients; except through the medium of a French tranſlation. The firſt labours of the Engliſh preſs brought to light the productions of Engliſh literature; which, how rude and barbarous ſoever, were not confined to the intelligence of the ſcholar, or the libraries of the learned; but diſperſed throughout the nation, and open to the inſpection of all, diſſeminated a general taſte for literature, and gave a ſlow, gradual poliſh to our language:—while in every other nation of Europe, the conceits of commentators, and writers of a ſimilar ſtamp, whoſe higheſt ambition it was to add a Latin termination to a High Dutch name, came into the world, covered with ill-ſorted ſhreds of *Cicero* and *Virgil*; like the evil ſpirits, which have been ſaid to animate a caſt-off carcaſe, previous to their aſcenſion to the regions of light.

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No. XVII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *March* 12, 1787.

——*Diverſa Sequentes.*——HOR.
Various their ſubjects.

'To GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I Have thrown together a few obſerva-
'tions on the true purpoſe and extent of
'politeneſs, a ſubject not altogether un-
'intereſting; as it is in the proper or improper ap-
'plication of this, that we are to look for the real
'elegancies and heightenings of poliſhed life; or
'the falſe and empty profeſſions of hypocriſy.
'And firſt, it may not be amiſs to obſerve, that

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'though it can by no means be deemed in itſelf a 'ſufficient ſubſtitute for real merit, yet it never 'fails to give it a poliſh wherever it meets with it. 'By ſoftening down the more prominent features, 'and as it were malleating the harder and more 'unyielding parts of the compoſition, it renders 'the object at once amiable and reſpectable. We 'may call it the Handmaid of Benevolence, buſied 'at the ſame time in adding to the native charms 'of her miſtreſs, and performing farther ſuch 'little offices, as ſeem not to come immediately 'within her own department. Not contented, 'however, with this ſtation, ſhe has uſurped a 'higher character, and like the ſhade of departed 'Sincerity, increaſes on us, and ſwells on the eye 'with that extraordinary expanſion, which we are 'told the ſpiritual nature is capable of.

'She addreſſes us in borrowed phraſe, and with 'complacent ſmiles, and ſeemingly honeſt wel- 'come, beckons us to the hollow embraces of a 'viſionary impoſtor. Nor is ſuch an impoſtor to 'be deſpiſed, as a weak or an impotent enemy. 'Like other counterfeits, ſhe becomes the imme- 'diate tool of the worldly-minded, who find her a 'ready inſtrument for the execution of their mer- 'cenary

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'cenary views; and even the beſt are found upon 'ſome occaſions to proſtitute her to the moſt un- 'worthy purpoſes. Let me not, however, from 'this be deemed an enemy to poliſhed manners.— 'As far as the adjuſting ceremonials which faſhion 'has preſcribed, and which cannot but be in- 'nocent, becauſe we ſeem in this caſe to enter into 'a ſort of tacit compact of mutual deceit; ſtill let 'them be the paſſport of a gentleman, and the 'ſtamp of civilization.

'But here let Politeneſs ſtop; let her not aſſume 'the form and accent of Philanthropy; let her not 'ſmile upon her follower,—then turn from him "with hard unkindneſs' altered eye." In this we 'trace a blacker motive; it is not the effect of a 'diſpoſition curious in the obſervance of the mi- 'nuter parts of ceremonial, but the deliberate cru- 'elty of a reflecting mind,

'Many indeed are the ill conſequences ariſing 'from the miſapplication of politeneſs; in one it 'introduces an effeminacy and unmanlineſs of cha- 'racter; another accuſtoming himſelf to varniſh 'over things in their nature ambiguous, inſen- 'ſibly finds his perceptions of right and wrong 'become

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'become leſs clear and diſtinct; the invariable 'lines of truth and reaſon are confounded; and 'the moral ſenſe itſelf becomes languid and inac-'tive. It is true, that all who offend thus, err 'not from the ſame motive; and it is not unfre-'quently from an affectation of riſing higher than 'the higheſt, and of making improvements in an 'art already as perfect as it ought to be, that this 'has ſo far exceeded its natural limits: If ſo, it 'may not be amiſs to obſerve, that as in all other 'languages, ſo in the courteous vocabulary, there 'is a period, after which all innovation becomes 'barbarous; and as in the former caſe the author 'who can add nothing to his original ſtock of ma-'terials, may, however, by a judicious arrangement 'give them all the graces of elocution; ſo may 'our Cheſterfield Graduate diſplay to us the fine 'gentleman with all its heightenings, without ex-'ceeding the limits which both faſhion has pre-'ſcribed, and worldly ſincerity may allow of.

'I am, Sir, yours, &c.

"————————."

'To

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'To GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR,

'AS you have in a foregoing 'paper ſo generouſly promiſed to attend impar- 'tially to every complaint which ſhall be ſubmitted 'to your cognizance; I think no one can lay a 'juſter claim to your attention, and even compaſ- 'ſion, than myſelf.—My whole life has been one 'continued ſeries of misfortunes.

'I will not enter into a detail of my pedigree, 'as that is both immaterial and unintereſting; ſuf- 'fice it to ſay, I am the only Son of a Clergyman; 'who being diſguſted with ſome ſlights he had 'received in the world, retired to a ſmall living in 'the North of England; with the determination of 'devoting his whole time, to the care of my edu- 'cation, which he was in every reſpect calculated 'to ſuperintend. At the age of eighteen I had the 'good fortune to obtain a Scholarſhip at the Uni- 'verſity, and then the good old man, as if he had 'compleated all his worldly affairs, reſigned him- 'ſelf into the hands of his maker; leaving me no 'other inheritance than his benediction.—As I 'had been ſtrictly educated in the principles of ho- 'nour

'nour and religion, I could not, I confeſs, behold 'the vice and folly of my fellow ſtudents, without 'endeavouring to point out to them the impropri-'ety and depravity of their conduct; for my good 'nature however I was ridiculed; for my ſtrict 'adherence to virtue I obtained the appellation of 'a *Prig*; and in ſhort was univerſally laughed at 'and inſulted.

'For the ſpace of twenty years I led this life of 'miſery; 'till at length, urged on by the perpe-'tual indignities I received, and quite weary of a 'College life, I gladly accepted the offer of a 'gentleman to become tutor to his ſons; and thus 'gave up my wretched liberty for a ſtill more 'wretched dependance. I flattered myſelf, indeed, 'that I had bettered my ſituation; but alas! into 'what an error had I fallen! I ſoon perceived, that 'Mr. B. was a profeſſed libertine, and his lady a 'female rake. I conſoled myſelf, however, with the 'thoughts of paſſing my time agreeably in the 'care of my young pupils; but here I was again 'miſtaken.—They were four in number, all alike 'ungovernable, uncontroulable.—I ſtrove at firſt 'to gain their affections by lenity and mildneſs; 'but I ſtrove in vain. I then began to enforce

'harſher

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'harsher methods, and even to inflict chastisement; 'but I was soon given to understand, that Mr. B. 'did not permit *his* sons to be used like *common* 'boys. Thus, Sir, I lost all authority over my 'pupils; who now offer me every insult and in- 'dignity, that their malice or revenge can suggest; 'and take every opportunity of shewing their con- 'tempt and superiority over me.—All this, Sir, I 'could bear; as I am conscious of my own up- 'rightness and integrity; but there is another 'circumstance which raises my indignation to the 'highest pitch. Mr. B. sometimes compells me 'to be present at his excesses; alledging, with a 'sneer, that his chaplin certainly is the properest 'man to say grace at his table. There, Sir, I am 'not only a spectator of the most infamous and in- 'decent behaviour, but am frequently compelled 'to hear even the most daring and impious blas- 'phemies; which raise at the same time my horror 'and indignation. This, Mr. Griffin, is what I 'cannot bear, and am determined to quit this 'house immediately; if, therefore, you should be 'able to procure me any place, agreeable to my 'profession, as no doubt your interest in both worlds 'is great, you will confer a real favour on,

'Your sincere admirer,

'ARTHUR CASSOCK.'

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'To GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'SIR,

'IF the ſincerity of the fol-
'lowing verſes can recommend them to your no-
'tice, and the tedioufneſs of them be not foreign
'to your plan; I ſhall be much pleaſed to ſee
'them in a paper of the MICROCOSM.

'Yours, Sir,

'ETONENSIS.'

'Aſk ye, companions of my infant years,
'Why riſe my ſighs, why flow my frequent tears?
'Ah! know, e're Cynthia ſhall her orb compleat,
'I leave, unhappy youth, fair Learning's ſeat:
'I leave, Dear Eton, thy maternal arms,
'Theſe hallow'd walls, the muſes much lov'd
'charms,
'To brave the ſtorms, ah! many a ſtorm I ween,
'That hover round life's ſad and gloomy ſcene.
'But e're I go, accept theſe artleſs lays,
'That flow ſincere, nor aſk a poet's praiſe;
'If they my boundleſs gratitude will ſpeak,
'No more I aſk, no greater need I ſeek.
'Sadly I go—the truth my tears will tell—
'Sadly, dear Eton, take a long farewell;
'For dawning reaſon warns, that leaving you,
'To peace, to innocence, I bid adieu:

'Yes,

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'Yes, it is true, whate'er the world may ſay,
'Within your walls the moral virtues play;
'Infuſe their power in ev'ry pupil's breaſt,
'And give the features health, the conſcience, reſt.
'Oh! if thy precepts would forever live,
'Stampt on my breaſt, & their chaſte influence give;
'Still ſhould I virtue's warning voice revere,
'Nor lend to Syren's ſong a wanton ear.
'Amid the frantic mirth, the ſenſeleſs noiſe,
'Which headſtrong youth too oft miſtakes for joys;
'My inmoſt thoughts I ſtill would turn to thee,
'Call on thy name, and boaſt my reaſon free.
'Accept then, Eton, this my grateful pray'r,
'Long may'ſt thou flouriſh Phœbus' fav'rite care;
'Long may'ſt thou rear on high, the 'antique tow'r',
'Secure from greedy time's malicious pow'r.
'And thou, fair Thames, who view'ſt with con-
'ſcious pride,
'The jocund ſports that ſkirt thy ſedgy ſide,
'Farewell! no more ſhall I thy banks along,
'Sooth'd by ſoft murmurs, pen my uncouth ſong;
'No more by warm ideas rapt, ſhall dream,
'Of gay poetic ground and ſacred ſtream.
'To you, ye much lov'd trees, beneath whoſe ſhade,
'Thro' claſſic walks, in muſing mood I ſtray'd;
'I bid farewell, 'tis tyrant time commands,
'To ſeek new walks, and fields in other lands:

'To

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'To other lands I go; no more ſhall meet
'The well-known face, no more the friend ſhall
'greet;
'Yes, dear companions, I ſhall find but few,
'On life's great ſtage, ſuch candid friends as you.
'I go, compell'd your friendſhip to forſake;—
'But O! whatever parts in life you take,
'O! in his part may each ſucceſsful prove,
'And crown the wiſh of my fraternal love.
'But what return, what due return can ſong,
'Song weak as mine, give them to whom belong
'The little gleanings of my claſſic lore,
'And all my knowledge (were that knowledge
'more)
'Yet I will thank you, nor the thanks refuſe,
'Ye kind *Inſtructors* of my liſping muſe;
'Accept the wiſhes of a grateful heart,
'That feels far more than language can impart,
'Whenever good ſhall mark my humble way,
'To you the merit and the thanks I'll pay;
'Where'er I go, your memories ſhall be dear,
'I'll love your leſſons, and your names revere.
'From pleaſure's paths unwillingly I ſtray,
'The ſummer paſt, then comes a winter's day;
'Sadly I go—the truth my tears will tell—
'Sadly, dear Eton, take a long farewell.'

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No. XVIII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *March* 12, 1787.

Fruitur famâ ſui——TACITUS.

He becomes a witneſs of the opinions which others entertain of him.

'MERCURY,' ſays the fabuliſt, 'wiſh-
'ing to know in what eſtimation he
'was held by mankind, put off the
'inſignia of divinity, and aſſuming
'the air and appearance of a mere mortal, entered
'into the ſhop of a ſtatuary. Having purchaſed,
'at a conſiderable price, a Jupiter, a Juno, a Fury
'or two, and ſome other nick-nacks of the ſame
'kind "And what," ſaid he, pointing to a ſtatue
'of himſelf, which ſtood on graceful tiptoe in the
'window, "what may be the price of that elegant
"image?" "Sir," replied the artiſt, "you have
"proved ſo good a cuſtomer to me, for ſome of
"my beſt pieces, that I ſhall but do you juſtice, if
"I throw you that paltry figure into the bargain."

Pre-

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Prevalent as every ſpecies of curioſity is among mankind, there is none which has ſo powerful an influence over every man, as this deſire of knowing what the world may think of him. There is none, the gratification of which is ſo eagerly deſired, or, in general, ſo heartily repented of.

A man, in his abſence, will undoubtedly be ſpoken of with more freedom than when preſent. His faults will be more openly pointed out; his vices more ſtrongly cenſured; his whole character will undergo a ſtricter examination, and will be ſcrutinized with leſs reſerve, and more impartiality. Cenſure will not be reſtrained by the fear of giving offence; nor praiſe allured, by the hopes of conciliating affection.

Should he therefore take advantage of his ſuppoſed abſence, to diſcover the true opinions of others with regard to himſelf, he will run no little riſque of hearing diſagreeable truths; which at the ſame time that they inform him of foibles in himſelf, againſt which he had hitherto ſhut his eyes, ſeldom or never fail to eſtrange his eſteem from thoſe, to whom he is indebted for the information.

Advice, however earneſtly ſought, however ardently ſolicited, if it does not coincide with a man's

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man's own opinions, if it tends only to inveſtigate the improprieties, to correct the criminal exceſſes of his conduct; to diſſuade from a continuance, and to recommend a reformation of his errors; ſeldom anſwers any other purpoſe than to put him out of humour with himſelf, and to alienate his affections from the adviſer. If then, cenſure, even when thus courted under the name of kindneſs, is ſo deſtructive to all friendſhip, how much more ſo muſt it be, when being beſtowed unaſked and unavowed, its intention ſeems not ſo much to caution, as to criminate; to reform, as to condemn. For in this light muſt all ſtrictures, paſt on an abſent perſon, appear to himſelf; when, inſtead of the candour of open advice, the warnings of friendly admonition, he fancies that he diſcovers the meanneſs of ſecret calumny, the malice of deliberate detraction.

It cannot then but be evident to every man how dangerous an experiment it is, thus artfully to ſearch out the opinion others may entertain of him; which, when diſcovered, is generally the cauſe of not a little mortification; and makes an impreſſion on the mind, hardly ever to be effaced, by ſubſequent profeſſions of eſteem, or even a ſeries of diſintereſted ſervices. An impreſſion, which is deep-

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deepened by a ſenſe of the treachery of thoſe, who took advantage of his abſence to canvaſs his faults; and by a remembrance of the diſhoneſt artifice by which he obtained a knowledge of their opinions.

And if it be thus neceſſary for every man to be cautious of prying into the opinions of others, with regard to himſelf, it is no leſs neceſſary that he ſhould beware, before whom, or what perſons he delivers his own opinion. An unlucky cenſure, an unintentional ſarcaſm, has ſometimes checked the progreſs of intimacy, has looſened the bonds of friendſhip, and has branded the unwary author of it with the title of a cynic, or a ſlanderer. I remember an inſtance of this kind, which though not very ſerious in its conſequences, muſt nevertheleſs have been extremely diſtreſſing.—A Gentleman in a crowded theatre, turned ſuddenly round to a ſtranger who ſat beſide him, and enquired haſtily 'what *ugly bag* was that coming into an oppoſite box?'—The ſtranger, with a low bow of acknowledgement, replied 'that it was his '*ſiſter*.' The gentleman confounded and aſhamed, made an eager, but awkward endeavour to exculpate himſelf; and as errors, like misfortunes, ſel-

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ſeldom come ſingly,—'Pardon me, Sir,' cried he, 'it was not that *good looking young lady*, I meant 'to point out to you, but that *deformed witch*, 'that ſits next to her.'—The ſtranger repeated his obeiſance, and '*that*, Sir,' ſaid he, 'is my *wife*.' There is not perhaps another ſituation ſo diſtreſſing as one of this kind; where an unhappy mortal, having, by a caſual inadvertency, made one falſe ſtep, which he is unable to retrieve, becomes conſcious of his miſtake; and unwilling to go forward, yet not knowing how to recede, confuſed in apologies, and entangled in excuſes, ſeeking in vain for ſome clue of explanation, wanders through a maze of error, and is loſt in a labyrinth of perplexity.

But it is not my intention to weary my readers, through the whole of this paper, with prudential cautions, and dogmas on diſcretion. I ſhall at preſent conſider my ſubject only as it relates to myſelf. "*Scribam ipſe de me.*" "I will become "my own hiſtorian," ſays *Cicero*, in that extraordinary ſpecimen of unbounded vanity, his letter to *Lucceius*; "*multorum tamen exemplo, et clarorum* "*virorum*," "in imitation however of many and "illuſtrious men."—To become "their own "hiſtorians" has been the conſtant practice of all

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my illuſtrious predeceſſors; none of whom have omitted, in ſome part of their works, to deſcant on the importance and uſefulneſs of their undertaking; to diſplay the unavoidable inconveniencies, or boaſt of the peculiar advantages, incident to their ſituation.

Availing myſelf of theſe precedents, I may be allowed to boaſt, that there is no one who enjoys ſo many favourable opportunities of gratifying the curioſity, which I have made the ſubject of this paper, of diſcovering the real opinion my readers entertain of myſelf and my lucubrations. Perſonally unknown, even to my fellow-citizens, as *Gregory Griffin*, I am afforded conſiderable entertainment by becoming an auditor of their criticiſms on the work, and a confidant of their conjectures on the Author. Many a time have I heard in ſilence my own accuſation; have joined in a general ſneer, or even affected to participate in a hearty laugh at my own expence. And as often, to the great pain of my natural modeſty, have I tacitly aſſented to the praiſe, or even loudly concurred in the commendations of my own performances. In trials of the former kind, I own I have ſometimes found it difficult to reſtrain the feelings of an author; and have been ready

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ready to give vent to my indignation, when I have ſeen my labours degraded to the moſt menial employments, and inſultingly placed under a pound of butter, or wrapped round the handle of a tea-kettle. At other times I have been ſinking with ſhame, and confounded with gratitude, when I have chanced to meet with gentlemen, who have been ſo good as to clear me of all my faults, by kindly taking them on themſelves; and candidly confeſſing, that they *did* ſend me this or that paper, and *did* give me permiſſion to publiſh it, without acknowledging my obligations. To theſe gentlemen, I am proud of an opportunity to return my thanks for the honour they confer on me, and to aſſure them that all my papers are very much at their ſervice; provided only, that they will be ſo kind as juſt to ſend me previous notice which they may think fit to own; that my bookſeller may have proper directions, if called upon, to confirm their reſpective claims; and for the prevention of any error, which might otherwiſe ariſe, ſhould two perſons unfortunately make the ſame choice.

In the courſe of the diſcoveries which have been confidentially imparted to me, I have been not a little amuſed by the variety of poſitive proofs

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on which each has grounded his knowledge of the author. So confident indeed have been ſome aſſertions, that I have been much ſtaggered in my belief, and almoſt inclined to doubt my own identity. About three weeks ago I was very ſeriouſly alarmed, by intelligence which I received of an illneſs under which I then laboured. My informer was certain of his fact, but enjoined me not to mention it again; he had, it ſeems, been let into the ſecret by a friend of his, who had been told of it by an acquaintance of his, who had had it from a near relation of his, who had been informed of it by an intimate of her's, who had heard it from the beſt authority. Here, indeed, was the cleareſt conviction, and proofs, which amounted to a certainty; and I really began to be very uneaſy about the Conſequences of my indiſpoſition, when I was happily relieved from my anxiety by another friend of mine, who, with like injunctions of ſecrecy, and equal poſitiveneſs of aſſertion, aſſured me that I was then very well and had been ſeen in a Commoner's gown at one of the Univerſities.

But nothing has diverted me more than the various ſtrictures paſſed on me by ſuch as have wiſhed either to correct me by counſel, or damp me

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me by diſcouragement. In theſe I have been frequently amuſed by a fair arrangement of contradictory criticiſms, and objections which obviate each other.—Awkward imitation—and affected originality; the oſtentation of reading,—and the want of it, have been carped at with equal ſeverity: Some have objected to the *"price two-pence,"* and others to the *"præcox ingenium;"* ſome are offended by the arrogance of unneceſſary egotiſm; and others ſneer at the unimportance of anonymous obſcurity.

As ſpecimens of theſe oppoſite cenſures, I ſhall ſubjoin a few ſhort letters, by which various well-meaning perſons have, at different times, kindly attempted my reformation.

'SIR,

'From the promiſing exordium of your elegant work, I own, I expected to find much better amuſement, and, let me add, inſtruction, than humorous caricaturas of the foibles and follies of your fellow-citizens; let me hope, Sir, you will no longer proceed on this plan, but will riſe to ſubjects more worthy your genius and abilities.

'I am, Sir, yours,

'*Lincoln's-Inn, Nov.* 25, 1786. 'AMICUS.'

'Mr.

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'Mr. GRIFFIN,

'I thought you promiſed, in the beginning 'of your work, that you would confine it to your 'fellow-citizens; this you have not done. You 'will, perhaps, anſwer, that you have at leaſt 'choſen ſuch ſubjects, as would inſtruct and im- 'prove them. But that is not what I mean. 'In ſhort, Sir, are we to have any Satire, or, are 'we not? 'Yours,

'*Eton, Feb.* 19, 1787. 'A FELLOW-CITIZEN.'

'SIR,

'I am extremely pleaſed with the whole of 'your admirable work. It is a praiſeworthy at- 'tempt, and if it ſucceeds, which I cannot 'doubt, will reflect great honour on the place of 'your Education. I hope you will continue to 'interſperſe it throughout with poetical pieces; 'I received much pleaſure from thoſe which I 'have already peruſed, and am certain every one 'who views your work through a medium of 'candour, muſt do the ſame. I am, Sir,

'Your admirer,

'Caledonius.'

'Mr. GREGORY,

'I like your work very well, upon the 'whole; very well indeed—but pray beware of 'poetry

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'poetry—ſtick to proſe and you may ſucceed—
'but poetry, Sir, will never do.—Another thing,
'Mr. G. I would adviſe you; to imitate *Mr. Ad-*
'*diſon* more,—you can never copy too cloſely ſo
'great an original.—Take my advice, Sir, and
'believe me, 'Your well-wiſher,

'CRITICUS.'

'I write merely to warn you, Sir, that imi-
'tation, carried too far, becomes plagiariſm.
'An *Addiſon*, Sir, may be imitated too far.
"I hate e'en *Garrick* thus at ſecond hand."

'Yours,

'CENSOR.'

'MY DEAR SIR,

'I am particularly pleaſed with your equi-
'table treatment of Correſpondents; in paying
'ſo ſtrict an attention to their communications,
'and yet not making that a plea for inactivity,
'or a remiſſion of your weekly labours. That
'you may long continue to enjoy the reputation
'you ſo juſtly merit, is the ſincere wiſh of, Sir,

'Your Admirer,

'*London, March* 1, 1787. 'E. P.'

'As long as you gave one number a week,
'Mr. Griffin, it was all very well, and I took two

'of

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'of each,—but now you give two every week; 'and tho' you pretend to do it out of juſtice to 'correſpondents, let me tell you, Sir, it has a 'very mercenary appearance,—and ſo long as this 'continues, I ſhall only take one of each—ſo 'you'll get nothing by it,

'From your humble Servant,

'ANAS!'

'SIR,

'In a literary performance by a juvenile 'author, I feared to find intermixed much of 'the common traſh of periodical papers; ſtories 'of love-adventures "*founded on facts*," luckleſs 'pairs, happy marriages, and jumbles of jealouſy 'and ſentimental affection;—I am, Sir, happily 'diſappointed,—and hope you will continue, 'without any mixture of ſtuff about love, which 'young men ought to know nothing of, thus to 'amuſe, 'Your conſtant Reader,

'GERTRUDE GRUM.'

'Mr. GRIFFIN, SIR,

'This comes to let you know, that tho' I 'can't write nor read, our Peter writes this for 'me, and I hear all your papers read in our 'kitchen. I don't underſtand none of them, not 'I; but I ſee there's nothing at all about love,

'or

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'or about maid-ſervants making their fortunes 'by marriage. O! Mr. Griffin, if you be he, 'they ſays you be, you know the perſon that I 'love beſt. He is to be ſure the prettieſt be-'haved, ſweeteſt young gentleman, and his name 'begins with a—no, but I wont tell you what 'his name begins with neither,—but could not 'you juſt give him a hint about his loving hum-'ble ſervant, as he calls me,

'MARITORNES.'

'P. S. Peter can *read*, and *write*, and *cypher* too.

I have taken ſome liberties with my laſt correſpondent, in adjuſting the orthography of her letter, ſo as to adapt it to common comprehenſion; if there is any other alteration, ſhe muſt look for its cauſe in the P. S. where *Peter* (totally I believe with a view to his own aggrandizement, and without the privity and conſent of his fair employer) declares his ſkill in *cyphering*, which he has practiſed with ſuch ſucceſs as to render the decyphering a matter of no ſmall difficulty.

I ſhall not add any comment to the preceding letters, but leave them, like the *Gravitation* and *Centrifugal force*, which Philoſophers talk of; to counteract each other's tendency; and conclude my paper, as I began it, with a tale; which though per-

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perhaps it may be very old, enjoys a double advantage, which tales ſeldom do, of being extremely ſhort, and extremely *apropos*.

A Painter of great ſkill and eminence, who wiſhed to have his work as free from blemiſhes, and as correctly beautiful as a picture could be made, hung it up one morning in the public market-place, with a requeſt that every one would take the trouble to mark, what he thought the faulty part of the performance. Coming in the evening to carry home his picture, he was ſurpriſed and mortified to find every part of it covered with faults. Not a muſcle of the body, or a feature of the face, but bore ſome ſign of diſapprobation. Reſolving, however, to ſee whether his piece was entirely deſtitute of beauties, he hung it up next morning in the ſame place, deſiring, that every one would be ſo kind as to ſet ſome mark on what he thought the excellencies of the picture. Coming as before in the evening to carry it away, it was not a little conſolation to him, to find thoſe very parts, that had before exhibited the ſtrongeſt ſigns of diſlike, now marked with the utmoſt encomium; to find, that if he had before had reaſon to lament having excited univerſal diſguſt, he might now be proportionably proud of having conciliated univerſal admiration.

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No. XIX. OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *March* 19, 1787.

Οἷον δὲ τρέφει ἔρνος ἀνὴρ ἐριθηλὲς ἐλαίης
Χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, ὅθ' ἅλις ἀναβέβρυχεν ὕδωρ,
Καλὸν, τηλεθάον, τὸ δέ τε πνοιαὶ δονέουσι
Παντοίων ἀνέμων, καὶ τε βρύει ἄνθει λευκῷ·
Ἐλθὼν δ' ἐξαπίνης ἄνεμος, σὺν λαίλαπι πολλῇ,
Βόθρου τ' ἐξέρεψε, καὶ ἐξετάνυσσ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ·

HOM. IL.

As the young olive in ſome ſylvan ſcene,
Crown'd by freſh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in ſnowy flowrets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heav'n invades
The tender plant, and withers all its ſhades;
It lies uprooted in its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.—POPE.

IT is an obſervation founded on a general ſurvey of mankind, and which I am afraid a cloſer inſpection would not controvert, that one half of the world knows not how the other exiſts.

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This however might in part be attributed to the inſufficiency of human nature; were it not a melancholy truth, that their negligence in this point is equal to their ignorance. Nurſed in the lap of luxury, the ſon of fortune, whoſe budding hopes have never been nipped by the blaſt of adverſity, turns his eyes with contemptuous diſguſt from the cheerleſs ſcenes of penury and diſtreſs, to the dazzling glare, which, under pretence of lulling ſorrow, ſtares reflection out of countenance, and convicts reaſon of Cynicism by the ſpecious appearance of indulging harmleſs gaiety. The liſtleſs Apathiſt, becalmed in his own inſenſibility, looks with a vacant eye on the terrors of conflicting paſſion; or as the utmoſt exertion of his pity, endeavours to allay the ſtorm of a weak but generous mind, with the dictatorial precepts of a cloſeted philoſopher.

Thoſe of the above deſcription I warn to proceed no farther in this paper. To the feeling, and in this community I ſhould hope the major part of my readers, the authenticity of the following ſtory will carry with it a ſufficient apology.

The

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The father of Frederic having from an early pique ſecluded himſelf from mankind, devoted an ample fortune to his family, his ſtables, and his cellar, in the extremity of Somerſetſhire. He was naturally of a moroſe, ſaturnine temper, which a conſiderable quantity of port, regularly diſcuſſed after dinner for a continuance of thirty years, had not a little contributed to heighten. The uſual companion of his leiſure hours was the Pariſh Attorney, a ſupple knave, who, as occaſion ſerved, could rail at the times, praiſe the wine, take ſnuff, or ring for *t'other bottle*. Argument, it is natural to ſuppoſe, would not have beguiled many hours with ſuch a duumvirate; but the 'Squire was too diſtruſtful of any thing human to be circumvented in the common way; and his Achates too much a Maſter of Arts to attempt it.

By a feint therefore at firſt of oppoſition, and at every convenient opportunity of conviction, he frequently flattered this petty tyrant more agreeably, and ſometimes allured him to his own opinion. The ſubject of his eldeſt ſon's education was long on the tapis; the 'Squire being too much of a miſanthrope to reliſh the idea of a public ſchool, and the Lawyer too jealous of the boy's growing in-

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influence, not to wiſh ſo powerful an obſtacle removed At length however by a more than uſual exertion of artifice, he wheedled the old Gentleman out of his prejudices, and at ten years of age, Frederic was ſent to Eton. Even at this early period the natural warmth of his diſpoſition had began to diſplay itſelf. Open, candid, and generous, his heart was the conſtant companion of his hand, and his tongue the artleſs index of his mind. As his ideas expanded, his virtues ſeemed to have acquired a larger ſcope; and the unſuſpecting generoſity which had before induced him heedleſſly to depoſit his joys and griefs with every ſtranger, to have been matured into a warm philanthropic benevolence for human nature, and a romantic attachment to the few who were the more immediate objects of his affections. Expoſed alike to the attacks of all the generous paſſions, the impetuous ſallies of his temper were as eaſily ſuppreſſed as excited. Jealous in the extreme of obligations, and keenly ſenſitive in any point which appealed to his honour or compaſſion, he was always a ſtranger to the calm ſerenity of a virtuous mind; and ultimately overwhelm'd by thoſe feelings which are ſo often the pleaſing curſe of a luxuriant imagination.

To

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To theſe qualifications of the heart, Frederic added the endowments of an elegant fancy; often indeed too impatient of the neceſſary reſtrictions of art, but naturally corrected by ſo pure a taſte, as to enable him to diſcern, with admirable perſpicuity, the limits of true and falſe beauty; and thoſe of his claſſical compoſitions which peculiarly ſtruck his ideas, united that vivid, energetic glow of thought, which true genius alone can conceive, to a ſimple chaſtity of expreſſion which only correct judgment can define. As an agreeable poliſh to ſo much intrinſic merit, his countenance was lively and animated, his figure genteel, and his manners engaging.

In human as in inanimate nature, ſimilar qualities will have a mutual attraction. By directing our thoughts to the ſame objects; by viewing each other's ideas with a ſympathetic benevolence; nay even by thoſe friendly conteſts, which in the moſt perfect unanimity of opinion the digreſſive ſallies of enthuſiaſm ſometimes give riſe to; but which tend only to diverſify the calm of univerſal concurrence, we inſenſibly glide into that intimate harmony, without which ſociety is but a ſtate of armed neutrality, little ſuperior to the open warfare

fare of ſavage nature. By each of theſe ties was a Romantic friendſhip cemented between Frederic and Edmond; their ſentiments and inclinations mutually led them to a tender regard for each other's virtues. And as they were equally bleſſed with all external contingencies towards happineſs in future, they looked forward with ſatisfaction to the ſcene of active life, which ſeemed to invite them to the honourable exertion of their abilities.

But, alas! ſo fair a morning was overcaſt in its dawn. Frederic's virtues, which, though they could not have prolonged his exiſtence, might at leaſt have entitled him to a calm reſignation of his breath, and the ſublime ſatisfaction of a tranquil mind in the awful moment of diſſolution, were blaſted by the artful inſinuations of a villain. The worthy perpetrator of this precious piece of villainy, had, by magnifying puerile foibles into the premeditated depravities of a black heart, at length ſo eſtranged the affections of his father, as to prevail on him to make a will entirely in his own favour; and the firſt notice of his diſpleaſure, was conveyed to Frederic by the Executor, ſome days after his death.

Melan-

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Melancholy, to a ſoft and lively mind, is at firſt an unwelcome ſtranger; the propenſity to indulge its ſenſations is ſtrongly engrafted in our natures, and we feel our own weakneſs though we cannot overcome it. It was in vain that Frederic called to mind every conſolatory precept which philoſophy can ſo well ſuggeſt, but human nature ſo ill practiſe on theſe occaſions; he began to loſe his reliſh for ſociety, and even to avoid the company of a friend, to whom he could now look on his attachment in no other light than as a burthen. The quick jealouſy of Edmond did not let this alteration paſs unobſerved. He endeavoured, by an increaſed attention, to diſpel the cloud he perceived lowering on his friend's ſpirits; but in vain. Reſolved therefore by one effort, to requeſt that confidence which his eſteem taught him he was entitled to, he took the opportunity of communicating one day his obſervations, and complaining of that reſerve which had before been a ſtranger to their intercourſe. Frederic felt this reproach, and reſolved to ſacrifice his own feelings to thoſe of his friend. "Edmond," ſaid he, "hitherto we "have lived together in the moſt uninterrupted "union; that we might have died as we have lived "was the fondeſt hope my imagination ever che-

" riſhed;—That hope is blaſted. Whatever may " have dictated this letter, I am guiltleſs of having " given the moſt trivial occaſion for it." Edmond read the letter with that mixed emotion which a good mind feels at the calamity of a friend, and the proſpect of relieving it. " My friend," he replied, " what delicacy would otherwiſe have pre- " vented me from preſſing, your candour has " forced from me; need I tell you, that providence " has furniſhed me with ample means for our " mutual happineſs; deſpiſe, while I have a " hand to ſerve you, the frowns of fortune; and " if that ſhould fail, let us encounter poverty to- " gether, and die as we have lived, *united.*" "No, " Edmond, my pride forbids me to live a de- " pendant even on your generoſity; my miſery " ſhall nevet be a burthen to you. The wide " world is before me; my life has not been ſo " blackened with guilt, but I ſhall ſomewhere " find an aſylum, however wretched, to ex- " change a miſerable exiſtence for a tranquil " diſſolution; may you run that race of glory " which is denied to me; and may the recol- " lection of your loſt friend ſometimes diffuſe " a pleaſing melancholy over the moment of " reflection; but never, never embitter that un-

" in-

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"interrupted felicity which your virtues are ſo "amply entitled to." Edmond had ſcarce ſtrength to urge his requeſt; 'till Frederic foreſeeing that the execution of his gloomy purpoſe might be prevented by the jealous vigilance of his friend, appeared by degrees to ſoften into compliance, and relieved his preſent anxiety by a momentary affectation of tranquillity. He was ſcarce however retired to his chamber, when, having directed a ſmall note to Edmond, he threw himſelf into a chaiſe, and arrived late in the evening in the Metropolis. Regardleſs of the objects around him, and ſolely enveloped in the contemplation of the ſcene he had juſt quitted, he threw himſelf on a bed in the Inn at which he alighted; and with partial dozes, which only ſerved to render his ſituation more horrible, he reflected on his miſeries 'till morning. As ſoon as it was light, he determined to hire a lodging in ſome obſcure part of the town, where he might elude the prying generoſity of his friend, and endeavour to protract a miſerable exiſtence, which an enthuſiaſtic ſenſe of religion alone prevented him from ſacrificing to his deſpair. For this purpoſe he fixed on a miſerable garret, in thoſe gloomy regions, at ſight of which even adverſity recoils; here, with the aſ-

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ſiſtance of a few books which he had brought with him for the purpoſe, he endeavoured to beguile that hollow miſery which continually preyed on his vitals. And that no neglect of religious duty might embitter his reflections, determined to apply himſelf to ſome means of ſupporting life. Still therefore cheriſhing the idea of independence however wretched; he determined to enliſt himſelf among a tribe of tranſlators employed by an eminent bookſeller; vainly hoping, that while he earned his miſerable pittance, by a return of labour, the obligation would be conſidered as mutual. But he ſoon found that there is not ſo abject a ſlave as a hireling ſcribler, nor ſo tyrannical a deſpot, as an illiterate churl, who pays for learning and potatoes with the ſame remorſeleſs ſtupidity. The imperious arroganee of this Baſhaw, and the groſs adulation, and vulgar merriment of his fellow ſervants, was little ſuited to the proud ſenſibility of Frederic. He endured however the inſults of the one and jeſts of the others, 'till a fever, brought on by his continual agitation of ſpirits, actually deprived him of this means of earning a ſubſiſtence, and ſtretched him on his truckle bed amidſt all the horrors of famine, indigence, diſeaſe, and deſpair.

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In the mean time, Edmond, whoſe violent affliction for the departure of his friend, had for ſome time reduced his life to a precarious ſituation; as ſoon as he found his health in ſome degree reeſtabliſhed, determined to abandon a ſpot which only preſented to his mind a gloomy recollection of the days that were gone, and to follow the fortunes of his friend. Having accordingly laid the circumſtances before his father, he obtained a full permiſſion to gratify his inclination. He repaired to London, as ſuppoſing Frederic would abſcond in ſome obſcure ſpot of a labyrinth in which he was moſt likely to be effectually concealed.

After a fortnight's fruitleſs ſearch, when a ſettled gloom had began to throw a damp on all his hopes of ſucceſs, happening one day to enter the ſhop of Frederic's late employer, he overheard the literary monarch enforcing his daily rebuke with ſundry oaths and ejaculations; and among other particulars, bitterly complaining of the abſence of the pale diſmal young man, who had lately enliſted in his ſervice. This deſcription immediately figured to his imagination, his dejected friend;——tremblingly alive with this idea, he eagerly

eagerly enquired his lodging, determining immediately to ſatisfy the fearful curioſity which his late abſence had inſpired. His firſt emotions a little ſubſided, he reſolved previouſly to apply for medical aſſiſtance; that in caſe of any urgent neceſſity, it might be at hand. For this purpoſe he viſited the late Dr. ———, and it was by his advice, that he determined to ſpare his friend's weak and exhauſted ſpirits the agitation of a ſudden interview.

It was not without conſiderable emotion that Edmond entered a dreary hut, whoſe very appearance was calculated to inſpire miſery; it was from the Hag who owned this manſion, that he learned, that her lodger had for ſome time kept his bed; and was ſo reduced, by three days almoſt total abſtinence, as to be frequently deprived of underſtanding. Shocked as he was at this information, he ſaw the propriety of the Phyſician's advice ſufficiently, to take his ſtand at the door of the apartment, in order to watch the moſt favourable opportunity for an interview.

Frederic's ſtrength had been that evening ſo far exhauſted by a preceding delirium as to afford him

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him for a ſhort time the wretched poſſeſſion of his faculties. He was kneeling, with great apparent agony, before a bible, and graſping with a convulſive gripe the foot of his bed, as if by the exertion of his nerves, to awaken his fainting ſoul from the torpor which ſeemed to be gathering on it at every interval of impaſſioned phrenzy There is in ſolitary miſery, a comfortleſs horror in brooding over misfortunes, which far exceeds even the cutting pangs we feel when thoſe we love are involved in our calamities. In the latter ſituation we have a pleaſing object to reſt the external ſenſe on; and the very gratification of our feelings on ſuch an occaſion, transfuſes a tranquil luxury over our ſorrows; in the former, all is dark and comfortleſs, and a gnawing horror perpetually ſuggeſts ideas, which the gangrened imagination, while it trembles to nouriſh, is unable to reſiſt the indulgence of. Such was the ſituation of Frederic, when the recollection of the paſt, the horror of the preſent, and the proſpect of the future, drew from the bottom of his ſoul, † "*Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, then would* "*I fly away and be at reſt.*" Edmond could at this ejaculation no longer contain himſelf, but ruſhing into the room, and hanging over his fainting

× O! that I had a pretty girl whom I know in my arms that I might be at rest for once. —

Signed/ George Buchanan

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fainting friend, "All may yet be well," ſaid he, "we may yet live to renew our pleaſures; to "purſue thoſe fond projects which your too de- "licate generoſity has ſo cruelly interrupted!" The well-known voice ſounded on Frederic's dying ſenſes, and recalled a momentary exertion of his languid ſpirit; "Never, never, it is paſt! "Oh! Edmond, it is paſt!" then darting a look of deſpairing agony to Heaven, he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, "My God! My God! "why haſt thou forſaken me?" and ſinking into the arms of his friend, groaned out his ſoul, and expired.

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No. XX. OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *March* 26, 1787.

Fratrem facere ex hoſtibus.—PLAUT.

To make a Brother of a Foe.

HAVING occaſion lately to refer to a Chronological Epitome, I accidentally caſt my eyes on the name of Julius Cæſar; and it was not without ſome emotion, that I read the following account of ſo extraordinary a Character:

Julius Cæſar, Emperor of Rome, born July 10,100, *invaded Britain, landing at Deal, Auguſt* 26*th*, 55, *killed in the Senate-houſe, March* 15*th*, 44, *A. C. after having fought* 50 *battles, ſlain above* 1,192,000 *men, and taken by aſſault* 1000 *towns.*

Whether the compiler of this work has thus briefly given this liſt of deſtruction, without mentioning its cauſes, with a view to ſtigmatize Cæſar as an execrable tyrant, or that he really conſidered theſe exploits as the moſt ſtriking inſtances of his greatneſs, is not for me to determine; certain it is, that a ſelf-taught Philoſopher would form but an indifferent opinion of mankind in general, ſhould he from this ſketch, derive his knowledge of a hero, whoſe name is idolized

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idolized as the ſtandard of human greatneſs; whoſe actions command the admiration even of his enemies; and whoſe imitation terminates the moſt extenſive proſpects of ambition.

In this paper, therefore, I ſhall endeavour to prove, that it was not on the ſacking of a thouſand towns, with the murder or alienation of their inhabitants, that Cæſar laid the foundations of that immortality, the deſire of which ſeems to have given motion to the deſigns of his capacious ambition; and rouſed every nerve to thoſe aſtoniſhing exertions which characterize his meaſures as well in the cabinet as the field. That he underſtood and practiſed the nobleſt art of conqueſt, by attacking the generoſity of his enemies in preference to their Fears. And that, if his ambition was of that kind which ſome have repreſented it, a more daring piece of injuſtice was never directed to more beneficial purpoſes.

A dauntleſs reſolution, and cunning revenge, ſays Machiavel, are the moſt effectual aſſiſtants to ambition. How falſe this poſition is, we may ourſelves conclude, when we ſee Borgia employing a life of fraud, in an unſucceſsful attempt to acquire a petty principality; Julius, by an open liberality of ſentiment, and a thorough knowledge of

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of the human heart, riſing from the inſpection of weights and meaſures, to wield the ſceptre of the world: The career of the former checked by the recoil of his own artifice, and himſelf protracting his miſerable exiſtence in the horrors of a debilitated conſtitution, and the diſappointment of blaſted ambition; the latter, nobly ſinking in the very theatre of his glory, by the hands of thoſe, whom even in death he had the ſatisfaction of upbraiding with their ingratitude.

Cæſar's is a character, which, though more generally known, has perhaps been leſs equitably inveſtigated that any other in hiſtory. Dazzled with the luſtre of his ſucceſſes, a kind of reverential awe deters us from tracing their progreſs; or, if we curſorily examine it, we are prejudiced againſt him by what is imagined his prime motive, the aggrandiſement of himſelf: and conceive, that as he was the firſt man who eſtabliſhed deſpotiſm on any permanent footing in Rome, he muſt neceſſarily have been the oppreſſor of his country. His partizans have loſt the vices of his heart, in the greatneſs of his mind; and his detractors have reduced even the virtues of a generous temper, to the cold prudence of Political foreſight.

Should

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Should I endeavour to examine whether, in a corrupted Common-wealth a man is to be ſo far actuated by ſelf-preſervation, as to make himſelf firſt, where to be ſecond is death; and where the conteſt is, who ſhall firſt ſeize illegal power to the prejudice of the other, whether ambition is juſtified in bearing an active part; I ſhould approach nearer to a Metaphyſical than an hiſtorical diſquiſition. I ſhall therefore content myſelf, with taking a ſhort view of the conduct of Julius, when compared with that of Sylla and Auguſtus. For as all were nearly or preciſely in the ſame ſituations, as all had equal power, all were expoſed to the ſame temptations; and all had the ſame plea for the exerciſe of thoſe cruelties, which the inſolence of ſucceſs, or political timidity might dictate, the characters may ſurely be equitably compared; and the merits of each impartially diſtinguiſhed.

The maſſacre of the Villa Publica, and the bloody tribunal of Mutina, are inconteſtible proofs of the ſavage depravity human nature is capable of, when ſteeled by the ſucceſs of illegal ambition, or the avidity of premeditated revenge. But Sylla, it may be anſwered, was only retaliating on the Marians; and Auguſtus was gratifying a laudable reſentment, when perſecuting the mur-

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murderers of his uncle. Yet Julius had both theſe inſtigations; an imitation of Sylla had been the conſtant threat of Pompey in conſequence of a victory; and thoſe who experienced the generoſity of Cæſar, were the very aſſaſſins who had been inſtrumental to the murder of his relations. The unfeeling cruelty of Sylla, and the cold ſaturnine revenge of Auguſtus, are proofs of black and depraved hearts, which we no where find in Julius: on the contrary, if we may credit the teſtimony of Suetonius, and other writers of his hiſtory, he ſeems to have expreſſed a concern for the alternative he was reduced to on the eve of every important enterprize during his civil wars; and even to have turned with horror and commiſeration from the bleeding head of his moſt inveterate enemy. His apparent ſeverity to the barbarians during his provincial adminiſtration, has with ſome appearance of reaſon been conſidered as a ſtigma on his character; but if we trace this conſummate General through his operations in Gaul, if we thoroughly examine the character of the ſurrounding nations, their ferocity when conquerors, and their perfidy when admitted to equitable terms, we ſhall immediately acquit him of wanton cruelty; and refer any apparent act of injuſtice, to the neceſſity he was under of ſubduing,

by

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by violent and arbitrary meaſures, a people, whoſe fears were their only ties of fidelity. Their entire ſubjection was abſolutely neceſſary to the ſafety of the Romans, whoſe inmoſt barrier they ſurrounded on every ſide; yet even in this dangerous ſituation, Cæſar, on every poſſible occaſion, preferred the more gentle method of expoſtulation and reproof, to thoſe bloody remedies which ſeem to have been ſo repugnant to his diſpoſition.

A ſimilar behaviour in the ſucceeding age of ſo unimpeached a character as Gumanicus, will ſufficiently evince the neceſſity of ſeaſonable acts of violence among barbarians. "Orabat," ſays Tacitus, when deſcribing his conduct in the midſt of an engagement, "*inſiſterent cædibus; ſolam in-*" *ternecionem gentis finem bello fore.*" "He en-" treated them to purſue their ſlaughter; that " the extirpation of the whole race alone would " put an end to the war;" plainly proving, by this unuſual eagerneſs for bloodſhed in ſo humane a conqueror, that it is ſometimes neceſſary to frighten into ſervitude, thoſe, who cannot be enticed into alliance.

From theſe appearances then, however his boundleſs ambition may have blinded him to the nicer diſtinctions of right and wrong, may we conclude,

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clude, that it was not from a promiſcuous effuſion of blood, and the undiſtinguiſhed maſs of a million of carcaſes, that Cæſar ſtrove to deſerve the name of *great*; and that by whatever exceſſes it was gained, no man ever made a more temperate uſe of illegal authority. Nay, even admitting what it is improbable to ſuppoſe, that this lenity proceeded not from a diſpoſition naturally merciful, but from a refinement in political artifice, the man whoſe reaſon will enable him ſo far to ſubject his reſentments to his intereſt, has at leaſt the merit of promoting with his own, the common intereſt of mankind.

And here it may not be amiſs to examine the tendency of this forgiving principle, which is ſo peculiarly the offspring of Chriſtianity, that the contrary ſeems almoſt to have been a tenet of Heathen morality. For we find thoſe alone among the ancients, whoſe greatneſs of mind, or purity of morals, as it were inſtinctively dictated to them ſome of the leading points in the Goſpel doctrine, to have affected, or even conceived this philoſophic conqueſt over the paſſions. Lycurgus, Ariſtides, Titus, Trajan, and Adrian, are ſtriking inſtances of this; nor have we any example of the remembrance of an injury voluntarily foregone

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gone by a Claudius or a Tiberius. The reaſon is obvious; the mind of man naturally recoils at an indignity; and it is as much in our natures to ſeek the gratification of our revenge by the deſtruction of the offending object, as it is in the adder to wound the heel which treads on it. Unenlightened then, and undirected, how can man ſo far counteract the operations of his nature, as to detect the inſidious treachery of this paſſion; and ſacrifice what he conſiders a juſt reſentment, to what the world would name a blameable timidity.

But let it not be imagined that the ſuppreſſion of a paſſion ſo invariably implanted in our nature, will tend at all to Apathize the finer feelings of the ſoul; or that the patient endurance of the primitive Chriſtian, borders on the haughty inſenſibility of the Stoic. In the very ſuffering an injury, a great mind feels a conſcious ſatisfaction, in pity for the petulant weakneſs of the injurer; and in forgiving it, the ſublime pleaſure which this art of upbraiding an enemy into a friend, naver fails to inſpire. Revenge may for a moment caſt an illuſive gleam over the mind, but is incapable of lulling thoſe reflections its conſequences may give riſe to; or obtaining that compleat triumph over the inclinations of a fallen enemy.

But

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But however this principle might tend to the happineſs or aggrandizement of human nature, its ſuperior advantages, without the aſſiſtance of revealed religion, would probably have never been thoroughly underſtood. For though in ſome inſtances the practice of it in the Heathen world may ſeem to ſtagger this opinion, their moſt refined Philoſophy has never ranked it in their catalogue of virtues; or conſidered it as one of thoſe unalterable dogmas which conſtitute a wiſe and good man. In the diſputations of the Socratic School, and the Philoſophic retirement of Tuſculum, the ſubjection of ambition, pleaſure, and the other leading paſſions of the human mind, to the calm and diſpaſſionate direction of wiſdom, were diſcuſſed with the utmoſt refinement of wit and knowledge; and ſtill remain the intereſting pictures of ſuperior underſtanding, emerging from the darkneſs of ſuperſtition, and ſtruggling for liberality of ſentiment, amidſt the diſadvantages of Pagan prejudice: while retaliation of injuries, nay, even heriditary enmities, were conſidered not as the weakneſſes, but almoſt the abſolute duties of human nature.

So ſeldom do we find this principle characterized in the writings of the ancients, that it was

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with ſome difficulty I could find a motto for this paper; and had I not been afraid of ſo early alarming my fellow citizens, I had at one time ſome thoughts of referring to the Greek teſtament for that purpoſe. Homer has deſcribed but one of his heroes as being ἠπιος τὶ κρατερος τὶ, *gentle and valiant*. And even in the amiable Hector, who unites in his character the Patriot, the Son, the Huſband, and Father, we do not find the ſuperior generoſity of foregoing his reſentments. And Virgil's "*parcere ſubjectis*" may rather be conſidered as deſcriptive of the imperious condeſcenſion of the Roman Senate, than that refined lenity which ſtrives to obliterate the obligation in the manner of conferring it. Cæſar indeed, in his letter to Oppius, has a profeſſion of this virtue; but as I have in a great meaſure interwoven his defence with my ſubject, a quotation from him might have been conſidered as a partial evidence. I do not recollect that in any other paſſage of the more familiar claſſicks, there is any thing perfectly deſcriptive of it; nay, even amidſt the ſounding pageantry of title with which their poets have decked the heathen deities, there is none in my opinion ſo comprehenſively expreſſive of the divine attributes, as the ſimple and unaffected addreſs of ALMIGHTY AND MOST MERCIFUL FATHER.

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No. XXI.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *April* 2, 1787.

'*Chloreaque, Sybarimque, Daretaque, Therſilochumque.*
VIRGIL'S ÆN. 12. 363*v.*

'*Chloreus, and Sybaris, and Dares, and Therſilochus.*

'TO G. GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'SIR,

'THE author, from whom I have adopted 'this motto, has been juſtly eſteemed of 'all Poets, both ancient and modern, 'the moſt pathetic. But perhaps, if every paſ- 'ſage, whoſe excellence conſiſted in awaking the 'tender feelings of the Reader, ſhould be collected 'and compared together, there would not be 'found one, in which the writer has diſplayed a 'greater

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'greater ſhare of ſenſibility than in this ſingle line, 'which I have ſelected.

'Such indeed with me has been the influence 'of the abovementioned Hexameter, that I never 'could reflect, without indignation and aſtoniſh- 'ment, that Virgil, who had been ſo liberally re- 'warded for twenty-ſix lines in the ſixth book of 'his Æneid, ſhould for this never have received 'the gratuity of a farthing. In whatever point of 'view the two paſſages ſhall be examined, it will 'be found, that the latter is in all reſpects equal if 'not ſuperior to the former. There is no one, I 'believe, who will be ſo hardy as to deny, that 'the verſe, for whoſe merit I am contending, is 'eminently diſtinguiſhed by every quality, which 'the Critics have deemed neceſſary to the con- 'ſtitution of the moſt beautiful poetry. If the 'greateſt originality of thought, the nobleſt ſim- 'plicity of expreſſion, the moſt exquiſite pathos, 'and the fineſt adaption of the ſound to the 'ſenſe, can entitle a verſe to the name of ex- 'cellent, I ſhall not heſitate to pronounce, that 'the one I am ſpeaking of, is as worthy of admi- 'ration as any in the poem.

'In

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'In order to ſee whether it be ſo, let us try it 'in each of the above particulars; though I am 'ſenſible, that there are people, who have been bold 'enough to aſſert, that the names which it con- 'tains are borrowed from hiſtory or tradi- 'tion; I cannot but look upon myſelf as in duty 'bound to believe, that they are the genuine off- 'ſpring of the poet's imagination. For as no 'ſuch tradition is now current, and as no ſuch 'hiſtory has ever been produced, charity demands 'of me, that I ſhould incline to the favorable ſide 'of the queſtion. In this I am the more particu- 'larly juſtified, when I reflect, that Virgil, from 'other parts of his works, has given us ſtrong 'reaſon to conclude that he was abundantly ca- 'pable of inventing for himſelf, what he is here 'accuſed of having taken from another. With 'regard to ſimplicity, I ſhould hold myſelf much 'indebted to any individual, who would point out 'to me, in the whole compaſs of poetry, one ſin- 'gle paſſage by which in this reſpect the motto of 'my letter has ever been exceeded. Tho' the ex- 'preſſion be plain and unaffected, there is nothing 'that borders upon meanneſs; and although it is 'copious, there is nothing redundant. Though

'it

'it is level with the capacity of a child, it ex-
'torts admiration from the wiſdom of old age.

'Let us now ſee how excellent is the verſifica-
'tion; and how well it is ſuited to the meaning
'which the words are intended to convey. The
'author's purpoſe was certainly to awaken the
'finer ſenſibilities of the ſoul; to ſhew us how
'ſuddenly the life of mortals paſſeth away; and
'how many there are who ſeem to have exiſted,
'merely that they might by their fall give a luſtre
'to others. How admirably the flow of the verſe
'in conſideration is calculated to ſuggeſt theſe
'ideas, the moſt undiſtinguiſhing and moſt un-
'practiſed ear cannot but diſcern. For beſides,
'that there is in the general run of the line ſome-
'thing moſt muſically mournful and melancholy,
'the Cæſura after the firſt foot has wonderfully
'tended to promote this effect. The reader natu-
'rally expects after a dactyl to reſt upon a long
'ſyllable, but here he is unhappily deceived, and
'the ground which he imagined to be firm, ſinks
'as it were beneath him. How ingeniouſly does
'this illuſtrate the caſe of mankind, who are apt to
'regard this life as a permanent poſſeſſion; but
'ſoon find, that they have leaned upon a reed.

'Laſtly,

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'Laſtly, let us conſider this line with regard to 'the pathetic. For my own part, I could ſcarcely 'ever peruſe it without ſhedding tears. If there 'be a man who would feel no emotion in reading 'over an enumeration of perſonages, whoſe ex-'iſtence is never mentioned but once, and that only 'in order to tell you how it was concluded, I 'ſhould be apt, againſt ſuch a one to exclaim with 'my favorite Author,

'———*duris genuit te cautibus horrens*
'*Caucaſus, Hircanæque admôrunt ubera tigres.*
'———*Caucaſus, with rocks*
'*Horrid, diſcloſed him from his flinty ſides*
'*And fierce Hyrcanian tygers gave him ſuck.*

TRAPP.

'Suppoſing, however, that people of this 'diſpoſition are rarely to be met with, I ſhall take 'the liberty of addreſſing myſelf to my reader, as 'to one who will think and ſympathize with me. 'Gentle, therefore, and courteous as I take thee to 'be, I cannot but imagine that thou art troubled 'with the ſame melancholy reflections as I am, 'whenever thou beholdeſt a catalogue of perſons 'who are ſuppoſed indeed to have exiſted, but of 'whom hiſtory has left us no trace or memorial, 'except their names. For my part I muſt con-

'feſs,

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'feſs, that no invention of Poets, however artful, no 'tale of Noveliſts, however tender, no eloquence 'of Orators, however elaborate, no narrative of 'Hiſtorians, however tragical, has ſuch power to 'work upon my affections, as the ſimple and un-'adorned pages of a Pariſh Regiſter. If I ſhould 'attempt to account for this effect, I would refer 'it to two cauſes; the one, as they tend to inſpire 'us with melancholy and mortifying ideas of hu-'man nature itſelf; and the other, as they bring 'home a painful truth to the boſom of almoſt 'every Individual. Conſidering how ſmall is the 'number of perſons, whoſe ſuperior qualifications 'of intellect or body can enable them to ſurvive 'the lapſe of a ſingle century; there are ſurely few, 'whoſe endowments, whether fancied or real, can 'prevent them from ranking themſelves in the 'number of thoſe who are ſoon to be forgotten. 'In reading thoſe affecting catalogues of the liv-'ing and the dead, which are to be met with in 'almoſt every village of the kingdom, we are apt, 'upon recollecting the truth of the above obſer-'vation, to put this ſimple queſtion to ourſelves, "*Have I any reaſon to ſuppoſe, that nature has be-*"*ſtowed upon me ſuch pre-eminence of mind or body,*
"*as may reſcue my name from that oblivion which is*
"*the*

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"*the general lot of humanity?*" Here vanity and 'ambition tempt me to ſay *Yes*; but truth, like 'Tiſiphone, ſtares me in the face, 'till I am 'compelled to anſwer *No.*

'Dreary as this idea may be, perhaps we are 'little leſs mortified, when we turn from our-'ſelves, in order to ſurvey the world at large; to 'reflect, that amidſt ſo many millions, ſo inconſi-'derable a portion ſhould be able to erect for 'themſelves a memorial of a thouſand years; that 'few have wanted the vanity to aſpire to what ſtill 'fewer have had the felicity to ſucceed in; that 'the ſame end has been attempted by means dia-'metrically oppoſite; and that the moſt laborious 'efforts of virtue and vice, of laudable and per-'verted ambition, have often been exhauſted in 'vain.

'Indeed, the idea of being utterly forgotten 'after death, is ſo repugnant to the firſt and ruling 'principles of our nature, that I am little ſur-'priſed at the extravagant audacity of that man, 'who, reſolving to be known to poſterity, ſeized 'probably upon the only method which lay within 'the reach of his abilities, by ſetting fire to the 'magnificent temple at Epheſus. The deſire of

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'being diſtinguiſhed when we are preſent, and of 'being remembered when we are abſent, is the 'firſt paſſion which diſcovers itſelf in our youth; 'and the laſt which adheres to us in our old age. 'You, Sir, muſt frequently have obſerved, how 'fond the citizens of your little world are of carv-'ing their names upon every form and wainſcot 'in the ſchool. Though this I know is apt to en-'flame the breaſt of a maſter with wrath and in-'dignation, I cannot but confeſs, that to my mind 'it ſuggeſts a number of melancholy and pleaſing 'ideas. The ſight of theſe curious engravings, 'brings naturally to my recollection, that I was 'lately at ſchool myſelf; that I was engaged in 'the ſame amuſements and purſuits with thoſe 'around me; that I took the ſame methods to 'immortalize my name which they have done; 'and that I failed in the attempt, which they too 'may find to have been the caſe with themſelves 'hereafter.'

'In order to ſhew how firmly this deſire of im-'mortality is retained by us in the laſt period of 'our exiſtence, I cannot help mentioning Mr. 'Powel, the Fire-eater, whom I remember to have 'ſeen when at Eton. This gentleman, after hav-

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'ing amuſed himſelf with eating lead, brimſtone, 'and ſealing-wax, melted down together, obſerved 'to the company, that he was advancing, by very 'rapid ſtrides, towards "*the undiſcovered country* "*from whoſe bourn no traveller returns.*" He 'conſoled himſelf however with the idea, that the 'miracle which he was performing upon his body, 'would be retained with joy in the memories of 'the ſpectators, at a time when that body ſhould 'be lying in the duſt. Trivial as to ſome phi-'loſophers may appear to have been the object of 'this man's ambition, I cannot help thinking, that 'this was the ointment which counteracted the 'natural influence of the lava which he had been 'devouring. For it is with difficulty that I can 'conceive a perſon undergoing ſuch painful opera-'tions, and contenting himſelf with ſuch unpa-'latable food, unleſs he was inſtigated by ſome 'greater inducement than the trifling emoluments 'accruing from his exhibitions.

'Here I cannot help ſtaying to pay my tribute 'of applauſe to the worth of ſo great a man. How-'ever ſome people may affect to deſpiſe the object 'of Mr. Powel's ambition, I ſhall make it my bu-'ſineſs to ſhew, that it was not inconſiſtent with the 'dignity

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'dignity of a man, a philoſopher, and a chriſtian. 'How many ſtoics have conſigned their names to 'immortality, without any pretenſions to thoſe 'ſublime virtues which are conſpicuous in the cha-'racter of Mr. Powel? It was the higheſt boaſt 'of a ſtoic, that he could look with adamantine in-'difference on the death of his neareſt relations: 'In how much more amiable, and how much 'more heroic a light does the conduct of Mr. 'Powel appear to us! So far from ſteeling his 'heart with the unnatural apathy of a ſtoic, he ex-'ulted in the *warm* benevolence of a chriſtian; and 'ſubmitted to the moſt *fiery* trials, merely to en-'tertain thoſe with whom he had not the moſt 'diſtant connexion. By way of corollary, (to 'uſe a term in mathematics) what would not this 'man have undergone to ſerve his friends? If we 'might reaſon from arguments *a fortiori*, we ſhould 'conclude, that he would have rejoiced to follow 'even Shadrack, Meſhack, and Abed-nego. After 'what I have ſaid, I ſhould imagine, that few will 'deny to Mr. Powel the merit of patience the 'moſt enduring, combined with a philanthropy 'the moſt comprehenſive. There is another vir-'tue in which I think the character of Mr. Powel 'may ſtand in competition with that of the moſt

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'exalted heroes of antiquity—I mean temper-
'ance. Seneca indeed has talked to us in very
'lofty terms of the abſtinence of ſome of the
'earlier worthies of his own country, and thoſe of
'Lacedæmon; the diet of the former was ſuch
'as would at this day be eſteemed a luxury by
'thouſands; and as for the black broth of the
'latter, I do not recollect, amidſt all the ingre-
'dients which compoſed it, that melted lead,
'ſealing-wax, and brimſtone, were ever included.
'As a patriot, I conſider Mr. Powel as one of the
'greateſt that this century can boaſt of; for tho' I
'do not recollect that he was ever called out by
'any particular emergency to take an active part
'in the defence of his country, who can believe,
'that a perſon, to whom Fire had been literally
'meat, drink, and cloathing, would not naturally
'fly where war grew hotteſt; and would conſe-
'quently be moſt congenial to his diſpoſition and
'occupations in life? Now if we ſum up our
'evidence, we ſhall find, that the ſublimer virtues
'of patience, temperance, and patriotiſm; to-
'gether with the ſofter and more amiable ones of
'philanthropy and friendſhip, were of courſe in-
'cluded in the art which Mr. Powel profeſſed:
'We ſhall not heſitate therefore a moment in pro-
'nouncing

'nouncing the object of his ambition to have 'been compatible with the character of a wife 'and good man.

'I cannot conclude this paper without re- 'gretting my inability to perpetuate the memory 'of this illuſtrious Phænomenon of *Salaman- 'derſhip* and Virtue. This however I can aſſure 'him, if my feeble endeavours could effect it, "*his name ſhould flouriſh in the mouths of men.*"

'L.'

No. XXII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *April* 9, 1787.

Tantum de medio ſumtis accedid honoris.—Hor.

Such honour common ſubjects may receive.

'SIR,

'IT muſt no doubt often have occurred 'to a writer of your penetration, that 'there is nothing more unjuſt, and illi- 'beral, than thoſe ill-grounded prejudices, which 'confound in general cenſure, or undiſtinguiſhing 'contempt, any particular claſs or deſcription of 'men. And yet theſe prejudices, however ſen- 'ſible

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'ſible we cannot but be of their improper ten-
'dency, we are all too apt to indulge; till, nou-
'riſhed by long habit, they take as deep root in
'our minds as if they had been implanted there
'by nature; and acquire ſuch ſtrength, as enables
'them to withſtand the moſt forcible arguments,
'to reſiſt the moſt palpable conviction.

'There are in *Turkey* a body of men, againſt
'whom univerſal contempt is indiſcriminately,
'as well as undeſervedly directed; and theſe are
'the worſhipful company of GROCERS. Inſo-
'much, that ſhould any member of a noble fa-
'mily have diſgraced himſelf and his connec-
'tions, by living a life of tranquility, or what is
'worſe, dying in his bed, that is, a natural death,
'his name is never pronounced by his relations
'but with diſapprobation and diſguſt; and his me-
'mory is conſigned to infamy, for having, as they
'ſay, lived and died like a RACCAL, or GROCER.

'The perſon who has now the honour to addreſs
'you, is a member of a community, who by the cour-
'teſy of England, are like the RACCALS of *Turkey*,
'collectively involved in the moſt indiſcriminate ri-
'dicule, the moſt comprehenſive contempt; I ſay

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'collectively, Sir, becauſe, individually we are al-
'lowed to have no exiſtence; the wicked waggery
'of the world, judging *nine* WEAVERS, and *nine*
'TAYLORS requiſite to the formation of one man.
'Yes, Sir, to ſo high a pitch have they carried
'the diſreſpect in which theſe profeſſions are
'held, that in the eyes of "the Many," (as the
'Poet calls them) to addreſs a man by the appel-
'lation either of WEAVER or TAYLOR, implies
'not only, as formerly, a reflection on his horſe-
'manſhip, but on his perſonal courage, and even
'his perſonal exiſtence.

'I, Sir, am a WEAVER; I feel for the injured
'dignity of my profeſſion; and ſince, thanks to
'my own genius, and two years and a half of edu-
'cation at an Academy on *Tower-Hill*, I have a
'very decent acquaintance with the *Claſſics*; that
'is, I know them all by name, and can tell *Greek*
'when I ſee it, any day in the week; and ſince,
'as far as *Shakeſpear's* Plays, and all the *Monthly*
'*Magazines* go, I have a very pretty ſhare of
'*Engliſh* book-learning; from theſe conſiderations,
'Mr. Griffin, I think myſelf qualified to con-
'tend, not for the utility and reſpectability only,
'but for the honour of the Art of WEAVING.
'TAY-

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'TAYLORING, as it is ſecondary to WEAVING, 'will of courſe partake of the fruits of my labours; 'as, in aſſerting the dignity of the one, I maintain 'the credit of the other.

'To this end, Mr. Griffin, I ſhall not appeal 'to the candour of my readers, but ſhall pro-'voke their judgment; I ſhall not ſolicit their 'indulgence, but by the force of demonſtration 'will claim their aſſent, to my opinion.

'POETRY, Sir, is univerſally allowed to be the 'firſt and nobleſt of the arts and ſciences; inſo-'much, that it is the opinion of critics, that an 'Epic Poem is the greateſt work the human 'mind is capable of bringing to perfection. If 'then I can prove, that the ART of WEAVING is 'in any degree analogous to the ART of POETRY; 'if this Analogy has been allowed by the whole 'tribe of critics; ſo far, that in ſpeaking of the 'latter they have uſed the terms of the former, 'and have paſſed judgment on the works of the 'POET in the language of the MANUFACTURER; 'nay, if POETRY herſelf has condeſcended to imi-'tate the expreſſions, and to adopt the technical 'terms into her own vocabulary; then may I 'ſurely

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'ſurely hope, that the ſanction of CRITICISM may 'challenge the reſpect, and the flattery of PO-'ETRY (for imitation is the higheſt degree of 'flattery) may claim the admiration of mankind.

'Firſt then with regard to CRITICISM; to ſe-'lect a few examples from a multitude of others, 'are we not entertained in the works of *Longinus* 'and the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with delectable 'diſſertations on the WEAVING of Plots, and the 'INTERWEAVING of Epiſodes? Are we not con-'tinually informed, that the Author unravels the 'WEB of his intrigue, or breaks the THREAD of 'his narration? Beſides theſe, a friend of mine, a 'great Etymologiſt, has aſſured me, that BOM-'BAST and BOMBASIN originally ſpring from the 'ſame root; and FUSTIAN, every body knows, is a 'term applied indifferently to paſſages in poetry, 'or materials for a pair of breeches. So ſimilar is 'conſidered the ſkill employed in the TEXTURE of 'an EPIC POEM and a piece of BROAD CLOTH; ſo 'parallel the qualifications requiſite to throw the 'SHUTTLE and guide the PEN.

'I was not a little pleaſed the other day to find, 'in the critique of one of the moſt eminent writers 'of

'of the preſent day, the works of a favourite Poet 'ſtyled a TISSUE. An idea then occurred to me, 'ſuggeſted perhaps by my partiality for my pro-'feſſion, which I am not without ſome faint hope 'of one day ſeeing accompliſhed.

'By a little labour and ingenuity, it might 'ſurely be diſcovered, that the works of different 'AUTHORS bear a conſiderable affinity, (like this 'of the Tiſſue) to the different productions of the 'LOOM. Thus, to enumerate a few inſtances, 'without any regard to chronological order, 'might not the flowery ſmoothneſs of POPE, be 'aptly enough compared to FLOWERED SAT-'TIN? Might not the compoſitions of all the 'POETS LAUREATE, ancient and modern, be 'very properly termed PRINCES STUFF? And 'who would diſpute the title of HOMER, to EVER-'LASTING? For SHAKESPEAR indeed, I am at a 'loſs for a compariſon, unleſs I ſhould liken him 'to thoſe SHOT SILKS, which vary the brightneſs 'of their hues into a multitude of different lights 'and ſhades. And would Orthography allow of 'the pun, I might ſay, that there are few Poets 'but would be proud to be thought worthy of 'the GREEN BAYS.

'For

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'For proof of the uſe which POETRY makes 'of the WEAVER's dictionary, *vide* ten thouſand 'Odes on Spring; where you may catch the fra- 'grance of the DAMASK roſe; liſten to the ruſtling 'of the SILKEN foliage; or lie extended with a 'liſtleſs languor, pillowing your head upon the 'VELVET mead; to ſay nothing of NATURE's 'LOOM, which is ſet to work regularly on the 'firſt of May, to weave variegated CARPETS for 'the lawns and landſcapes. Now, Mr. Griffin, 'theſe ſimilitudes, though very pretty, and very '*a-propos*, I own I am not perfectly ſatisfied with. 'The *Genoeſe* certainly excel us in the article of 'VELVETS; and *French* SILKS are by many peo- 'ple far preferred for elegance to any of *Engliſh* 'manufacture. I appeal then to you, Mr. Grif- 'fin, if theſe alluſions would not be much more 'delightful to *Britiſh* ears, if they tended to pro- 'mote ſuch manufactures as are more peculiarly 'our own. The *Georgics* of Virgil, let me tell 'you, Sir, have been ſuſpected by ſome people, 'to have been written with a political, as well as 'poetical view; for the purpoſe of converting the 'victorious ſpirits of the *Roman* Soldiery from 'the love of war, and the ſeverity of military 'hardſhips, to the milder occupations of peace, and

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'the more profitable employments of agriculture. 'Surely, equally ſucceſsful would be the endea-'vours of our Poets, if they would boldly extirpate 'from their writings every ſpecies of foreign manu-'facture; and adopt in their ſtead, materials from 'the prolific looms of their countrymen. Surely, 'we have a variety which would ſuit all ſubjects 'and all deſcriptions;—nor do I deſpair, if this 'letter has the deſired effect, but I ſhall preſently 'ſee landſcapes beautifully diverſified with (all due 'deference being paid to alliteration) plains of 'PLUSH, paſtures of POPLIN, downs of DIMITY, 'vallies of VELVERET, and meadows of MAN-'CHESTER. How glorioufly novel would this 'be; how patriotically poetical an innovation; 'which nothing but bigotted prejudice could ob-'ject to, nothing but diſaffection to the intereſts 'of the country could diſapprove.

'Excuſe me, Sir, if I have detained you beyond 'the uſual limits of a letter, on a ſubject, in 'which I am ſo deeply intereſted. Pardon, Sir, 'the partiality of an old man, to the profeſſion of 'his youth; and, O! Mr. Griffin, may your pa-'per be the means of reſcuing from unmerited ri-'dicule and illiberal contempt, an ART, which

'has

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'has added a clearneſs and a poliſh to the re-
'marks of CRITICISM; and has cloathed the con-
'ceptions of POETRY in the language of Me-
'taphor: an ART, inferior to none, but thoſe,
'which have ſo frequently and ſo ſucceſsfully bor-
'rowed its aſſiſtance; nor even to them, unleſs it can
'be proved, that that which provides the neceſſary
'*raiment* for the *body*, ſhould yield to thoſe which
'are but the ſources of *amuſement* to the *Mind*.

'I am, Sir,

'Yours, &c.

'H. HOMESPUN.

I cannot but own myſelf much pleaſed with the enthuſiaſm which ſeems to animate my correſpondent, while he treats on a ſubject ſo near his Heart. He has, I can aſſure him, my full approbation to his propoſed improvements; and I am convinced every well meaning perſon in his Majeſty's kingdoms muſt feel the force of his reaſoning.—Will any caviller preſume to contend, that our Looms are not as fertile of poetic imagery, as thoſe of our neighbours? Have we not handkerchiefs of printed cotton, crowded with all the beauties of rural ſcenery? and "azure flowers that blow," in the carpets of the Wilton manufactory?

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factory? Nay, even ſuppoſing an unqueſtionable inferiority on the ſide of the *Engliſh* Looms, would not every *Engliſhman* ſtill ſhew a laudable partiality to his country? and by ſuch a preference, what he loſt in Poetry, would he not amply make up in patriotiſm?

In ſhort, ſo convinced am I by Mr. Homeſpun's arguments, that I cannot help taking the earlieſt opportunity to recommend to ſuch of my correſpondents, as may have been induced by the forwardneſs of the ſeaſon, to begin Odes on Spring for the uſe of the MICROCOSM, that they would be careful to ſtick to the productions of the *Engliſh* Loom, if they think it neceſſary to draw Metaphors from WEAVING at all; that is, if they *do* really think, that NATURE can be embelliſhed by the *technical terms* of ART; and that the works of the CREATOR, can receive additional beauty by being aſſimilated to thoſe of the MANUFACTURER: Which, in my humble opinion, I will confeſs, does not appear to be the caſe.

I know no better advice that I can give to my Correſpondents on this head, unleſs indeed it were, not to write "Odes on Spring" at all.

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No. XXIII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *April* 16, 1787.

If there be any land, as fame reports,
Where common laws reſtrain the Prince and Subjects;
A happy land, where circulating power
Flows thro' each member of the embodied ſtate;
Sure not unconſcious of the mighty bleſſing,
Her grateful ſons ſhine bright with every virtue;
Untainted with the luſt of innovation,
Sure all unite to hold her league of rule,
Unbroken as the ſacred chain of Nature,
That links the jarring elements in peace.

JOHNSON'S IRENE.

FROM a ſubject that has been ſo often handled as the various modes and forms of government, little novelty can be expected; and the ableſt pen could effect no more, than to place in new lights, or cloath in different words, thoſe arguments which have been urged for ages by the advocates of different parties. As I am not qualified by my years or experience to decide amidſt ſuch contending fac-

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tions, or to give any additional weight to either ſide by a declaration of my opinion, my only endeavour in this eſſay ſhall be to collect and place in one point of view, the moſt important points of the controverſy; to reſt my aſſertions not on the frail foundations of ſpeculation, but experience; and by exhibiting the ſeveral expedients of human wiſdom for the regulation of ſociety, make my fellow-citizens ſenſible of the bleſſings of that conſtitution, under which we live; and to the protection of whoſe privileges they will moſt probably be hereafter ſummoned.

To trace the progreſs of legal Government, from the ſimple ſubordination of the Patriarchal power, to the complex ſyſtem of modern politics; to mark the gradual encreaſe and extenſion of acknowledged authority from the head of a ſingle family to the ſovereignty of a mighty empire, may prove an ample reward to the toil of uſeful curioſity; but it is a taſk beyond the limits of my paper, or the extent of my abilities. I ſhall therefore paſs over the ſubject, and content myſelf with this remark; that it is abſolutely neceſſary to the exiſtence of civil ſociety, that for the public good, the individual ſhould reſign a part

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of his natural independence; and bind himſelf by ſome common tie or obligation, to the obſervance of a known and fixed law. As this is the corner ſtone of all civil inſtitutions, and one of thoſe ſelf-evident propoſitions which do not admit of a doubt, I ſhall not further inſiſt upon it; but proceed in my examination of thoſe different branches, which ſhot forth from the parent ſtock of Patriarchal Government. At that ſimple period, the ideas of men were confined within a narrow circle, and to the objects more immediately before them; their preſent ſubſiſtence was almoſt their only care, and the poſſeſſion of a fertile paſturage, or a *ſpring to water their flocks, employed the petty politicks of this guiltleſs age. It is not from theſe men we are to expect the refinements of government; for the nice balance between oppoſite intereſts, the diſcrimination between the right of the Sovereign, the Nobility, and the People, or that equal compoſition of different parts, which form the perfect whole; and like the ſymmetry of a well-turned arch mutually prop and ſupport each other. As the patriarchal government was only calculated for the regulation of a ſmall number, when mankind

*In the Scriptures we find an inſtance of a ſolemn Covenant between Abraham and Abimelech, concerning a well of water.

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kind encreaſed, they found the neceſſity of an alteration: but as their ideas were too confined to ſuggeſt any new mode; as Tyranny was not dreaded where it had never been felt; and the violation of rights, which had never yet exiſted, could not be guarded againſt; they contented themſelves with that form, to which cuſtom had reconciled them: his authority being extended on a larger ſcale, the Head of a Family became the Sovereign of a State; and Deſpotiſm fixed her throne in Aſia and the Eaſtern World. In thoſe parts we are to ſearch for any knowledge of this kind, as the Weſtern quarter was then immerſed in the ignorance of primitive barbarity. Even Egypt, the ſource from whence all arts and ſciences are derived, the moſt refined and poliſhed of kingdoms, was ſubject to a regal government; whoſe antiquity, by a ſeries of fabulous dynaſtics, was carried to a ridiculous height. The republican form was firſt adopted in Greece; and the Ariſtocracy or Democracy, the different modifications of the ſame original, prevailed according to the diſpoſition of the people by whom they were to be received. The Spartans, ſedate, grave, and accuſtomed from their earlieſt youth to pay the moſt implicit deference to their Laws, ſubmitted themſelves to an Ariſtocracy of a peculiar kind,

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kind, which has with more propriety been denominated an Oligarchy; for ſuch in effect was the council of the Ephori, which controuled the regel power in ſuch a manner as to render it the mere puppet of their pleaſure. The Athenians, lively, impetuous, fond of novelty, and jealous to the extreme of their liberties, ruſhed into all the turbulence of a licentious Democracy. The Roman Commonwealth widely differed from Sparta and Athens in the form it aſſumed after the expulſion of Tarquin. As the exact boundaries between the rights of the Patricians and Plebeians were not defined with ſufficient preciſion, they proved a ſource of endleſs contention; and the cruel treatment which debtors met with from their creditors, more than once reduced the ſtate to the brink of deſtruction. Upon reflection it ſeems an unaccountable circumſtance, that a State, which boaſted of the liberty of its ſubjects, and which conſidered the appellation of a "*Roman citizen*," as the moſt glorious diſtinction it could beſtow, ſhould permit ſuch an ignominious badge of ſlavery to be interwoven in the principles of its conſtitution; thus to expoſe thoſe very Citizens who formed the flower of her legions, to the tyranny of a brutal creditor. The reader will pardon me, if I ſtop a moment

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moment to contemplate this wonderful nation; who, by dint of all the virtues which can adorn a riſing State, joined to the moſt unremitted perſeverance, became, from the petty aſſylum of a few wandering robbers, the miſtreſs of the world: who, unnoticed and unobſerved, was ſilently aſcending the height ſhe afterwards attained; and amidſt diſcords and diviſions, which threatened her very exiſtence, aroſe only more formidable from her fall; or, to uſe the nervous expreſſion of Horace,

Per damna, per cædes ab ipſo,
Ducit opes, animumque ferro.
Through wounds, through loſſes, no decay can feel,
Collecting ſtrength and ſpirit from the ſteel.

FRANCIS.

This Nation from its infancy ſeemed deſtined to the ſceptre of the World; and by the imperious dignity of its behaviour, to enforce reverence and awe. The judicious Virgil perceived wherein the real glory of his countrymen conſiſted; and wiſely rejecting what could not be claimed as their's, boldly ſtamped the characteriſtic of his nation.

Excudent alii ſpirantia mollius æra,
(Credo equidem) vivos ducent de marmore vultus;
Orabunt cauſas melius, cælique meatus
Deſcribent radio, et ſurgentia ſidera dicent;

Tu

Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.
Let others better mould the running maſs
Of metals, and inform the breathing braſs;
And ſoften into fleſh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; deſcribe the ſkies,
And when the ſtars deſcend, and when they riſe.
But Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful ſway
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Diſpoſing peace and war, thy own majeſtic way.
To tame the proud, the fetter'd ſlave to free;
Theſe are imperial arts, and worthy thee.

DRYDEN.

In theſe lines the invidious aſſertion included in "*Orabunt cauſas melius*," to the prejudice of the truly eloquent Cicero, has been often noticed; and it may be worth remarking, that although Virgil has ſo freely reſigned the ſuperiority in other points, he is ſilent with reſpect to Poetry. Vanity, there arreſted his pen, and forbad the confeſſion.—But to return from this digreſſion.

From this ſhort review of the ancient government it may be collected, that neither Greeks nor Romans had any idea of that mixed form, which comprehends the ſeemingly irreconcileable principles

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ciples of monarchical deſpotiſm, and republican freedom; unleſs the Kings and Ephori of Sparta may be included in that denomination. The feudal Syſtem, which ſucceeded the downfall of the Roman empire, gave the firſt rude outlines of the fabric; as appears from the compact between the King and his Barons, and the tenures on which they held their fiefs. We here ſee an acknowledged Sovereign, and order of Nobility, who ſtipulate to perform certain ſervices, on conſideration of the grant of particular lands, or privileges. The King on his ſide promiſes to obſerve theſe privileges inviolate; and in caſe of the non-performance of the contract, *the one ſide has the liberty of ſeeking redreſs by force of arms; the other forfeits his fief, as he has not complied with the tenure by which he held it. The Nobles, after the performance of theſe ſervices, are totally independent; and the Sovereign can be conſidered in no other light than as the head of a powerful confederacy, united by their common intereſt. This is only the rude outline of Monarchical and Ariſtocratical power. The people were then in ſuch a miſerable ſtate of bondage, that ſo far from claiming

* There is a remarkable inſtance of this in the caſe of the ancient Spaniſh Grandees: vide Dr. Robertſon's Preface to his Hiſtory of Charles the Fifth, from whom moſt of the obſervations on the feudal Syſtem are taken.

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claiming any right to a ſhare in the legiſlature, they were conſidered by their Lords as mere cattle; they had not even the liberty of removing from one country to another, without expreſs permiſſion. After the lapſe of ſome centuries, the King, unable to reſtrain his factious Barons by his own power, perceived the neceſſity of counterbalancing their influence by an oppoſite intereſt. To this politic ſcheme we owe the inſtitution of free cities, boroughs, and corporations; which, by diffuſing the ſpirit of liberty, were the original cauſe of diſpelling the darkneſs which hung over Europe for ages: this too ſeems the firſt attempt to diſtinguiſh the people as a diſtinct body under a Monarchy. To mark the different gradations from the firſt imperfect ſketch to the finiſhed plan might fill a volume. To the reader who wiſhes to be more amply informed on this intereſting ſubject, the author beforementioned will be a copious ſource of information. He may convince himſelf of what has been advanced, by an example exiſting at this moment; I mean the Empire of Germany, whoſe conſtitution is ſtill ſtrictly feudal. The Emperor is ſtill Elective, though the crown has been ſo long ſecured to the houſe of Auſtria; the different Electors and Princes

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of the Empire are abſolute in their own dominions; and the only places where the people have any influence, are in the imperial or free cities.

But here, as on all other occaſions, I ſhould wiſh to avoid the error into which many ingenious men have fallen, too much refinement. Inſtead of ſurveying the tranſactions of paſt ages calmly and impartially; inſtead of placing themſelves, as far as they are able, in the ſame ſituation, and conſidering the different paſſions, which influenced them, and thereby judging of the cauſes which produced their correſponding effects; they behold them through the medium of the prejudices or principles, which education, or the colour of the times they live in have produced, and attribute the refinements of modern times, to the barbariſm of the firſt ages. It is not to be ſuppoſed, that when men firſt paid a voluntary obedience to him, whom they conſidered as the father of his family, that obedience reſulted from a conſideration of the neceſſity of legal ſubordination; or that when the Chieftain of a barbarous nation, and his Barons, raiſed the rude ſtructure of feudal government, they reflected on the balance of power ſo neceſſary to the regulation of a well-formed State.

The

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The firſt, by a kind of inſtinctive veneration obeyed him, whom from his infancy he had been taught to revere as the Father of his race; the latter, intereſted, and uninfluenced by patriotic principles, knew no other motive than the love of plunder and rapine; he fought not for others, but himſelf; he exacted the price of his toil with unrelenting vigour; and in purſuing as he thought the beſt means to ſecure his own poſſeſſions, he unknowingly laid the foundations of a better inſtitution. From this reaſoning it is not to be concluded, that in a more poliſhed period men did not guard their liberties by laws expreſſly calculated for that purpoſe. Holland and England are ſtrong inſtances to the contrary; ſince the laws of both, were framed at a time, when ſociety was in a more advanced period; and conſequently ſuch political refinement might be attributed to them without incurring the charge of abſurdity.

From this view we may ſee, that as * Monarchy may degenerate into Tyranny, Ariſtocracy into Oligarchy, and Democracy into Anarchy, that Conſtitution which can unite the various excellencies of each without the defects, will approach neareſt to perfection.

To

* Machiavel

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To expatiate on a ſubject, which has filled volumes, would be uſeleſs; and I only wiſh to add a few remarks, to the number of thoſe which have been already made. England, from the peculiarity of her conſtitution, is placed in a very ſingular ſituation. We have ſeen the liberties of the nations around us gradually ſinking, whilſt our own have as gradually been increaſed and ſtrengthened, from the very blows which ſeemed to threaten their deſtruction; they are not the ſickly productions of the moment, but the vigorous offſpring of time and wiſdom. The Kings of France and Spain, by a ſeries of ſucceſsful efforts, have impoſed the yoke of abſolute dominion on their ſubjects; and Sweden has voluntarily reſigned her rights: England is at preſent the only monarchy, where the Regal power is under any limitation. In ſpeaking of our conſtitution, the fault of too much refinement has frequently been incurred, the antiquity of the Parliament has been carried beyond its due bounds, even to the Saxon æra; and the conſtitution ſuppoſed to have exiſted almoſt in its preſent form, from the date of the Magna Charta. That famous deed it is true, is the grand foundation on which we have built our ſyſtem; but in its original intent it only

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ſecured the privileges of the Barons, without any conſideration of the people. The cautious policy of Henry the Seventh firſt gave any weight to the Commons in this nation; but his imperious Son effectually checked their growing influence, and kept them in the moſt ſervile ſubjection: and Elizabeth, who with the pride, had imbibed the deſpotic principles of her father, did not allow them a greater latitude. Under the mild and pacific adminiſtration of James, the Commons acquired a greater degree of importance than they had hitherto been accuſtomed to; but even then it was not uſual to aſſemble the Parliament, as a regular part of the Legiſlature, except when the King demanded any ſupplies. In the reign of the unfortunate Charles, they aſſumed a bolder tone, denied the King's power of taxation without their conſent; and in the famous Petition of Rights, inſiſted on being regularly aſſembled once in three years. From this æra we may date the exiſtence of our conſtitution in its preſent form. The limits between the Regal prerogative, and popular privileges, were exactly aſcertained; the due balance between the three Eſtates of King, Lords, and Commons was fixed; and no further room for alteration or diſpute left. The laſt and finiſhing

ſtroke

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ſtroke was the Bill of Rights, confirmed by William the Third, after the expulſion of James the Second. Theſe rights and privileges it is our fortune to enjoy unimpaired; and may they be tranſmitted to future ages, as perfect as we have received them.

I have thus endeavoured to give a ſhort analyſis of the progreſs of Government, in a manner that appeared to me moſt natural. To the deep read politician this Eſſay may ſeem trivial, and its contents ſuperficial; I am conſcious that the obſervations have not the force of novelty, or the depth of reflection; but if I have collected in a narrower compaſs, what before was ſcattered through volumes, in a manner that may prove beneficial to my fellow citizens; if I inſpire one patriotic ſentiment, or inflame one ſpark of that laudable ambition, which is the ſource of all great actions: if any of the *future great* ſhall acknowledge, that he is in the leaſt indebted to the aſſiſtance and inſtructions of GREGORY GRIFFIN, my labours are fully compenſated,

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No. XXIV.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *April* 30, 1787.

An quodcunquee facit Mæcenas te quoque verum eſt?
Whate'er Mæcenas does muſt thou do too?

IT is a common obſervation, with thoſe who obſerve at all, that thoſe paſſions, which under the guidance of a ſtrong mind, are moſt conſiſtent with the dignity of human nature; when they aſſume abſolute dominion over a weak one, tend moſt effectually to vilify and debaſe it.

Of theſe perhaps, ſpeaking comprehenſively of its good and evil, there is none ſo generally beneficial to ſociety as emulation; for there is hardly an eminent character, in whatever line of greatneſs, but has been originally drawn from indolence and obſcurity,

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obſcurity, by the example of ſuperior excellence; and the hopes of attaining thoſe heights, to which ſome daring adventurer has previouſly led the way.

To avoid mentioning the innumerable inſtances of this which every day croud upon our obſervation, I will rather examine to what pernicious effects this glorious enthuſiaſm may lead, when operating on a mind incapable of directing it: or intoxicated by habitual ſucceſs and adulation.

Alexander the Great, whoſe admiration for the bravery of Achilles, blinded him to the vicious exceſſes which every where characterize that hero, never ſullied his victories more than by his imitation of an action, which the poet has even been cenſured for attributing to a man in whom he deſigned to repreſent the moſt finiſhed idea of barbarous virtue. At the ſiege of Gaza, exaſperated at the obſtinate reſiſtance of Betis, the Eunuch of Darius, he inhumanly inſulted that virtue, which even in an enemy claims reſpect, by dragging him round thoſe walls he had ſo gallantly defended; quoting the cruel treatment of Hector, though he had not even the plea, inſufficient as it was,

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was, which palliates this piece of barbitrary in his great model of excellence.

But if we turn with horror from this inſtance of weakneſs, we cannot but ſmile at the ridiculous ſervility of the famous Pyrrhus, who afterwards carried his imitation of Alexander to ſuch lengths, as to affect even his deformities; and we are told, that a happy ſimilarity to his predeceſſor, in an elegant wry neck, was no uncommon topic of flattery among his courtiers.

When we ſee men who are held up as the pageants of human grandeur, upon whoſe deciſions, nay almoſt ideas, depended the revolutions of empires, ſo ſubject to the failings of human nature, we cannot be ſurprized at finding a faithful tranſcript of the paſſions by which they have been biaſſed, in the heroes of our little republic; and a ſimilar imitation of thoſe, whoſe characters or abilities have procured them the admiration of their fellow-citizens.

When I call it a republic, I ſpeak at random on a ſubject on which in ſome future lucubration I may dwell longer; and introduce to the Politi-

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cians of the great world, a ſyſtem of government which is conſiſtent with none which the power of legiſlature has hitherto been able to regulate: A government, which though founded on the law of the ſtrongeſt, is ſo tempered with the principles of equity, as to have ſubſiſted for centuries without any material revolution: An Ariſtocracy of ſuch gradual progreſſion from deſpotiſm to ſlavery, as to render the diſtance leſs oppreſſive, though not leſs aweful: And honours and offices of ſtate ſo equally divided, as to hold out to every individual a certainty of one day enjoying them.

Nor however has this uninterrupted ſameneſs proceeded from a want of geniuſſes to conduct a revolution; we too have had our Catilines and Clodii, the daring incendiaries of the moſt threatening commotions; and our de Witts and Barnevelts, the patriotic oppoſers of illegal oppreſſion. Many a Cooke has been employed in the regulation of our birthnight navy; and the order of a Montem given riſe to the moſt intereſting debates in our Senate-Houſe.

In this, however, as in all other governments, the character of the community will vary with that of

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of its moſt diſtinguiſhed members. The Gymnaſium, the Mall, the Lyceum, and the Dilettanti, have by turns prevailed, and each produced extraordinary originals, whoſe imitation has for a time been the ambition of their diſciples; till in a few generations it has of itſelf grown obſolete, or been ſuperſeded by ſome new object of faſhionable amuſement.

Acanthio was of that ſect of Philoſophers which the generality of mankind term oddities; and by nature formed to anſwer Democritus's idea of a poet. The mad enthuſiaſm of genius forced him ſo far from the center of common ſenſe, that his character unconſciouſly comprehended all thoſe ſingularities which Horace aſcribes to the affectation of the Roman poetaſters. His beard was not cultivated as the badge of wiſdom, or teſtimony of Stoiciſm; on the contrary, he made frequent attempts to get rid of ſo unfaſhionable a companion; and would certainly have effected his purpoſe, but for the conſtant interruption of ſome impertinent idea between the reſolution and the operation. When ſeized with the ſpouting mania, he gave a looſe to the rapture of his imagination, in the oratorical artillery of puffs,

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ſtamps, and roars, with ſo formidable an action on his natural crabbed ſeverity of phiz, as frequently to entertain the ſpectators with ſome mixture of terror.

It was fortunate for him, when he had full ſpace for the overboilings of this phrenzy; but as he was never entirely ſecure, very dangerous ſymptoms of it often attacked him in the narrow compaſs of his apartment. Upon theſe occaſions, a chorus of Rowley ſeldom ſubſided without the demolition of a ſet of China; the bard of Morven frequently furniſhed a week's work for a carpenter; and the Dircean ſwan has been known to commit open acts of hoſtility againſt his peaceable neighbours of the ſhelf, till actually checked in his mid career by the ſeaſonable interpoſition of a proſtrate table.

Being one day earneſtly engaged in an argument with Plato on his ideal world, he was ſo enraged at the obſtinate inſenſibility of a mahogony elbow chair, which was the temporary repreſentative of that Philoſopher, that in the height of his reſentment, he ſprung forward to enforce conviction by the *argumentum baculinum*, and

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and fell over the object of his vengeance on the floor. Finding himself grievously discomfited by a violent contusion on the forehead, while his hardheaded antagonist still maintained his point with the same phlegmatic coolness, he began to express his sensations, by dancing round the room, and roaring lustily for wet brown paper, in a yell, between pain, rage, and disappointment. Upon the timely application however of this remedy, a dispute was settled, which might otherwise have terminated in an open rupture.

These, and many other peculiarities, constituted a character of which Soricius is a professed imitator. But unhappily the affected singularity of the latter, has not the excuse of genius, which palliates the capricious eccentricity of the former. In short, he attempts to effect by art, what nature alone can render agreeable; for an oddity is an animal, whose innate and unconscious qualities are his only recommendation; the moment therefore he has any assumed virtues, he becomes disgusting. Soricius, it is true, has the appearance of absence, but he takes care to inform you that it is real. If you remind him of having forgotten any

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any thing, he will exclaim with a ſimper, "*he, he, "he, laud I am ſo forgetful!*" but is ſure upon ſearch to find it carefully depoſited; and if ever he ventures a ſouſing or a broken ſhin in ſupport of his character, has always clean linen and plaiſters in readineſs for a thorough repair.

But as no part of an oddity's apparatus is ſo conducive to his ſucceſs as his collection of rhapſodies, he has provided himſelf with a very ample claſſical budget; and that he may add the recommendation of novelty, has ſtored it from thoſe treaſures of elocution which no dabbler in the art has ever entered on, ſuch as the intereſting narrative of Homer's Catalogue; the glorious extravagancies of Lucan's battles; and the inſtructive ſoftneſs of Virgil's directions for ſowing wheat, and breeding bullocks. Nay, he has even attempted a higher excellence, and undertaken to model the worn-out trifles of Anacreon and Catullus, into novelty, with the aſſiſtance of an heroic deep baſs; and to deceive the moſt competent judges, with Pindar's Olympiads, in a charming *piano*.

Many

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Many ſuch portraits might be drawn, and perhaps from the life, of ſervile imitation; but I ſhould hope it was ſufficiently evident to every one, whoſe reaſon will tell him that he is an independent being, that the imitation of errors is the moſt glaring proof of a weak underſtanding. And that the affectation of that eccentricity which is allowable in true genius alone, is in any thing below mediocrity, like an attempt at the bold animation of a Raphael in the Saracen's-Head; or the venerable gloom of a Salvator, in the foliage of the royal oak. C

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

ANTISUPERBUS I would adviſe to lay down the pen he has ſo haſtily aſſumed; or if the *ſcribendi cacoethes* has taken ſuch ſtrong hold of him that he finds that impoſſible, let him throw his abilities into ſome other channel, as at preſent, I fear, he has miſtaken their bent.---The ſame hint taken in time, might ſave the reputation of his unintelligible aſſociate.

Much as I am obliged to A BARRISTER for his elegant extract, as the circumſtances wear an air of truth, and my lucubrations might poſſibly fall into the hands of the parties, I fear it would too deeply wound the feelings of a diſtreſſed family for inſertion.

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No. XXV.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *May* 7, 1787.

Interdum populus recte putat eſt ubi peccat.
——————the peoples voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.—POPE.

PROVERBIAL expreſſions, and received opinions, have uſually been conſidered as an abridgement of national wiſdom, and are perhaps the beſt guides to the character or genius of a people. And it is not improbable, that the extenſion of this method of enquiry, to the eſtabliſhed opinions and received ideas of mankind in general, may lead us to a more perfect and general knowledge of them.

That the mind of man is not framed for happineſs, is a principle, of the truth of which perhaps the moſt certain criterion is its popularity.

At

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At the revival of learning, the idea of gradual and progreſſive degeneracy obtained very ſtrongly; and whether it contributed in any meaſure to the ſtudy of the ancients, or what is more probable, was derived from the inferiority viſible in their imitators, its prevalence was unlimited, and its authority unqueſtioned. How far a ſervile reverence and ſcrupulous imitation of antiquity is compatible with the efforts of learning and genius, may be ſeen in the attempts of an age, whoſe diligence was unequalled, and whoſe genius ours has no right to ſuppoſe inferior to her own. But it may be objected, that the qualities of the heart, if not thoſe of the head, may be improved by a converſe with antiquity; that if the ſcience of barbarous nations is rude, their morality at leaſt is pure. To fall into errors authorized by the example of a ſuperior, has frequently afforded a deſpicable gratification to men of inferior abilities; and the ſcrupulous ſtickler for obſolete antiquity, may be pleaſed to find his error common to the ableſt politicians of declining Rome. That great empire in a ſtate of decay, has been aptly characterized by her hiſtorian, as the theatre in which the ſcenes of a more virtuous age were acted over again; but without the principle or ſpirit of the real perſonages. This was the error of a Phyſi-

cian,

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cian, who would treat an infirm patient as if he was in youth and health, as the only means of restoring him to both; and the only circumstances which render the former folly the more excuseable, are its greater frequency, and that appearance of earneſtneſs, which the voluntary aſſumption of more rigid manners carries with it. Perhaps, the reſult of all ſerious enquiries on this ſubject will be, that, in the moral, as well as the phyſical world, there is a correſpondent propriety in every member, as far as its relation to the reſt is conſidered; and that the manners of every age and nation have as much propriety in their deſignation, as the paſſions peculiar to the different periods of Life, and the inſtinctive qualities of the animal world.

The ſtriking analogy which ſubſiſts between the two firſt, may afford matter for a digreſſion, which my readers will the more readily pardon, as it ariſes immediately from the ſubject, contributes in ſome meaſure to illuſtrate it, and throws light on a ſimilitude whoſe leading features ſeem to have ſtruck every obſerver; but whoſe more minute correſponding peculiarities have never been traced with any degree of accuracy. The firſt attempts of a riſing ſtate, ſtruggling into eminence and obſervation,

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ſervation, the ſtrength of an eſtabliſhed conſtitution, and the weakneſs of declining empire, have ſo ſtrong an analogy to the firſt efforts of infancy, the confirmed vigor of maturity, and the debility of age, that expreſſions adopted into one from the other are hardly conſidered as metaphorical; and are to be met with in ſtyles the moſt unadorned, or even the flow of common converſation.

The progreſs of national refinement, conſidered as analogous to the improvement of perſonal taſte, may perhaps furniſh a leſs trite, and more intereſting ſubject of diſcuſſion.

The objects with which children are moſt delighted, are ſuch as ſtrike moſt forcibly upon the ſenſes; the ſimpleſt tunes, the ſweeteſt taſtes, a fanciful aſſociation of the moſt gawdy colours, are moſt agreeable to our infancy; and a fondneſs for ſimilar objects, is a certain indication of a national taſte in the firſt ſtages of cultivation; an implicit credulity in what they hear, and the utmoſt deference to the authority of what they read, is another leading characteriſtic of childhood; inſomuch, that a ſyſtem of education, which confines its pupils to ignorance, has been grounded on the fear of imbibing early, and miſtaken opinions.

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nions. The grand and fundamental error which makes this ſyſtem entirely impracticable, is the ſuppoſition, that the implicit adherence to ſuperior authority was to be deſtroyed, not by the reſearches of Learning, but the advances of Age. Unprejudiced ignorance is always diffident; and to this cauſe are to be attributed the credulity of childhood, and that readineſs with which a barbarous age receives the opinions of a ſuperior genius.

A mind too ignorant or too indolent for reflection, is pleaſed to repoſe itſelf under the ſhadow of ſome great authority; and to adopt a ſet of dogmas implicitly, without heſitation or enquiry. Hence, in our earlieſt moral writers, almoſt every ſentence is prefaced with an authority for the ſentiment it contains; and in Spain, a country ſome centuries behind the reſt of Europe in point of taſte and learning, the ſame ſpecies of writing ſtill ſubſiſts.

Of all the periods of human life, the paſſions and opinions of youth are perhaps the moſt remarkable; the mind perceives a ſenſible dilation of its faculties, becomes jealous of an unprejudiced freedom of enquiry, and aſhamed of that implicit deference it had formerly entertained for the opinions

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opinions of others. New ſyſtems are daily raiſed, inveterate prejudices examined and rejected, and we flatter ourſelves for a while with the ſufficiency of private obſervation, and unaſſiſted endeavours; the ardor of innovation at length ſubſides, and we diſcover in time that a credulous attention to the opinions of others, and a blind confidence in our own, are equally inſufficient for the purſuits of truth and wiſdom.

If we ſhould trace back the progreſs of natural ſcience, to the firſt Dawn that diſpelled the clouds of prejudice and error, we ſhould diſcover a number of circumſtances, parallel to thoſe in the improvement of perſonal knowledge; the immediate rejection of all received opinions, and the readineſs with which a new ſyſtem is embraced, are circumſtances common to both, and highly characteriſtic.

After the exiſtence of a ſimilitude between the progreſs of perſonal and of popular taſte has been proved, it would be needleſs to vindicate the propriety of either; I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to an examination of the reaſons from which an idea of modern inferiority has ariſen.

Man,

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Man, though conſtantly in purſuit of happineſs, ſo ſeldom appears to be in poſſeſſion of his object, that his conſtant failure of ſucceſs has been attributed to a ſuppoſed defect in his formation; a principle that offers to its followers ſo compendious a protection from the feelings of conſcious humiliation, and the agonies of conviction and remorſe, could hardly fail of being popular; the invention of lenitives, ſimilar in their effect, though not equally comprehenſive in their operation, had long employed the invention of mankind. The narratives of our firſt adventurers were filled with deſcriptions of more favoured realms, where the manners of patriarchal life were ſuppoſed to exiſt among a people unenvied, and undiſturbed; in a ſimplicity as happy, as it was innocent: While the volumes of our earlieſt moraliſts, were filled with the idea of progreſſive degeneracy, againſt which, as it was impoſſible to ſucceed, ſo was it uſeleſs to contend.

The diſcoveries of navigation, and the lights of reviving learning, were for a time inſufficient to convince our anceſtors, that there had not been a period in which men were wiſer, or a land in which they were happier than themſelves. The viſionary worlds of Bacon and Sir Thomas More, have

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have a ſituation aſſigned them, in ſome part of the globe then unknown; and Spenſer's lines, in which he obviates any objections that might ariſe to the actual exiſtence of "*his delightfull lond of Faëry*," are ſo curious for the ſubject, and method of reaſoning, as to deſerve citation.

Right-well I wote moſt mighty Soueraine,
That all this famous antique hiſtory,
Of ſome th' aboundance of an idle braine
Will iudged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of iuſt memory;
Sith none, that breatheth living aire, does know,
Where is this happy lond of Faëry,
Which I ſo much do vaunt, yet no where ſhow
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

But let that man with better ſenſe adviſe,
That to the world leaſt part to vs is red:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great regions are diſcouered,
Which to late age were never mentioned.
Who euer heard of the Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous veſſell meaſured
The Amazons huge riuer now found trew?
Or fruitfulleſt Virginia who did euer vew?

Yet

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Yet all theſe were, when no man did them know;
Yet haue from wiſeſt ages hidden beene:
And later times things more unknown ſhall ſhow.
Why then ſhould witleſs man ſo much miſweene
That nothing is, but that which he hath ſeene?
What if within the moons faire ſhining ſpheare?
What if in every other ſtar vnſeene
Of other worldes he happily ſhould heare?
He wonder would much more yet ſuch to ſome appeare.

An argument of the actual exiſtence of a country, derived from the impoſſibility of demonſtrating the contrary, was ſo ſingular, that I could not reſiſt the temptation of offering it to my readers. Theſe viſionary obſtacles to perfection did not vaniſh before the morning of ſcience; on the contrary, from ſome circumſtances before obſerved, they ſeem to have gained additional terrors. Milton himſelf was under apprehenſions, that his poem was produced too late for admiration, if not for excellence; and our Anceſtors were long content to believe themſelves born in an age too late, or a climate too cold, for the attainment of Perfection. In the firſt it will be ſufficient to obſerve, that countries, the leaſt poliſh'd by literature, or civilized by commercial intercourſe, have always been found the moſt reſolute aſſerters of their ancient dignity;

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nity; a cauſe to which we muſt attribute the prolix catalogue of Scotiſh monarchs, and the mileſian colony of the Iriſh antiquaries. The ſecond, as the malice of my enquiry does not war with the dead, I ſhall not examine; the very exiſtence of ſuch an opinion may in time become doubtful.

There are perhaps few popular opinions, ſo repugnant as the former to truth and reaſon, which may not be traced to their origin, in an inventive mind, occupied rather in palliating its omiſſions by ingenious excuſes, than in avoiding them by a determined activity; and the moſt ſpecious are ſeldom recurred to but as the lenitives of reflection, on the painful retroſpect of waſted time, and abilities miſapplied. D

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

I cannot comply with the requeſt of NUMA, as it would be highly preſumptuous in me to engage in any religious controverſy.---ALFRED ſhall be attended to,--but may depend upon proper enquiry being made at the Herald's-Office, with regard to the performance of his promiſe.---CHRISTOPHER CUTJOKE ſhall appear.

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No. XXVI.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *May* 14, 1787.

Fabula nullius veneris, ſine pondere, et arte.—Hor.
A ſilly ſtory, without weight, or art.

NOVEL-WRITING has by ſome late authors been aptly enough ſtyled the younger ſiſter of Romance. A family likeneſs indeed is very evident; and in their leading features, though in the one on a more enlarged, and in the other on a more contracted ſcale, a ſtrong reſemblance is eaſily diſcoverable between them.

An eminent characteriſtic of each is Fiction; a quality, which they poſſeſs, however, in very different

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different degrees. The Fiction of ROMANCE is reſtricted by no fetters of reaſon, or of truth; but gives a looſe to lawleſs imagination, and tranſgreſſes at will the bounds of time and place, of nature, and poſſibility. The fiction of the other on the contrary is ſhackled with a thouſand reſtraints; is checked in her moſt rapid progreſs by the barriers of reaſon; and bounded in her moſt excurſive flights by the limits of probability.

To drop our metaphors: we ſhall not indeed find in NOVELS, as in ROMANCES, the Hero ſighing reſpectfully at the feet of his miſtreſs, during a ten years courtſhip in a wilderneſs; nor ſhall we be entertained with the hiſtory of ſuch a tour, as that of *Saint George*; who, mounting his horſe one morning in *Cappadocia*, takes his way through *Meſopotamia*, then turns to his right into *Illyria*, and ſo by way of *Grecia* and *Thracia*, arrives in the afternoon in *England*. To ſuch glorious violations as theſe of time and place, ROMANCE writers have an excluſive claim. NOVELISTS uſually find it more convenient to change the ſcene of courtſhip from a deſart to a drawing-room; and far from thinking it neceſſary to lay a ten years ſiege to the affections of their heroine, they contrive

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contrive to carry their point in an hour or two; as well for the ſake of enhancing the character of their hero, as for eſtabliſhing their favourite maxim of *love at firſt ſight*; and their Hero, who ſeldom, extends his travels beyond the turnpike-road, is commonly content to chuſe the ſafer, though leſs expeditious, conveyance of a poſt-chaiſe, in preference to ſuch a horſe as that of *Saint George*.

But theſe peculiarities of abſurdity alone excepted, we ſhall find, that the NOVEL is but a more modern modification of the ſame ingredients which conſtitute the ROMANCE; and that a *recipe* for the one may be equally ſerviceable for the compoſition of the other.

A ROMANCE (generally ſpeaking) conſiſts of a number of ſtrange events, with a Hero in the middle of them; who, being an adventurous Knight, wades through them to one grand deſign, namely, the emancipation of ſome captive Princeſs, from the oppreſſion of a mercileſs Giant; for the accompliſhment of which purpoſe he muſt ſet at nought the incantations of the caitiff magician; muſt ſcale the ramparts of his caſtle; and baffle the

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the vigilance of the female dragon, to whose custody his Heroine is committed.

Foreign as they may at first sight seem from the purposes of a NOVEL, we shall find, upon a little examination, that these are in fact the very circumstances, upon which the generality of them are built; modernized indeed in some degree by the trifling transformations of merciless Giants into austere Guardians, and of she-dragons into Maiden Aunts. We must be contented also that the Heroine, though retaining her tenderness, be divested of her royalty; and in the Hero we must give up the Knight-errant for the accomplished Fine Gentleman.

Still, however, though the performers are changed, the characters themselves remain nearly the same. In the Guardian we trace all the qualities which distinguish his ferocious predecessor; substituting only, in the room of magical incantations, a little plain cursing and swearing; and the Maiden Aunt retains all the prying vigilance, and suspicious malignity; in short, every endowment, but the claws, which characterize her romantic counterpart. The Hero of a NOVEL has not

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not indeed any opportunity of diſplaying his courage in the ſcaling of a rampart, or his generoſity in the deliverance of enthralled multitudes; but as it is neceſſary that a Hero ſhould ſignalize himſelf by both theſe qualifications, it is uſual to manifeſt the one by climbing the garden wall, or leaping the park-paling in defiance of "*ſteel traps and ſpring guns*;" and the other, by flinging a crown to each of the poſt-boys, on alighting from his chaiſe and four.

In the article of *interviews*, the two ſpecies of compoſition are pretty much on an equality; provided only, that they are ſupplied with a "*quantum ſufficit*" of moonlight, which is an indiſpenſible requiſite; it being the etiquette for the Moon to appear particularly conſcious on theſe occaſions. For the adorer, when permitted to pay his vows at the ſhrine of his Divinity, cuſtom has eſtabliſhed in both caſes a pretty univerſal form of prayer.

Thus far the writers of NOVEL and ROMANCE ſeem to be on a very equal footing; to enjoy ſimilar advantages, and to merit equal admiration. We are now come to a very material point, in which ROMANCE has but ſlender claims to comparative

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parative excellence; I mean, the choice of *names* and *titles*. However lofty and ſonorous the names of *Amadis* and *Orlando*; however tender and delicate may be thoſe of *Zorayda* and *Roxana*, are they to be compared with the attractive alliteration, the ſeducing ſoftneſs of *Lydia Lovemore*, and *Sir Harry Harlowe*; of *Frederic Freelove*, and *Clariſſa Clearſtarch?* Or can the ſimple "*Don Belianis, of Greece*," or the "*Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*," trick out ſo enticing a title page, and awaken ſuch pleaſing expectations, as the "*Innocent Adultery*," the "*Tears of Senſibility*," or the "*Amours of the Count de D* * * * *, and L——y ——————?*"

It occurs to me, while I am writing this, that as there has been of late years ſo conſiderable a conſumption of *names* and *titles*, as to have exhauſted all the efforts of invention, and ranſacked all the alliterations of the alphabet; it may not be amiſs to inform all NOVELISTS, male and female, who under theſe circumſtances, muſt neceſſarily wiſh, with *Falſtaff*, to know "*where a commodity of good names may be bought*," that at my WAREHOUSE for WIT, I have laid in a great number of the above articles, of the moſt faſhionable and approved patterns. Ladies may ſuit themſelves with a vaſt variety,

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riety, adapted to every compoſition of the kind; whether they may chuſe them to conſiſt of two Adjectives only, as the "*Generous Inconſtant*,"—the "*Fair Fugitive*,"—or the name of a place, as "*Grogram Grove*,"—"*Gander Green*,"—or whether they prefer the ſtill newer method of coupling perſons and things with an "or," as "*Louiſa*; or, the *Purling Stream*"—"*Eſtifania*; or, the *Abbey in the Dale*,"—*Eliza*; or, the *Little Houſe on the Hill*." Added to theſe, I have a complete aſſortment of names for every individual that can find a place in a NOVEL; from the *Belviles* and *Beverleys* of high life, to the *Humphreyſes* and *Gubbinſes* of low; ſuited to all ages, ranks, and profeſſions; to perſons of every ſtamp, and characters of every denomination.

In painting the ſcenes of *low life*, the NOVEL again enjoys the moſt deciſive ſuperiority. ROMANCE indeed ſometimes makes uſe of the groſſer ſentiments, and leſs refined affections of the *Squire* and the *Confidante*, as a foil to the delicate adoration, the platonic purity, which marks the love of the Hero, and ſuits the ſenſibility of his Miſtreſs. But where ſhall we find ſuch a thorough knowledge of nature, ſuch an inſight into the human heart, as is diſplayed by our NOVELISTS; when, as an agreeable

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able relief from the inſipid ſameneſs of polite inſincerity, they condeſcend to pourtray in coarſe colours, the workings of more genuine paſſions in the boſom of *Dolly*, the dairy-maid, or *Hannah*, the houſe-maid?

When on ſuch grounds, and on a plan uſually very ſimilar to the one I have here endeavoured to ſketch, are founded by far the greater number of thoſe NOVELS, which croud the teeming catalogue of a circulating library; is it to be wondered at, that they are ſought out with ſuch avidity, and run through with ſuch delight, by all thoſe (a conſiderable part of my fellow-citizens) who cannot reſiſt the impulſe of curioſity, or withſtand the allurements of a title page? Can we be ſurprized, that they look forward, with expecting eagerneſs, to that inundation of delicious nonſenſe, with which the preſs annually overflows; replete as it is with ſtories without invention, anecdotes without novelty, obſervations without aptneſs, and reflections without morality?

Under this deſcription come the generality of theſe performances. There are no doubt, a multitude of exceptions. The paths which a *Fielding* and

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and a *Richardſon* have trodden, muſt be ſacred. Were I to prophane theſe by impertinent criticiſm, I might with juſtice be accuſed of avowed enmity to wit; of open apoſtacy from true feeling, and true taſte.

But let me hope to ſtand excuſed from the charge of preſumption, if even here I venture ſome obſervations, which I am confident, muſt have occurred to many; and to which almoſt every-body, when reminded of them, will be ready to give a hearty concurrence.

Is not the NOVEL of *Tom Jones*, however excellent a work in itſelf, generally put too early into our hands, and propoſed too ſoon to the imitation of children? That it is a character drawn faithfully from Nature, by the hand of a maſter, moſt accurately delineated, and moſt exquiſitely finiſhed, is indeed indiſputable. But is it not alſo a character, in whoſe ſhades the lines of right and wrong, of propriety and miſconduct, are ſo intimately blended, and ſoftened into each other, as to render it too difficult for the indiſcriminating eye of childhood to diſtinguiſh between rectitude and error? Are not its imperfections ſo nearly allied

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allied to excellence, and does not the exceſs of its good qualities, bear ſo ſtrong an affinity to imperfection, as to require a more matured judgment, a more accurate penetration, to point out the line where virtue ends, and vice begins? The arguments urged in oppoſition to this are, that it is a faithful copy of Nature.—Undoubtedly it is—but is Nature to be held up to the view of childhood, in every light, however unamiable; to be exhibited in every attitude, however unbecoming? The Hero's connexion with *Miſs Seagrim*, for inſtance, and the ſuppoſed conſequences of it are very natural no doubt; are they therefore objects worthy of imitation? But that a Child muſt admire the character, is certain; that he ſhould wiſh to imitate what he admires, follows of courſe; and that it is much more eaſy to imitate faults, than excellencies, is an obſervation too trite, I fear, not to be well founded. A character virtuous and amiable in the aggregate, but vicious in particular parts, is much more dangerous to a mind, prone to imitation, as that of youth naturally is, than one wicked and vicious in the extreme. The one is an open aſſault of an avowed enemy, which every one has judgment to ſee, and conſequently fortitude to reſiſt; the other is the the treacherous attack

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attack of an insidious invader; who makes the passions his agents to blind the judgment, and bribes the understanding to betray the heart.—Such is the character of *Jones*. He interests our affections at the moment that his actions revolt against our ideas of propriety; nor can even his infidelity to *Sophia*, however ungrateful, nor his connexion with *Lady Bellaston*, though perhaps the most degrading situation in which human nature can be viewed, materially lessen him in our esteem and admiration. On these grounds therefore, though there cannot be a more partial admirer of the work itself, I cannot hesitate a moment to consider that "faultless monster" *Sir Charles Grandison*, whose insipid uniformity of goodness it is so fashionable to decry, far the more preferable to be held up to a child, as an object of imitation. The only objection urged to this is, that *Grandison* is too perfect to be imitated with success. And to what does this argument amount? truly this it tends to prove, that an imitator cannot come up to his original; consequently, the surest way to become a *Jones*, is to aim at being a *Grandison*: for according to that argument, let a man rate his virtue at the highest price, and the natural bias of his passions will make

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make him bate ſomething of his valuation.—Hence therefore the character of *Grandiſon* is aſſuredly the properer pattern of the two. An attempt at the imitation of that muſt neceſſarily be productive of ſome attainment in virtue. The character of *Jones* can neither operate as an incitement to virtue, or a diſcouragement from vice. He is too faulty for the one, and too excellent for the other. Even his good qualities muſt, on an undiſcerning mind, have a bad effect; ſince, by faſcinating its affections, they render it blind to his foibles; and the Character becomes the more dangerous, in proportion as it is the more amiable.

But to return from this long digreſſion, to the conſideration of NOVELS in general.—Some of my fellow-citizens may perhaps conjecture, that I have affected to undervalue them from intereſted motives; and that I would wean them from their ſtudy of them, for the purpoſe only of increaſing the demand for my own lucubrations. To wipe off any ſuſpicions of the kind, and to prove to them that my only motives are a view to their advantage, I promiſe, in the courſe of a few Numbers, to point out to the obſervation, and recommend to the peruſal of profeſſed NOVEL-readers,

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readers, a ſet of books, which they now treat with undeſerved contempt; but from which I will prove, that they may derive at leaſt, as much entertainment, and certainly much more uſeful inſtruction, than from the dull details of unmeaning ſentiment, and inſipid converſation; of incidents the moſt highly unnatural, and events the moſt totally unintereſting. B

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

VERNACULUS's account of the Firſt of *May* is all very true. ---TOGATUS muſt have entered very dully into the ſpirit of the Numbers he objects to; I ſhall exemplify my *power of rejection*, in the non-inſertion of his Letter.---I ſhall be happy in the future correſpondence of SIMON SNUBNOSE; at preſent I fear he glances too much on Politics for admiſſion.---L. is received, and will, I truſt, find himſelf ſatisfied. I will enſure his noſe, and VIR BONUS.

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No. XXVII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *May* 21, 1787.

Virtutem incolumen odimus,
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.—HOR.

Though living Virtue we deſpiſe,
We follow her when dead with envious eyes.
FRANCIS.

IT has generally been the fate of illuſtrious merit, to be perſecuted and reviled, neglected and oppreſſed, when living; and expoſed to the deriſion of the ignorant, and the wanton inſults of the unfeeling. The brave has been ſtigmatized as a coward, the patriot has been accuſed of treachery, the philoſopher of atheiſm, the poet and the hiſtorian of plagiariſm, infidelity, and partiality.

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ality. When dead, it has been loaded with ſuperfluous honors, and the powers of flattery and panegyric exhauſted to decorate its tomb. A patron has given a ſumptuous burial to him, whom living he ſuffered to ſtarve in a garret, or rot in a jail; and a nation has erected a monument of her gratitude over the remains of a Stateſman or a General, whom ſhe had exiled from his country, or meanly deprived of the juſt reward of his exertions and abilities. The tide, when too late, takes a different turn; and as extremes are always oppoſite, a blind adoration is paid to the memory of him who not long before was the object of public hatred or contempt. Let us endeavour to trace to its ſource the cauſe of ſuch an impolitic mode of treatment, which ſeems to throw ſuch an effectual damp on the ardor of ambition; and check, in its riſe that deſire of glory and emulation of an illuſtrious predeceſſor, which is the only ſource of great actions.

It has been obſerved, that time alone can decide the degree of eſtimation to which every man is entitled; the partialities or prejudices of contemporaries exalt or depreſs every virtue, heighten or palliate every fault, and repreſent every action in the

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the light that is moſt favourable to their different purpoſes of panegyric or invective. It is difficult to find the candid hiſtorian of his own times, who, if deeply concerned in the tranſactions he records, will relate the narrative of contending factions without prejudice or biaſs; and he who expects to find an impartial account in a *Clarendon*, will moſt probably ſearch for that which has never yet exiſted.—By comparing the oppoſite characters of the ſame man, and making a due allowance for the exaggerations on either ſide, by judiciouſly blending the two extremes, and conſidering the effects which his meaſures have had on poſterity, his true character is to be delineated. Few poſſeſs ſuch clear heads and cool paſſions, as to reſiſt the torrent of prejudice and party which aſſails them; and as there is no man who has not ſometimes erred in his conduct, to this, as well as to other cauſes, is the ungrateful treatment of great men to be aſcribed. It is the buſineſs of malice to point out this error, and mankind is too prone ſecretly to wiſh the downfall of thoſe, whoſe abilities have raiſed them above the common level. To us, who judge coolly at a diſtance, whoſe paſſions are not immediately intereſted in the cauſe, it is a ſubject of aſtoniſhment, that men could ever

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have been ſo blind to their own intereſts as to have neglected or ill treated the worthy and the great, at the inſtigation of the profligate and unprincipled; it is an infatuation which is not to be accounted for, unleſs we conſult the emotions of our own hearts. Can the heart fairly ſay, that it has never conceived a prejudice againſt any perſon, either from the principles it has been educated in, from ſome misrepreſentation of any action or ſpeech, or ſome perſonal pique? has it never, from any of theſe motives, felt itſelf inclined to gratify this malice, tho' conſcious of the virtues againſt which it is exerted? Theſe, it is true, are principles, mean, baſe, and contracted, which it is our duty to root out; but ſuch is the frailty of nature, that they always have maintained, and I am afraid always will maintain, an undue influence. I do not mean to vindicate ſuch treatment on theſe grounds, but merely to account for the cauſes of it.

The great, by the ſuperiority of their abilities, depreſs and reſtrain the advancement of others who are haſtening to the ſame goal; and who are equally deſirous, tho' not equally capable, of attaining the ſame heights. Theſe, either conſi-

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der them as obſtacles to their own promotion, whom they muſt remove; or in the fury of blaſted ambition, endeavour to revenge themſelves on the ſuppoſed author of their diſappointments. In a democratical ſtate the multitude are the general inſtruments of their hatred: by a dexterous application to their fears and paſſions; to their fears, in ſuggeſting, that the influence which the glory and ſplendid actions of an individual has conferred on him is dangerous to the whole, and that his great authority has inſpired him with deſigns deſtructive of the common weal; to their paſſions, by reviving the memory and magnifying the heinouſneſs of every petty incident, or unguided ſpeech, and by a malicious perverſion of every little action; they enflame the giddy populace to the perſecution of thoſe, whom they ought to revere as their guardians and protectors. Men of the firſt abilities, as conſcious of their powers, frequently have not that condeſcenſion of manners ſo neceſſary in a popular ſtate. Thoſe trivial events, which it is beneath the dignity of hiſtory to preſerve, have, I doubt not, often contributed to decide the fate of the Patriot or General. We, who have never experienced the haughty demeanour of *Coriolanus*, the rough reproof of *Cato*, and

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whoſe riſe the abilities of a *Cicero* have never impeded, or his vanity never offended, pay the due tribute of admiration to theſe illuſtrious men; we acknowledge their merits, and admire the wiſdom of their conduct, but have never felt the inconveniencies of their defects.

The human mind in general is not ſenſible of the benefits it enjoys, till it has felt the oppoſite inconveniencies; as the body knows not the invaluable bleſſings of health, till it has experienced the miſeries of diſeaſe. Thus in a ſtate, the ſhort ſighted multitude have not a proper eſteem for the value of an able Stateſman, 'till fatal experience has convinced them of his worth; it is in times of real danger that real merit gains its due authority: hence the deep policy of *Auguſtus*, who affected a wiſh to retire from the fatigues of ſtate, that by the ſubſequent confuſion, the *Romans* might have a deeper ſenſe of the bleſſings of his regular adminiſtration.

Thus far on the rewards of public merit.—Let us now conſider the fate of the literary and philoſophical world. That the boldneſs and novelty of opinions in natural or moral philoſophy,

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loſophy, ſhould often draw down perſecution on the heads of thoſe who firſt ventured to maintain them; that *Socrates* ſhould have been charged with Atheiſm, or that the bigotted ſuperſtition of the Catholics ſhould have impriſoned *Galileo*, is not ſo ſurpriſing; but I cannot aſſign an adequate cauſe for the neglect or oppreſſion of literary merit: tho' it is a melancholy fact, that in all ages, literature, and poetry in particular, has been expoſed to poverty, and all its attendant miſeries. That the ſame envy which baniſhed the Stateſman, might in a ſmaller circle influence the breaſts of the rivals for poetic or learned fame; or that the ſnarling critic ſhould wiſh to expoſe every little blemiſh, or decry every beauty, to gratify his own impotent malice, is naturally to be expected; but that the powerful and the rich ſhould ſuffer ſuch abilities to pine in obſcurity, is to me an inexplicable myſtery.

The Poet impedes not their ambition, hinders not their advancement to the higheſt honors; on the contrary, he is the moſt proper, and I think gratitude would make him the moſt willing, to celebrate the laudable ambition, and the well-earned honors of his protector and his patron. Not that the

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the fulſome language of dedication can crown the unworthy head with real glory. The ear is diſguſted with the venal flattery of *Boileau* to *Louis*, but the manly addreſs of *Pope* to *Bolinbroke*, reflects mutual honor on both parties: to ſuch an addreſs, flattery and venality would be imputed by ignorance alone; it is the abuſe of dedication only, which has brought it into diſrepute, ſince in its original intention, nothing could be more equitable, than that the works of genius ſhould be inſcribed to him, to whoſe foſtering care they probably owed their riſe.

There is however one ſpecies of poetry, which either ſtands leſs in need of protection, or from its ſubject, enſures itſelf more immediate ſucceſs. The man who has no reliſh for the ſublime of the Epic, or the terrible of Tragedy, will enter into the ſpirit of a pointed Satire; fear alſo often extorts that protection to the Satyriſt, which liberality refuſed. The famous *Aretine* boaſted, that he not only kept all the European Sovereigns, but even the Sultan himſelf, in dread of his pen.

It may be worth remarking, that painting has eſcaped the general fate of her ſiſter art. The greateſt

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greateſt painters have been univerſally honored when living, and admired when dead. From what ſingular circumſtance can this peculiarity originate? is it, that this art, ſo immediately addreſſing itſelf to the ſenſes, we are leſs liable to be miſled and prejudiced by the opinions of others? it is not in every body's power to determine, whether a poet has borrowed a thought from another, either from his not having ſeen the works of the Poet from whom the thought is ſaid to have been borrowed, or his ignorance of the language in which he wrote; we muſt therefore in ſome meaſure rely on the ſagacity and fidelity of the critic for the charge of plagiariſm. Every body cannot judge whether the plan of the poem is original or well conducted, or whether the hiſtorian relates his facts with accuracy and impartiality; as every body has not leiſure to inform himſelf of the rules for the conduct of poetry, or to examine the authorities whence the Hiſtorian derives his information. In theſe points therefore, and others which depend on the intellectual faculties, we muſt again truſt to the Critic; and the intereſt he may have in decrying the works of an Author, from envy, perſonal pique, or other motives, may in ſome meaſure account for the temporary

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porary neglect of thoſe works: but in thoſe articles which addreſs themſelves to the ſenſes, we are our own judges; we are all qualified to decide on what pleaſes our taſte, tho' that taſte perhaps may be falſe. We need not depend upon critic judgment to determine, whether a couplet is harmonious or not; and we need not wait for the deciſion of the connoiſſeur, to inform us whether a figure is bold and animated, or the colouring juſt and natural. It is true, that the critic is an abler judge of the refinements of poetry, the machinery, and other parts, which depend upon ſkill and judgment; and the connoiſſeur of the due proportion, the effects of light and ſhade, the perſpective, and nicer ſubtleties of painting; but ſtill the leſs ſkilful and caſual obſerver, is competent to form his opinion on the grand outline of the whole.

It is to be ſuppoſed, that there are the ſame temptations to depreſs a riſing painter, as an eminent poet; but fortunately for the former, he is not expoſed to the ſame diſadvantages as the latter. He cannot be accuſed of obtruding upon the public the works of others as his own; nor is he liable to a ſpurious copy of his works, by which he

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he may be deprived of the juſt reward of his labours. Many who have not leiſure to peruſe a poem, can ſpare an hour to examine a picture; and to determine the merit of one, requires a leſs exertion of the mind than of the other. Tho' the price of paintings is comparatively ſo enormous to that of books, yet as moſt large collections are open to the public at no expence, numbers have examined, and are good judges of merit in this art, who do not poſſeſs a ſingle piece of their own; an advantage which writers are deprived of. Even that ſcarcity which enhances the value of every thing, contributes to this; as it is beyond a doubt, that good books are more numerous than good paintings, we may eſteem them the more, as more difficult to be procured. By the value of paintings, an artiſt may often acquire ſuch a ſum by a ſingle picture, as an author cannot by the ſale of a whole work; by this means being raiſed above want, he is not under the fatal neceſſity of harraſſing his abilities to procure a daily ſubſiſtence. Since portrait painting has been ſo much in vogue, this art, by flattering our vanity, tempts us to encourage it; and ſurely that vanity will not permit us to deny the abilities of an artiſt, when thoſe abilities have been exerted

exerted to gratify it. A *Reynolds* may give grace and dignity to fifty inſipid faces in the courſe of a year; tho'a Poet would find it difficult in his dedications, to furniſh half the number with virtues, as imaginary as the graces, in the countenance of the former. But to return,

This review of the unmerited treatment of the illuſtrious, ſeems calculated to damp the ardor of thoſe, who even now are panting for fame and glory. Far be it from me to attempt to check one generous emotion, to ſtifle one ſpark of riſing ambition. Upon thoſe who have a taſte for true glory, and ſtrength of mind ſufficient to encounter the dangers incident to the purſuit of it, this conſideration will have no influence; they will know what they have to encounter, and deſpiſe the efforts of that envy, over which their final triumph is certain. It is better ſurely that they ſhould be forewarned of the perils of their undertakings, and not be elated with the hopes of an immediate ſucceſs, in the purſuit of which they will meet certain diſappointment; and in the deſpair of which diſappointment, they may relinquiſh their hopes at the moment they have ſurmounted the difficulties they had to ſtruggle with. Let them

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them remember, that perſecution, tho' it has often been the lot, is not the neceſſary conſequence of merit. It is the boaſt of *England*, that ſhe has not only raiſed the monument to *Wolfe* or *Chatham* when dead, but alſo acknowledged and rewarded their virtues when living. A

I cannot commit this paper to the Public, without taking notice of an opinion, which has lately been diſſeminated by ſome people, viz. That the MICROCOSM, previous to its publication, is ſubjected to the criticiſm of my ſuperiors, or, (in their own words) "*looked over by Uſhers.*" This idea is wrong in two points; firſt, as being miſerably *unclaſſical* in *phraze*, and ſecondly, as being extremely *falſe* in *information*.

Slaves cannot live in *England*; *Ireland* enjoys an immunity from *toads*; in a ſimiliar degree is the climate and conſtitution of *Eton*, utterly unadapted to the exiſtence of "*Uſhers.*"—And however flattering it might be to *Gregory Griffin*, that his works ſhould be conſidered as the compoſitions of riper years; he cannot but think this opinion an unworthy compliment to the genius, and abilities of thoſe, to whom they are, in part, aſcribed.

I think it therefore my duty, by this declaration, to "*take all my imperfections on my own head;*" and to aſſure the public, that little as the merit may be of theſe compoſitions, they are not "*uſhered*" into the world by thoſe, who are degraded by the ſuppoſition; the Aſſiſtant directors of *Eton* Education. B

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No. XXVIII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *May* 28, 1787.

Verbum verbo expreſſum.—TERENCE.
Tranſlated word for word.

AMONG the ſeveral fields which lie open to my fellow-citizens, for the exerciſe and diſplay of their reſpective abilities, there is none which ſeems ſo generally diſregarded as the tranſlation of the claſſicks: whether from its being conſidered as a mechanical labour, ſubſtituted as a relief from the perpetual exerciſe of the fancy; or from a contempt of excelling in a branch

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branch of learning which carries with it no mark of diſtinction.

I ſhall therefore make it my endeavour to point out a few of the peculiar advantages, which a ſtrict attention to its niceties may be of, in giving the laſt poliſh to a claſſical education. If conſidered on a general ſcale, it is undoubtedly the medium through which ancient literature gains a general introduction to modern taſte; and as the mere interpretation of an author's words, without conveying his ſpirit, nay, as far as a ſimilarity of idiom will allow, his peculiarities of ſtile, tends only to convey to the mind of the reader a diſguſt for claſſical writings, by an inſipid copy of an expreſſive original; it is no eaſy taſk to introduce Patroclus chining a poker, or Achates lighting a fire, with that majeſty which ſhould attend a hero even in the menial offices of cook and ſcullion.

The compoſition of latin verſe has always been the characteriſtic of Eton; and though it has frequently been attacked as too ſuperficial an accompliſhment, to be held up as the firſt object, it is certain, that without it, the elegances of the language

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language are never to be attained; and the very pronunciation is often erroneous from ignorance of accent and quantity. The Archieves of our ſtate are filled with the firſt efforts of expanding genius; and ſo profuſely bountiful is this poetic mania, that there is not a cubic foot in father Thames, but is ſo ornamented with Naids, as to force ſome of them up the neighbouring ditches, for the accommodation of the majority: nor a tree in our *campus martius*, but has at leaſt its brace of Dryads, though there is not a ſingle oak among them. Nay, the learned compiler of the Muſæ Etonenſes, has in his preface, purely for the amuſement of paſſers by, crammed more poets of all ſorts and ſizes, into a bench, which a dozen ſtarveling ſonneteers might fill with eaſe, than any nine Muſes in the world could take care of at once.

A ſtudy of this kind, as requiring more genius than judgment, more fancy than application, may be juſtly ſuppoſed more congenial to the purſuits of youth. It is not therefore with an idea of ſupporting the one againſt the other, that I have undertaken this defence of Tranſlation; but to prove, that while it is an amuſement not unworthy of

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of genius, it is an employment of the higheſt utility to preſerving induſtry.

Genius is naturally ſympathetic; and ſo ſenſitive are the powers of a lively fancy; that whereever we meet with a tranſcript of our own ideas of perfection, we inſenſibly glide into the ſpirit which gave birth to them, and almoſt compoſe as we copy. A man of boiſterous paſſions will kindle at the character of Achilles; a humouriſt will feel a peculiar delight in the ſallies of an Ariſtophanes or a Foote; and a Cynic grind his teeth over the ſtrong miſanthropy of a Lucian or a Swift. What the imagination thus cheriſhes, it will naturally endeavour to bring home to its own ideas; and ſo far does this often carry us, that I will venture to affirm, that there are few attentive readers of foreign writings, who do not in thought endeavour to adopt a ſtriking idea to the genius of a language more familiar to their own conceptions.

There is beſides, a higher gratification reſerved for our curioſity than the comprehenſion of a favourite author. We have, by a cloſer attention to the niceties of idiom, an opportunity of obſerving what

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what analogy ſubſiſts between the languages and characters of nations; and what a ſtrong, though to the vulgar eye inviſible link runs through the fundamental principles of all languages, notwithſtanding the difference of manner, age, and all the contingencies which have contributed to their formation.

To the man to whom amuſement, in competition with knowledge, is a very ſecondary object, this employment has, by the moſt able writers on the ſubject, been recommended; not only as a more effectual but a more eaſy method of obtaining a knowledge of language, than grammatical theory, or even practical obſervation can give. And there can be very little doubt, but that as we are originally taught to form our ideas in our native tongue, any thing which is brought neareſt to its level, will be moſt likely to adhere to our memories, and be rendered moſt familiar to our conceptions.

But notwithſtanding a general ſimilarity, there will ſtill be a peculiar characteriſtic to every language; and many writers are ſo interwoven with the genius of their native tongue, as to ſink under

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a tranſlation, notwithſtanding the united efforts of learning and genius; and like the tender exotic, when removed from the genial influence of its own ſoil and climate, to loſe their natural vigour, and fade into a vapid inſipidity. Tully, even by the ſacrifice of his own harmonious flow of language, could not entirely preſerve the chaſte ſeverity of Ariſtotle in a Roman habit; Tacitus is no Engliſhman; and a late attempt to *frenchify* Shakeſpeare met with the ridicule it deſerved.

The chief excellence of Paterculus conſiſts in drawing characters; and ſo great a maſter was he conſidered by the great Clarendon, that he is ſaid to have made him his hiſtorical model, and adopted him as the conſtant companion of his leiſure hours. Strong figures and expreſſive conciſeneſs are the characteriſtics of his writings; but there is a quaintneſs in his points, which the Engliſh language is not always equal to.—The elegance of Pliny, ſo genteely introduced to an Engliſh acquaintance by Mr. Melmoth, cannot but be ſtriking to every claſſical reader. Yet a man of genius, who ſhould find a tranſlation flow from his pen with that eaſe ſo remarkable in the original, might often be at a loſs for expreſſion in

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the concluding ſentence, from the quick turn which diſtinguiſhes that author; and reſembles rather the point of the Epigrammatiſt, than the unreſtrained negligence of the letter writer.

As the moſt diffuſe writers are univerſally moſt adapted to a change of language, it is remarkable, that the works of Cicero have been only partially tranſlated by Men qualified for ſuch an undertaking, His Rhetorical, and more particularly his Philoſophical diſquiſitions, the intereſting picture of the efforts of reaſon unaſſiſted by revelation, are ſtill confined to the admiration of the learned world.

The characters of theſe writers I have curſorily touched upon, as being thoſe which are moſt familiar to the pens of my fellow-citizens; and to the junior part of them, whoſe method of ſtudy is not yet fixed, I ſhould wiſh to recommend this method as the moſt efficacious introduction to claſſical knowledge. And now, good-natured reader, that thou may'ſt ſee with myſelf what an unpardonable offence, in the moral as well as literary world, is a negligent tranſlation, I will point out to thee one inſtance where the miſtake of

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a ſingle expreſſion has given riſe to a more barbarous murder, than ever graced the frontiſpiece of a Newgate Calendar.

Thoſe laudable promoters of Chriſtian merriment, (as themſelves profeſs) Sternhold and Hopkins, either originally tempted by the text which they have adopted for their motto, to torture poor David into doggerel rhime; or pleaſed to conceal ſo inhuman a deed under ſuch unqueſtionable authority; refer us to the advice of an inſpired writer for their juſtification. And as pſalm-ſinging is there preſcribed to thoſe who are light of heart, they have taken upon them to provide ample entertainment for all his majeſty's Chriſtian ſubject who are inclined to be tuneful.

The paſſage in the original language ſtands thus;
Κακοπαθεῖ τις ἐν ὑμῖν; προσευχέσθω: εὐθυμεῖ τις; ψαλλέτω.
Epiſt. Jac. C. 5. V. 13.

This probably is not the expreſſion which would have been made uſe of, had the ſacred preceptor intended to characterize ſacred muſic, as there are other words more peculiarly adapted to ſuch a meaning; and this is by the Greek authors promiſcuouſly uſed for any ſort of ſong; and among

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them by Anacreon, whoſe lyre was ſeldom tun'd to pſalmody, but in honour of deities whoſe worſhip did not admit of the ſerious or ſublime. It is probable therefore, that this expreſſion refers only to the effect which harmony is known to produce, in ſoftening the extravagance of joy, as well as the pangs of affliction; and that this may be ranked among thoſe many errata, which in ſome meaſure pervert the original intention of theſe inimitable writings; undoubtedly calculated to unite a ſimplicity adapted to the meaneſt capacities, with an elegance capable of pleaſing the moſt refined.

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No. XXIX.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *June* 4, 1787.

———*Vir bonus eſt quis?*
The good man is a Quiz.

'To GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'MR. GREGORY GRIFFIN,

'I FIND, moſt unfortunately for 'myſelf, that I come under the de- 'nomination of a *quiz*. As it is 'your peculiar province to apply 'the laſh to the little world out of the library, it 'will be totally unneceſſary to offer an apology 'for this letter, which, it is my moſt earneſt re- 'queſt, may be circulated, eſpecially through the 'lower ſchool, with all poſſible expedition.

'But before I proceed, it may be thought ne- 'ceſſary to give ſome deſcription of a figure which 'my

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'my own conſcience but too frequently informs 'me is not, at firſt ſight, by any means agreeable.

'I am now forty-nine years of age, and mea- 'ſure four feet eight inches in height. My uſual 'dreſs is a dark wig without powder, a round 'gold laced hat, a light blue coat and waiſtcoat, a 'pair of black everlaſting breeches, and a large 'muſlin neckcloth, which, indeed, has lately been 'adopted by, and ſeems the conſtant ornament of 'the macaronies of the age.

'In my childhood the nurſe who took care, or 'rather who did not take care of me, let maſter 'Jacob (for that is my chriſtian name) fall upon 'the fender, which circumſtance ſhe, of coarſe, 'concealed from my parents. Some time elapſed 'before the diſcovery was made, and all medical 'aſſiſtance was then ineffectual. The family ſur- 'geon looked very grave, and emphatically pro- 'nounced that the bones were diſtorted, and, 'although I was not yet *an adult*, it was by no 'means a recent injury; and that there would be 'a *gibboſity*, a preternatural incurvation of the '*ſpina dorſi* for the remainder of my exiſtence.

'Notwithſtanding, to pleaſe my mother, he 'gave me a ſteel machine, made to preſs princi- pally

'pally upon the *gibbous* part, and afterwards tried 'a *croſs* and ſtrengthening plaiſter of *oxycroceum* 'and *opodeldock*, but without effect.

'The boys in the village ſoon began to call me '*humpy*, and in a very ſhort time, I was dig-'nified, by general conſent, with the title of *my* '*Lord*. My father, judging perhaps that my 'companions at School might banter and make 'game of my perſonal defects, procured a cler-'gyman to live in the houſe in the capacity of 'tutor; but being himſelf an excellent claſſick, 'he gave up much of his time to ſuperintend the 'education of his only ſon. Notwithſtanding his 'paternal fondneſs and good intentions, I have 'but too frequently ſince felt the diſadvantage of 'not having early enjoyed a public introduction 'into the world. Had my ear been a little more 'accuſtomed to the word *quiz*, I ſhould have no 'occaſion now to intrude myſelf upon your notice.

'But for the ſake of perſpicuity, it will be ne-'ceſſary to finiſh the deſcription of my perſon, 'before I enter into a detail of the grievances it 'has cauſed. It has been already prefaced, that I 'was doomed to have a hump-back; at the age of 'twenty-four a ſcrophulous humour disfigured a

'face

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'face not naturally reſembling that of Adonis. A 'little time before I reached my twenty-fifth year, 'two fore teeth were knocked out by a chamber-'maid in Yorkſhire, whom I, after having drank 'too much, attempted to kiſs; and what made 'this circumſtance much more painful, ſhe had a 'little before, patiently, I might ſay willingly, ſub-'mitted her lips to be ſaluted by a young Officer, 'who was quartered at that time in the town. 'My noſe ſoon after began to increaſe to an 'enormous ſize, and is now perfectly unnatural. 'You may ſee in it all the colours of the rainbow; 'but red and purple are particularly conſpicuous, 'and, like rivals, are plainly ſeen to contend for 'the ſuperiority. In ſhort, Sterne's trumpeter, 'when he entered Straſburgh, had *a ſnub* to mine 'in point of ſize, and an *aquiline* in point of 'beauty, for I exceed Bardolph, *the Knight of 'the burning Lamp.*

'Riding through Eton about a week ago, with 'my noſe before me,

'*Neſcio quid meditans, nugarum, et totus in illis.*

'Meditating, indeed, on I know not what, I 'was awakened from my reverie by ſeveral pro-'vincial words, the meaning of which were to me, 'at that time, almoſt unintelligible; although by 'the

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'the geſtures which accompanied them, it was no 'difficult matter to diſcover that they were not 'intended by way of compliment, "*There's a quiz!* "*there's a good one! my God! what a Gig! what* "*a tough one! Smoke his noſe!*"

'Notwithſtanding I perceived that theſe ex-'preſſions proceeded from ſeveral young Etonians, 'not one of whom had arrived at the age of thir-'teen, my indignation was fooliſhly roufed. I 'long'd for the trumpeter's ſword, and, in the 'firſt ebullitions of rage, idly made uſe of ſome 'very haſty expreſſions. It was lucky for both 'parties, but more eſpecially for myſelf, that I 'had nothing in my hand but a ſmall flexible 'ſwitch. However, my anger was momentary; 'I ſoon collected all my loſt philoſophy, repeating 'thoſe lines of Horace, to which theoriſts often 'have recourſe.

——————*animum rege! qui niſi paret*
Imperat: hunc frænis, hunc tu compeſce catenâ.

'But it was too late, I had provoked the boys to 'reſentment. Several now ran to the head of my 'beaſt,

——————*Nec Saxa, nec ullum*
Telorum interea ceſſat genus.

'Many

'Many pieces of mud and ſome ſtones were 'thrown, notwithſtanding I advanced ſafe under 'cover of my noſe, ſtill *quizzed* and ſtill pelted, 'till my quadruped arrived oppoſite the ſchool-'gate. I looked round for a *maſter* in vain: No 'black gown was to be ſeen. At length an arch 'boy, with dark brown hair, which hung in ring-'lets down his back, took up a thiſtle, which un-'fortunately lay in the road, and put it under my 'horſe's tail. Can I with temper deſcribe the fa-'tal cataſtrophe which enſued?—My long-tailed 'white ſteed, which is called *Surrey*, nervous and 'mettleſome to a degree, immediately began to 'plunge, putting his head between his legs, 'neighing, and doing I know not what beſides. 'I ſtrove ſtrenuouſly to keep my ſeat—but

——————'*Oh! vain boaſt,*
'*Who can controul his fate?*'

'To be brief, my length was meaſured upon the 'ground, and I cut a place in the back part of my 'head, an inch and an half in length; my brown 'wig was full of blood, and my light blue coat was 'ſo ſtained, that I have never been able to cover 'my hump with it again. However, my ludi-'crous appearance was ſoon forgotten, and I was 'carried

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'carried into a neighbouring ſhop. Many of the 'ſcholars crowded about, offering their ſervices, 'which I knew not how to decline, though at firſt, 'I feared to truſt them; but the unfeigned hu-'manity and attention that were now conſpicu-'ous, ſoon convinced me their conduct was void 'of duplicity. Some of the larger boys, and one 'in particular, lifted up his hand to chaſtize the 'young criminal who had applied the thiſtle, but, 'upon my interceſſion, politely deſiſted. *White* '*Surrey*, after being eaſed of his burthen, had 'galloped up Slough-road; however he was 'brought ſafe back in a few minutes, my head 'was bound up, I remounted, and proceeded to-'wards London.

'A ſight of one of your periodical papers, in-'duced me to addreſs a letter to you, hoping, 'partly upon a public, and partly upon a private 'motive, that it may be peruſed within the 'walls of the college.

'I am confident that you, Mr. Gregory Grif-'fin, was not one of the ſpectators who beheld my 'downfall, or it would not have eſcaped imme-'diate cenſure from ſo able a pen; not that I

'would

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'would be thought one of thoſe ſtarch, uncon-
'ſcionable gentlemen, who expect to ſee youth
'bleſſed with all the benefit of experience, well
'knowing that it would be as impoſſible to pre-
'ſcribe limits to the winds, as to forbid a ſecond-
'form boy now and then to ſmoke a quiz. All I
'requeſt is, that next time my noſe and I come
'through Eton, the thiſtle may be omitted; and,
'as miſſile weapons are now out of faſhion among
'civilized nations, I particularly deprecate the
'dirt and ſtones.

'Eton has long been the diſtinguiſhed ſeat of
'politeneſs as well as learning. One laſh from you
'may, perhaps, have more effect in ſoftening theſe
'laſt remains of barbariſm in your republic, than
'all the birch within ten miles of the precincts of
'the college. We may all be eaſily convinced
'that external appearance is by no means a juſt
'criterion by which the merit of a man can be
'judged. You, Mr. Gregory Griffin, well know
'that Alexander the Great, although conqueror
'of the world, had a perſonal defect; that De-
'moſthenes had not an agreeable figure; that Mr.
'Pope was awry; that Horace was a ſhort punch-
'bellied fellow, in ſhort a *tough one*; that Voltaire
'was

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' was a *good one*; and that Socrates himſelf was a ' *quiz*.

' I have the honour to be,
' Sir,
' Your moſt obedient humble Servant,

' *London, May* 4.
' VIR BONUS.'

My Correſpondent's complaint is by no means without foundation; and as Cenſor General, it is a ſubject which would not ſo long have eſcaped my animadverſion, had I not conſidered that it would come with more propriety from one who had materially ſuffered from it, and could therefore more *feelingly* point out its ill conſequences.

Every nation has its peculiar antipathies, political or religious; which, on the ſmalleſt commotion of the body politic, may be obſerved to take the lead, and in a great meaſure direct the fury of the multitude; as in the natural body, the conſtitutional diſeaſe is rouſed from its dormant ſtate, and is the firſt to evince its malignity, when the irregularity of the blood gives advantage to its attacks.

But

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But theſe may generally be traced to their origin; a long ſeries of wars; the diſſenſion of families; a bigotted perſecution; and frequently natural rivalſhip, have eſtabliſhed the moſt rooted averſion for each other, in the very genius of nations apparently at peace; and hereditary hoſtilities have been kept up in the minds of the populace, by connecting them with every idea which naturally has the ſtrongeſt hold on their feelings. The ſtrange antipathies of our republican to the inoffenſive race of *Quizzes* can be attributed to none of theſe cauſes; and it is impoſſible to account for the perſecution of theſe beings, unleſs we ſuppoſe, that non-reſiſtance only ſharpens that rage which uglineſs originally provoked. The *Quiz*, like the Eſkimaux, generally ſeems contented with his humble lot; he eats, drinks, and ſleeps, and has no doubt in ſome reſpects a reaſonable ſoul, which is a privilege many naturaliſts have denied to the latter.

But, alas, I fear it is more than a Herculean labour to undertake the juſtification of a bottle noſe; or reſcue a ſuit of Dittos from revilings! the popopulace will ſtill be what it always was; and in ſpite of the admonitions of Gregory Griffin, a Jackaſs and a *Quiz* be perſecuted with the ſame unrelenting ſeverity.

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No. XXX.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *June* 11, 1787.

Quanto rectius hic.—Hor.
How much ſuperior he, &c.

FROM the time that I firſt promiſed my fellow-citizens I would point out a ſet of books to their obſervation, from the peruſal of which, if ſubſtituted in the place of Novels, they might derive at leaſt equal advantage and entertainment, there has ſcarce a day paſſed, in which ſome attempt has not been made by different correſpondents, either by letters of enquiry or conjecture, to foreſtall my good advice,

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vice, and anticipate my intended recommendation. Some have been ſo good-natured, as to cloak counſel under the garb of conjecture, and under pretence of gueſſing my intentions, have recommended their own favourite ſtudies to my notice, as fit objects for my recommendation to the notice of my fellow-citizens; and furniſhed me with arguments for the ſupport of their own propoſitions. Others have contented themſelves with forming a variety of conjectures; and ſome of them have ſo far piqued themſelves on their ſagacity, that they have confidently offered me wagers of *ten to one*, which, I can aſſure my readers, I expect no ſmall applauſe for not having accepted; when they conſider, that had my views been at all mercenary, I might here have taken the opportunity to pick up a very comfortable ſum, in a very honourable way. Others again have been ſo conſcious of their own unbounded attachment to the ſtudy I have laboured to depreciate, as to think themſelves particularly pointed at, in that ſentence, where I complained of the unmerited contempt with which the objects of my intended recommendation are treated; and have ſent me the moſt affecting aſſurances of better behaviour for the future. *Hiſtoriophilus* cannot help being

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being ſurprized that I ſhould know he had never "*read his Bible,*" which he doubts not is the book to which I propoſe calling his attention; but he promiſes me faithfully henceforward to read a chapter of it every night going to bed, and never to devour at moſt above three novels in a month. *Latinus's* conſcience has been equally buſy in informing him, that the books I mean for his peruſal can be no other than the *Claſſics*, to which, though, he owns, he has hitherto neglected them, to gratify his taſte for ſentiment, he is now determined, in compliance with my advice, to give the moſt ardent attention; and as an earneſt of his amendment, he tells me, he has already ſtruck out his name from the liſt of ſubſcribers to the circulating library; for which he adds, rather archly, my bookſeller, he believes, will not conſider himſelf under any great obligation to me.

Though I muſt aſſure theſe gentlemen, that all their ſuppoſitions are very erroneous; I cannot but confeſs myſelf very much pleaſed, at the above-mentioned ſalutary, and I will add unforeſeen effects of my cenſorial exertions. Not but I am a little ſurprized, that any of my correſpondents could for a moment ſuppoſe me ſo de-

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void of delicacy, as to propoſe, as a ſubſtitute for ſentiment, the dull peruſal of the unpoliſhed Ancients, and a ſtudy ſo unfaſhionable as religion.

There are beſides thoſe already mentioned, another ſet of correſpondents, of whom I muſt take ſome notice, before I proceed to the diſcovery of my purpoſe. Theſe are ſome who have continued to ſend me frequent aſſurances of the little credit they give to my profeſſions of diſintereſtedneſs; and who reſolve, in ſpite of my declarations to the contrary; to perſevere in believing the ſtudies, to which I wiſh them to give ſo much application, to be no other than my own lucubrations. One Gentleman in particular, has taken the trouble to be extremely witty on the ſubject; and has had the art, by a courſe of the moſt apt and pointed obſervations, to turn my own declaration againſt me. He adduces the example of a Highwayman, with great ſucceſs; and tells an intereſting and affecting ſtory, (but rather of the longeſt) extracted as it ſeems from the "*Newgate Calendar, or Malefactors Bloody Regiſter*," by which it appears, that this highwayman "denied this murder before he was accuſed of it, "and ſo got himſelf found out." This my Gentleman

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Gentleman conſiders as exactly a caſe in point, and proceeds accordingly through a long ſeries of logical diviſions, and ſome very nice and ſubtle diſtinctions of "*whys*" and "*wherefores*" to argue, that my diſavowal of any ſiniſter view to my own advantage, could have been derived from nothing, but a perfect conſcioüſneſs of the ſame; and conſequently muſt be aſcribed to preciſely the ſame motives, as the unſolicited proteſtations of his hero the Highwayman.

Ingenious as are the arguments, and concluſive as are the inferences of my worthy Correſpondent, I muſt beg leave to differ from him very decidedly on the preſent queſtion; and however ſure the grounds of the indictment preferred againſt me, may appear to him at preſent, I doubt not, but the very material evidence which I ſhall produce on my part, will, ere long, induce him to alter his opinion, and to give a verdict in favour of my diſintereſtedneſs.

I ſhall now therefore no longer delay to bring forward, as ſubſtantial and ſatisfactory witneſſes of my diſintereſtedneſs, the books, which I thing ſo fully capable of ſupplying the place of thoſe

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ſtudies which uſually engroſs the attention of our Novel-readers. And theſe are no other than the inſtructive and entertaining Hiſtories of Mr. THOMAS THUMB, Mr. JOHN HICKATHRIFT, and ſundry other celebrated Worthies; a true and faithful account of whoſe adventures and atchievements, may be had by the Curious, and Public in general, price two-pence, gilt, at Mr. *Newbery's*, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*, and at ſome other Gentleman's, whoſe name I do not now recollect, the *Bouncing B. Shoe-Lane.*

I am well aware that full many are the opinions I ſhall have to combat againſt in behalf of my recommendation. Many there will be who will ungenerouſly cavil at the ſize of my *proteges*; armed with a ſort of cowardly criticiſm, which though it dares not venture any ſtrictures on a bulky folio, or ſcan the Merits of even a tolerable corpulent Quarto, yet thinks itſelf fully competent to give a decided opinion on ſo ſmall an offspring of literature, and to perſecute an unprotected 16mo with the moſt unrelenting ſeverity.

To ſhew however the very high eſtimation, in which I am confident, they deſerve to be held by the

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the literary world, I ſhall not condeſcend to compare them with thoſe precious farragos, in the room of which I intend introducing them to my fellow-citizens. Far higher are my ideas of the comparative excellence of Mr. Newbery's little-books—and more eſpecially of the two to which I have before alluded.—In the heroes of theſe, a candid and impartial critic will readily agree with me, that we find a very ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe who are immortalized in *Homeric* ſong; that in HICKATHRIFT we ſee pourtrayed the ſpirit, the proweſs, and every great quality of ACHILLES; and in THUMB, the prudence, the caution, the patience, the perſeverance of ULYSSES. There is however, one peculiar advantage, which the hiſtories of the modern Worthies enjoy over their ancient originals, which is that of uniting the Great and Sublime of Epic grandeur, with the Little and the Low of common life; and of tempering the fiercer and more glaring colours of the Marvellous and the Terrible, with the ſofter ſhades of the Domeſtic and the Familiar. Where, in either of the great originals, ſhall we find ſo pleaſing an aſſemblage of tender ideas, ſo intereſting a picture of domeſtic employments,—as the following ſketch of the night preceding that in which *Tom Thumb*

Thumb and his brethren were to be purpoſely loſt in the Wood?

"Now it was nine o'clock, and all the Chil-
"dren, after eating a piece of bread and butter,
"were put to bed. But little *Tom* did not eat
"his—but put it in his pocket.—And now all
"the Children were faſt aſleep in their beds—but
"little *Tom* could not ſleep for thinking of what
"he had heard the night before—ſo he got up,
"and put on his ſhoes and ſtockings, &c."

How forcibly does this paſſage bring to the mind of every claſſical reader, the picture which *Homer* draws of *Agamemnon*, in the 10th book of the *Iliad*.

Αλλ' ὁκ Ατρειδην Αγαμεμνονα, ποιμενα λαῶν,
Υπνος εχε γλυκερος, πολλα φρεσιν ορμαινοντα, &c.
——————*The Chiefs before their veſſels lay*
And left in ſleep the labours of the day;
All but the King; with various thoughts oppreſt,
His Country's cares lay rolling in his breaſt, &c.
He roſe
And on his feet the ſhining ſandals bound, &c.

This

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This vigilant conduct in brooding a ſleepleſs night over embryo expeditions, and cautiouſly providing againſt future neceſſities by the pocketing of his bread and butter, is at leaſt equal to any trait in the character of ULYSSES.—Nor is it in point of Character only, that the reſemblance between this Work and the two great Poems of Antiquity is diſcernible. Here we find alſo in their fulleſt perfection

———*Specioſa—Miracula rerum,*
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum cyclope Charybdin.
Antiphates his hideous feaſt devours, &c.

FRANCIS.

To ſay nothing of the form of the OGRE, which is painted in a ſtyle infinitely beyond the POLYPHEME of *Homer*—to paſs over the terribly poetic imagery with which his firſt ſpeech of *Fee, Faw, Fum,* is replete—it muſt I think be readily allowed, the ſtratagem by which *Tom* releaſes himſelf and his brethren from the Monſter's power, (by taking "the crowns of gold from the heads of the little Ogres and Ogreſſes, and putting them on their own; whereby the Giant comes and kills his own Children") is far more poetical, far more noble, than the pitiful eſcape of ULYSSES and his companions, under the ſheeps' bellies, and the paltry

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paltry contrivance of Ουδεις.—But there is another circumſtance where the fictions of the two poets bear a ſtill nearer reſemblance to each other. The learned Reader will eaſily gueſs that I mean—the March of the OGRE, in the third Chapter of *Tom Thumb*, and that of NEPTUNE, in the thirteenth Book of the Iliad.—To enable my readers to draw the compariſon better, I ſhall tranſcribe both.

"*There the* OGRE," ſays my author "*called for* "*his ſeven leagued boots, in which he journeyed, and he* "*put them on; and he took one, two, three ſteps, and* "*at the third he came to the dark cave where little* "TOM *was.*"

Of NEPTUNE's paſſage from *Samothrace* to *Troy*, *Homer* ſays,

Τρὶς μὲν ὀρώρεχαθ' ἰὼν· τὸ δὲ τέτρατον, ἵκετο τέκμωρ,
Αἰγὰς·

From realm to realm three ample ſtrides he took,
And at the fourth the diſtant Egæ ſhook.

"Which" ſays his commentator, "is pretty near "a degree at each ſtep."—But let the Reader candidly examine both the paſſages, and make fair

fair allowances for the unavoidable difference in ſound, of "*the diſtant Egæ*," and "*the dark cave* "*where little Tom was*," and I doubt not but my Author will claim at leaſt an equal ſhare of admiration.

But it would be an endleſs taſk to point out every latent beauty, every unnoticed elegance with which theſe productions are interſperſed. Not to enter therefore into a comparative view of the Characters of HICKATHRIFT and ACHILLES; to omit noticing the affecting and ſolemn invocation of the Princeſs CINDERELLA to the bean her counſellor, beginning "*Bean, bean, little bean, I* "*charge thee in the name of the fairy Trufio*" (which by the bye juſtifies the opinion of *Pythagoras* with regard to the reverence due to this vegetable) to omit this, I ſay, and other innumerable paſſages, equally worthy of notice, I ſhall haſten to inform my fellow-citizens, that in compliance with my advice, my bookſeller propoſes very ſoon ſubſtituting in the room of his preſent Catalogue, a liſt of all the productions of this kind, which can be procured either at Mr. Newbery's or the Bouncing B.

And

And I doubt not but I ſhall in a very ſhort time have the ſatisfaction to ſee the generality of my fellow-citizens, running through them with the moſt eager avidity, from beginning to end—from "*Once upon a time,*" to "*lived very happy afterwards:*" fully convinced, that ſuch works as could bear a competition with the ſtrains of *Homer*, would be degraded by any compariſon with the ſilly Effuſions of nonſenſe and ſentiment—convinced too, if the examples for the purpoſes of morality be conſidered, that a Character which gleaned the ſeveral excellencies of all the *Edwards*, the *Sir Harry's*, and the *Pamelas* of Novel-writers—would be but a poor competitor with one that joined in itſelf the patience and chaſtity of CINDERELLA, the prudence of THUMB, and the heroiſm of HICKATHRIFT.

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No. XXXI.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *June* 18, 1787.

Opere in longo fas eſt obrepere ſomnum.—HOR.
In a long work an Author once may doſe.—NAN.

HAVING an idle hour the other evening, and being in one of thoſe *miſcellaneous* humours in which our ſole object is to kill time; I happened to fix on a moral eſſay on human nature, as the moſt effectual and expeditious means of diſpatching him. As I turned over the pages, I could not but remark, how ingeniouſly its philanthropic

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thropic author, had endeavoured to put his readers out of humour with themſelves, by proving to them, that in ſpite of their own endeavours, they inevitably muſt be greater knaves or fools than their grand-fathers.

From the contemplation of theſe weeping Philoſophers, my reflection naturally led me to thoſe ingenious projectors, who with more benevolence, though if poſſible leſs effect, have devoted their literary labours to the reformation of a vicious age; and formed ſuch ſublime and comprehenſive projects for reducing human nature to its primitive ſtate of purity.

The recollection of the deep-laid projects for the abolition of Chriſtianity, the conſolidation of Turks, Jews, and Gentiles, the converſion of the grand Signior, the Pope, or the Emperor of China, was ſo intereſting a ſubject, that it might have kept me awake beyond my uſual hour; had I not fortunately recollected, that in the courſe of thirty numbers I had not had one viſion. Alarmed at this idea, I was determined to go to ſleep without loſing a moment, and dream in full time for the preſs. I had no ſooner put the firſt part of my

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my reſolution in practice, when lo! whether Morpheus is the profeſſed patron of periodical writers, or is ambitious of removing the imputation of levity from his character, by giving a viſion ſome kind of regularity, from whichever cauſe it proceeded, my dream was an exact continuation of the ſubject which had ſo long employed my thoughts.

It was at the dead of night, when ſome eccentric being, (whoſe project had I conceive been hatched long before I had fallen aſleep, otherwiſe, gentle reader, every thing could not have been ſo exactly prepared,) had made ready the following conſpiracy for execution. Tired of continually haraſſing his mind for the advantage of an ungrateful public, and vexed to the gizzard to find his predictions ridiculed by thoſe butterflies who can ſo unfeelingly enjoy the happineſs of the preſent hour, amidſt luxury, faction, and all the alarming ſymptoms of a decay in human nature; he had laid a general plot among the orthodox adherents of roaſt beef and fat ale, for the total extermination of what the world term *men of genius*.

In

In conſequence of this agreement, it was concerted, that the maſſacre ſhould take place at the ſound of a ſteeple bell; this in all conſpiracies, real and viſionary, is an abſolute requiſite, for the truth of which I refer my readers to the great authority of the Pariſian maſſacre; beſides all Tragedians, whoſe poetical variations of *incurſions, flouriſhes, alarms, murders*, &c. have univerſally originated from the unaffected ſimplicity of the Bell. At this ſpirit-ſtirring ſound, then what inundations of countenances, to all appearance inoffenſive, ruſhed out in character of aſſaſſins; and in what a ludicrous mixture was the lean haggard eagerneſs of Grub-ſtreet, contraſted with the roſy independence of Cheapſide. All however ſeemed unanimous in the reſiſtleſs fury with which they perſecuted the helpleſs objects of their vengeance. In their avidity to deſtroy, the innocent often fell with the guilty; and even news-paper odes on the ſeaſons were ſufficient to decide the fate of an unhappy poetaſter. It had been before provided, that convivial ballads and theological diſquiſitions ſhould be exempted from the common fate; as the deſtruction of them might materially injure the wine trade. Intermixed with thoſe who were moſt active in this ſcene of deſtruction, I was ſtruck

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ſtruck with the figures of a number of ſlaviſh wretches, laden with fetters and inſtruments of torture, and every where following the conſpirators. I was informed by a byeſtander, that theſe were chiefly Commentators, whoſe office it was to bind and torment all thoſe who were deſtined to be preſerved as the laughingſtock of their perſecutors; that the fetters were critical rules, and the inſtruments of torture were *Diverſæ lectiones, occultæ allegoriæ,* and *interpretationes elegantiſſimæ,* ſuppoſed to have been originally invented by the northern barbarians, thoſe deſtroyers of all literature, as their etymology can ſcarcely be traced to any civilized language. "Frequently, Sir," continued he, "theſe executioners ſeize on a vic-
"tim whoſe amazing ſtrength is ſufficient to baf-
"fle their utmoſt efforts; a Homer, a Pindar, or
"a Shakeſpear may burſt the fetters, or defy the
"ineffectual tortures of this race; but their vio-
"lence has frequently maimed, and utterly de-
"faced geniuſſes of a more delicate texture." I was ſo well ſatisfied with this account, that my curioſity would have led me to have aſked more queſtions; but that I found myſelf (as is the nature of dreams,) on a ſudden tranſported to the centre of our little world. A ſelect party had

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had been detached here from the main body, and had been joined by ſeveral malecontent citizens; but by ſome unaccountable miſtake, they had directed their ſearch to thoſe elms ſo famed by faithleſs bards, whoſe affectionate veneration exiſted in profeſſions alone. The ſpot was occupied by cricketers, whoſe uniform vacancy of countenance ſecured them from the attacks of this licentious mob. One ſolitary poet was reclining on the graſſy bank; but upon a croſs examination it was diſcovered, that he was compoſing on the pleaſures of a country life; and in the courſe of his examination, as he betrayed other evident marks of inſanity, it was thought proper to diſmiſs him with a gentle reprimand. In their return however to the Metropolis, this detachment intercepted an epiſtle from Corydon, of Little Turnſtile, to Amaryllis, of Smallbury-Green; it was immediately conveyed to their leader, who ſuppoſing it might contain ſome material information, examined the contents, but on finding a confuſed jargon of *purling rills, graſſy hills, woolly ſheep, gentle ſleep*, &c. &c. was in doubt how to proceed, when it was ſuggeſted by one of the Commentators, that it muſt be a counterplot, couched in allegorical terms. Their march was accordingly directed

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directed to Smallbury-Green, and orders iſſued to ſeize any ſuſpicious perſon or perſons who were diſcovered within an hundred yards of any rill, ditch, gutter, canal, or the like. Many were accordingly apprehended, and ſome in the very act of compoſing; but as it appeared they were inoffenſive beings, were totally incapable of deſign, and was moreover urged that they by no means fell under the deſcription of men of genius, it was determined to puniſh the ringleaders, who ſhould be adjudged formidable enemies *in terrorem*. Theocritus, Virgil, Pope, and Shenſtone, as they were non-apparent, and no informer could produce their equals, were accordingly burnt in effigy. And here, gentle reader, did fortune again befriend me; for perceiving that I had dreamt a paper, ſhe thought it moſt adviſeable to ſet the giddy populace to ſhouting at the ſpectacle, and by this excellent manœuvre, rouſe me from my dream, as ſhe has regularly done my predeceſſors.

And now, as I foreſee, reader, that this is a ſubject which is likely to call forth thy hidden talent of being facetious, ſhould ſome plain-dealing body, in the ſimplicity of his heart, enquire how

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Gregory eſcaped among this maſſacre, and ſhouldeſt thou find thyſelf inclined, under cover of an arch leer, to anſwer, that he was perfectly ſecure; ſmother the riſing joke, and learn, to the utter confuſion of thy waggery, that it has been the privilege of all dreamers, from time immemorial, to be unintereſted ſpectators of the viſionary ſcene; except, that in dreams in and about the valley of Bagdad, the Mirzah or Abdallah of the ſtory has uſually ſome obſequious genie at hand to ſerve a double purpoſe; that of unfolding to him the hidden meaning of the dream, and pointing out to the reader the correctneſs of the author's allegory. But as my dream is neither oriental nor allegorical, I ſhall beg leave on this occaſion to plead prerogative.

To conclude, I muſt entreat thee to take this and all my other naps in good part; and to reflect, that where an Addiſon has doſed, and a Johnſon ſlept, it is no impeachment, even on the proverbial vigilance of a GRIFFIN, to be ſometimes overtaken.

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No. XXXII,

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *June* 25, 1787.

——————*Unus et alter,*
Aſſuitur pannus,——————Hor.
'Tis all a Patch-work.

TO a writer, and eſpecially a periodical writer, it has juſtly been obſerved, that there is no part of his buſineſs ſo difficult as the ſelection of a ſubject.

That Traveller will arrive ſooner at his place of deſtination, who puſhes on to the end of his

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journey, through a ſtrait and direct road, from whence no winding paths allure his feet, no variety of diſtant ſcenery diverts his attenton; than he, whoſe way lies through a country diverſified with a multitude of objects, which ſolicit his admiration; who ſtops to gaze at every opening proſpect, to catch the ſunſhine of every meadow, and enjoy the coolneſs of every grove.

Nearly the ſame difference exiſts between the writer of volumes, who purſues one ſettled ſubject, whether of reaſoning or narrative, and whoſe labours, when that ſubject is fixed, are confined to the detail of facts, or the arrangement of arguments; and the Eſſayiſt, whoſe periodical exertions require a deſultory diligence; which unable to purſue an uninterrupted train of thought, muſt, to avoid a ſameneſs of ſubject, occaſionally adapt itſelf to every ſpecies of compoſition, and muſt aſſume a variety of ſtyles and ſentiments, ſuch as may ſuit a variety of topics, and agree with the different purpoſes of ſatire, or commendation, of ſprightly wit or ſpeculative ſolemnity.

It is not therefore from a dearth of ſubjects, but from a too great abundance of them, that this

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this difficulty in ſelection takes its riſe. A man who ſits down to a table where there is but one diſh, will, if he is hungry, make a hearty meal of that; but if the board be laden with a profuſion of different delicacies, he will, however ſharp ſet, make ſome pauſe ere he begins, to conſider againſt which the firſt attack of his appetite ſhall be directed.

In a ſituation, much reſembling either of the preceding which I have deſcribed, do I frequently find myſelf at the beginning of a paper. For either my attention, like that of the Traveller, is ſo abſorbed in the contemplation of diſtant images, and ſo diſtracted by the multiplicity of ſurrounding objects, that while I gaze at them all with undeciding admiration, I advance not a ſtep towards the completion of my deſign;—or, like the gentleman at table, my appetite is ſolicited by ſo great a variety of delicacies, all equally tempting, that while I am eager to taſte them all, I know not on which to begin;—or (which is as applicable and expreſſive a ſimile as either of the foregoing,) my mind, like the coffin of the Prophet of *Mecca*, is ſo equally aſſailed on every ſide by the magnetiſm of ſurrounding attractions,

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that it hangs in ſuſpenſe between them all, without the power to incline to either.

In almoſt all caſes, where the judgement is unable to decide, chance, however little mankind in general may be inclined to confeſs it, is the beſt and only arbitrator. The biographer of the great *La Mancha*, freely owns, that in all points of the road which admitted of heſitation, he did not ſcruple to leave it, according to the laudable cuſtom of knights errant from time immemorial, to chance, or what is nearly the ſame thing, to the judgement of *Roſinante*. And it is related of ſome *French* Judge, who was remarked throughout his whole practice for the almoſt infallible juſtice of his decrees, that whenever any extraordinary caſe occurred, the circumſtances of which were ſo perplexed as to render him incapable of giving a decided opinion in favor of either ſide, with ſatisfaction to his own conſcience, he was accuſtomed to retire to his cloſet, and refer it to the final deciſion of the die. For my own part, ſo firm is my reliance on the arbitration of chance, that I can aſſure my readers, many is the good paper, for the ſubject of which they are indebted to her interference; many are the hints which ſhe has been kind

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kind enough to throw in my way, by an accidental dip into a poetical miſcellany, or an *Ainſworth's* dictionary; or a caſual glance at a newspaper advertiſement, or a pamphlet in a bookſeller's ſhop window. Nor indeed is it poſſible that chance, if truſted to, ſhould ſuggeſt any ſubject, out of which ſomething might not be gathered, capable enough of being rendered ſerviceable to purpoſes either of inſtruction or amuſement. This I believe my readers will be ready to allow, when I aſſure them, that even this paper, totally unconnected as it may appear to them with any uſe whatever, is calculated to ſerve as a precept of morality. I intend it indeed as a ſtriking inſtance of the folly of not confining one's attention to one particular object; as he who has many objects in view, cannot attend properly to the purſuit of any one of them. Thus there is nothing however inconſiderable, from which morality may not be derived; whether it be from the contemplation of a broomſtick, or of the chubby countenances of tomb-ſtone Cherubim. "And for a text" (or a motto) ſays the celebrated Author of *Triſtram Shandy*—"*Cappadocia, Pontus, and Phrygia,* will anſwer as well as any ſentence out of any book whatever."

There

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There are however other circumſtances ſtill more embarraſſing in the choice of a ſubject. "That there is nothing new under the ſun," was the no leſs true than lamentable complaint of ſome ancient philoſopher. And if this want of novelty obtained in his time, what can a poor Authorling of the preſent day expect? when ſo many hungry followers have been for ages gathering up every crumb of invention which had fallen from the tables of the ancients, and picking the bones of every diſputation on every topic, over and over again, with the moſt induſtrious eagerneſs. It could not fail, I am certain, to excite the commiſeration of my readers, were I to relate how many bright ideas, and brilliant expreſſions I have rejected, merely becauſe they have been thought and expreſſed in the ſame manner a hundred times before; how often, after wandering in vain to find ſome untrodden path of original invention, I have been tempted to beat the beaten way of imitation; and to take another turn out of the threadbare topics of "Virtue and Vice," or, "The Return of *Ulyſſes*."

But though to place common objects in new lights, to cloath familiar ideas in unhacknied language,

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language, ſo as to give an air of novelty to conceptions with which every body is acquainted, be a labour requiring the united efforts of ingenuity and judgement; yet even when this is accompliſhed, the reader muſt have a certain coincidence of thought, a ſympathy of feeling, and muſt peruſe a paper with the ſame ſpirit with which it was written, ere he can enter fully into the ideas, and reliſh the ſentiments of the author. Hence is it, reader, that you and I, have in all probability frequently differed in opinion, during the courſe of theſe my lucubrations. Every paper muſt infallibly borrow its hue from the humour, or the accident of the moment, in which it is written. Now if it has, as it no doubt often has, ſo happened, that you have taken up in a merry humour, what I have written in a grave one, or, *vice verſâ*, that you have been very ſolemn when I have been diſpoſed to be very witty, it is ten to one, but both my wit and my gravity have been totally loſt upon you; that the ſprightlieſt ſallies of the former have been unable to derange the phlegmatic primneſs of your muſcular œconomy; and that inſtead of receiving with due reverence the precepts of the latter, you have been wickedly

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edly inclined to treat me and my morality with moſt unchriſtian ridicule.

Hearing the other day that a fellow-citizen of mine had exerciſed his genius in the compoſition of a Tragedy, I took the liberty of enquiring the ſubject of it, and was informed by him, after conſiderable heſitation, that it was "*on no particular ſubject.*" This is, I believe, nearly the predicament in which my preſent paper ſtands; for though I flatter myſelf I have pointed out in it what a paper ought to be, it has been rather by example than precept; by inſtancing in an eminent degree what it ought not to be.—But as I have gone on thus far without ſelecting *any particular ſubject*, and as I am now too far advanced to *dip* for a new one, in any of the books which lie upon my table, I ſhall conclude my paper with a letter; in which my fellow-citizens will find ſuch rules laid down, as will, if well obſerved, contribute no doubt, to render them good and uſeful citizens of the greater world.—And I flatter myſelf, my correſpondent will forgive my publiſhing it, with ſuch a view, though contrary to his expreſs deſire.

'To

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'TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'DEAR SIR,

"Do what you are bid"—"come when you "are called"—"ſpeak when you are ſpoken to"—' and "ſhut the door after you."—Such were the ' precepts, Mr. Griffin, which in my earlier days, ' I imbibed from the tongue of my grandmother; ' ſuch was the path of morality chalked out for ' me, by following which I was to become an ho- ' nour to my family, a credit to my country, and ' *Lord Chancellor*. For you muſt know, Sir, that ' from my infancy, this was the deſtined goal to ' which my courſe of glory was to be directed.— ' As I was the darling of my Grandmother, to her ' was left the ſole care and ſuperintendence of my ' education. For the furtherance therefore of her ' projects in my favour, it was reſolved, when I ' was eight years old, to ſend me to *Eton*. At my ' ſetting out her former maxims were reinforced ' by the addition of a few more equally ſervice- ' able exhortations, viz. "to be a good boy"— "mind my book"—"never to get on horſeback "till I could ride"—"nor to venture into the wa- "ter 'till I could ſwim"—and above all, "not "to make myſelf ſick by the too haſty expen- "diture of the ſixpence, which ſhe beſtowed on

"me

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" me at parting."—All theſe maxims, Mr. Grif-
' fin, comprehenſive as they are, I have carefully
' treaſured up in my mind; and I write now,
' merely to aſk your opinion of their efficacy to
' make me an honor to my family, and every
' thing elſe which her fond hopes have cut me
' out for. At any rate, Mr. Griffin, there are, I
' am confident, many of our fellow-citizens, who
' have far inferior precepts for their moral conduct
' than myſelf; and I muſt beg therefore that you
' will not take advantage of my letter, by betray-
' ing my ſecret aſſurances of ſucceſs, to raiſe
' me up competitors in my progreſs to the
' *Woolſack.*

' I am, Sir,
' Your's,
' ——————.'

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No. XXXIII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 2, 1787.

Aliæ, nullis hominum cogentibus, ipſæ,
Sponte ſud veniunt.

Some without man's compulſive art,
Shoot forth ſelf-born.

THE philoſopher Xanthus, ſays L'Eſtrange, going one day attended by his ſlave Æſop, to a garden near the city, was aſked by its owner, (who in courſe as a claſſical gardener had an excluſive privilege of philoſophizing) why, notwithſtanding the high culture

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ture and artificial nouriſhment he applied to his exotics, the native weeds, under the diſadvantages of a barren ſoil, were ſtronger in their growth, and more luxurious in their vegetation? Xanthus, who though he could not cloſe with his adverſary knew how to parry his thruſt, after ſome reflection turned to Æſop, and with ſeeming contempt of the queſtion, commanded him to anſwer it. "All power of vegitation" replied the ſlave, "is in the hands of nature, who in this "inſtance acts with the uſual partiality of a ſtep-"mother; depreſſing the produce of art, and in-"vigorating her own hardy offſpring with the "profuſion of parental fondneſs."

What was in the inſtance of the vegetable world ſo well applied by this ſelf inſtructed philoſopher, may, with equal propriety be obſerved in the ſeemingly partial diſtribution of natural endowments to the human mind; and hiſtory does not perhaps furniſh us with a more ſtriking inſtance than his own, of the decided ſuperiority nature will in all her operations maintain over the feeble imitations of art. Even under the complicated diſcouragements of low origin, depreſſed condition, and want of education, the naturally quick con-

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conceptions of this unenlightened ſlave, reflected a brightneſs which the artificial poliſh of acquired knowledge was unable to equal. As we believe that our ſouls are originally of one ſubſtance, and will hereafter univerſally return to their priſtine ſtate, the manifeſt difference in our powers of mind, can only be referred to the different organization of our bodies; and we may conclude, that the different degrees of ſuſceptibility in thoſe ſecret channels of connection through which our living agents act, has in ſome degree the ſame effect on the mental faculties, which dreſs has in ornamenting or diſfiguring our bodies themſelves.

It is evident then, by ſo remarkable a proviſion againſt it, that nature never deſigned a univerſal equality in the human ſpecies; that ſhe has wiſely and impartially divided the orders of mankind, by raiſing a choſen few to act in a conſpicuous ſphere, as the objects of laudable emulation, or the melancholy warnings to overbearing ambition; by conducting others, and of theſe a larger number, by a ſafer, but leſs popular road to honeſt reputation; and by filling up the vacuum

vacuum with thoſe, by far the moſt conſiderable part of the ſpecies, who glide through "*the calm* "*ſequeſtered vale of Life*" with uninterrupted tranquillity, and have no care of protracting their exiſtence beyond the burial ſervice.

Human ingenuity however, convinced from early experience that nature, though an excellent mother, was too capricious in the diſtribution of her favours for a good politician, has invented a ſyſtem, (the beſt criterion of which is that it has ſtood the teſt of ſo many ages,) not only calculated to reſtrain the irregular ſallies of genius, but even by adſcitious knowledge, to render the moſt barren minds capable of rivalling on ſome occaſions the fertility of original imagination. Education, however differently modelled by capacities endowed with the united advantages of art and nature; however its complexion may vary in the Campus Martius at Eton, and the paved court-yard of a private academy, *originally undertaken at the particular requeſt of a few ſelect friends, by a Clergyman of unqueſtionable probity, who will pay the ſtricteſt attention to the diet, morals, clothes, and improvements of the young gentlemen committed to his care*; is in its object ſtill the ſame.

Taught

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Taught by experience that a knowledge of the Belles Letters is an univerſal recommendation, without which unpoliſhed virtue may indeed command reſpect, but can ſeldom excite eſteem, we make an advantageous exchange of the unthinking leiſure of childhood, for laying the permanent foundation of a future benefit. But though claſſical knowledge is an eſſential part of a liberal education, it by no means comprehends the whole of it; nor does it follow, that a man who is totally devoid of it, may not fulfil with the greateſt propriety the ſocial as well as moral duties. It muſt be obvious to the eye of the moſt ſuperficial obſerver, that all capacities are not adapted to the ſame path of ſtudy; and on that account the idea of loading the mind indiſcriminately with what it can neither reliſh or digeſt, is ſo palpably miſconceived, as hardly to require confutation.

Yet how many Quixotic enthuſiaſts are there, who, unaccuſtomed to ſtudy mankind, otherwiſe than through the interpretation of the bigotry of the hiſtorian, the ſpleen of the ſatyriſt, or the flattering miſrepreſentations of the poet, and tinctured with the narrow prejudices of a recluſe

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life, ſally forth in all the terrors of diſcipline, to undertake the charge of educating *a ſelect number?* Impreſſed with a veneration for the eſtabliſhed mode, their idea of excellence in education is of the ſame nature with that of Demoſthenes in oratory; while true genius ſickens at the groſs ſurfeit, and fades away into determined indolence, or deſpairing ignorance: and natural dulneſs, at too low an ebb to be further depreſſed by external accidents, is crammed with a crude maſs of indigeſted learning; like a green gooſe at michaelmas, or a mathematical ignoramus before his examination. Totally unadapted for the world, the ſelf-ſufficient pedant naturally looks up to learning as the ſole end of life; and expects the ſame deference among mankind, as his preceptor has hitherto exacted for him, from his leſs laborious equals. Till ſpleened at human nature for undeceiving him, he expires a miſanthrope; or, as his utmoſt proſpect of exaltation, lives a Bentley, to roar at the ſearching ſeverity of a Swift's contempt.

Let us now examine of what ſuperior efficacy is that milder ſyſtem, which endeavours more at mixing pleaſure with utility; and holds liberality of

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of ſentiment, knowledge of mankind, and unaſſuming politeneſs, not unworthy the ſtudy of a learned man. Whatever may be the eſtabliſhed practice of the wiſe in the great world, of dying as naked as they were born, I affirm, that nobody ever paſſed through *this world* without being the richer for it. A citizen of this republic has the peculiar advantage of preparing himſelf for his intercourſe with mankind by his own experience. Not to mention the miniature repreſentation of the paſſions and affections in their moſt lively colours, which in the courſe of this work, I have more than once touched upon; the different ſituations alſo into which chance in after-life may caſt him, are here ſubjected to his conſideration. He has here a practical opportunity of ſeparating obedience from ſervility, and tyranny from authority; nay, ſtill farther, as his happineſs hereafter in a great meaſure depends on his eſtabliſhed character here, his approaching exit requires in ſome meaſure the ſame circumſpection, which old age will call for at ſome future period of exiſtence.

The claſſics are *our* grand road to reputation; all the honorary diſtinctions of our political ſyſtem are confined to excellence in that line. But

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ſuppoſing, as is frequently the caſe, we are not naturally endowed with a taſte for their elegancies, there are ſtill ſecondary purſuits ſufficient to crown with ſucceſs the different efforts by which our univerſal ambition prompts us to *be known*. Socrates, though totally unqualified for a general or a politician, was ſtill a great man; and Cæſar, though he preferred an active enjoyment of preſent good, to the purſuit of abſtracted ideas, was the ſame. But had the blind obſtinacy of a parent, or the miſtaken pedantry of a maſter, placed the one in the field of Philippi, the other in the grove at Athens, though the extent of capacity which in their preſent exalted ſituations characterizes them, might poſſibly have extricated them from the *ſcrape*, in all probability the philoſophical and political world would have wanted two excellent topics of converſation.

May we not then with juſtice conceive, that from the frequent intervening of theſe caſualties, the promiſing greatneſs of many a Cæſar has been blaſted in the bud? and if ſo, is not an attention to the bent of Genius, or rather the allowance of a ſufficient liberty for its natural luxuriance, a point to be conſidered in education?

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A ſhoot when grafted on an ungenial ſtock, will fade and loſe its original beauty; whereas, when nature is conſulted by the ſkilful botaniſt, and admitted to a ſhare in an operation on which ſhe alone has the power of conferring ſucceſs, the alien plant derives additional ſtrength, from the nutritive powers of a ſap congenial to its own.

In like manner, as the human mind is every where ſtrongly analogous to the natural ſyſtem, a cricketer will, in pouring over a page of Horace, loſe the trophies which await him as hero of the Hampſhire, and bulwark of the White Conduit; and exchange the invigorating commendations of a Small, Shock White, or Lumpy, for the dull drudgery of blundering through ten long years of ſcholaſtic labour. The poet will be equally circumſtanced in the field; no innate conſciouſneſs of knowledge can conſole him for the ridicule of an unforeſeen trip; no Muſe on Parnaſſus ſecure his wicket; or Minerva, however ſerviceable ſhe might formerly have been on ſimilar occaſions, avert an all-levelling bowl from the nervous arm of his Bæotian adverſary.

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No. XXXIV,

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 2, 1787.

NEMO *in ſeſe tentat deſcendere.*—JUV.
NOBODY *tries himſelf to ſcan.*—

'SIR,

'THE peculiar hardſhips of my ſitu-
'ation call loudly for your inter-
'ference. As they have hitherto
'eſcaped the notice of thoſe right-
'ers of wrongs, and redreſſers of grievances,
'your periodical predeceſſors, it remains with
'you, Sir, by the publiſhing of this letter, to
'clear my injured fame from the aſperſions of the
'malevolent; and vindicate to the world the im-
'portance of my character.

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'I ſhall not detain you, Mr. Griffin, by a long 'account of my birth, parentage, and education; 'ſuffice it only to ſay, that I never received any 'education; that I am not indebted to a parent, 'for my exiſtence; but that, notwithſtanding I 'am thus defective in point of anceſtry, I boaſt a 'family of wide alliances and extenſive relati-'onſhips, and date my birth even prior to the 'creation.

'In ſhort, Sir, the perſon, who has now the ho-'nor to addreſs you, is no other than NOBODY. 'To prove what I have advanced of my large 'connexions, I am, you muſt know, allied to ANY-'BODY, nearly related to SOMEBODY, and con-'nected by the cloſeſt ties to the family of EVERY-'BODY. Beſides theſe, the various branches of 'the WHAT'SHISNAMES, the WHATYECALLUMS, 'the SUCHAONES, and the THINGUMS and 'THINGUMBOBS, come, one and all, from the 'ſame parent ſtock.

'From this account you might probably be 'led to ſuppoſe, that my ſituation is of all others 'the moſt enviable; that I am growing old, amid 'the careſſes of a diffuſive family; and that I am

'looked

'looked up to with wonder and veneration by the 'reſt of the world, as a being pre-exiſtent to the 'common anceſtor, and contemporary with every 'generation, of mankind. But alas, Mr. Griffin, 'very widely miſtaken would this idea be found. '—Alas, Sir, the world holds me in contempt, 'and my neareſt relations have been taught by 'their example to do the ſame. I cannot make 'ANYBODY confeſs his knowledge of me; EVERY-'BODY ſhuns the ſuſpicion of being acquainted 'with me; and SOMEBODY has long ago ſet him-'ſelf up in direct oppoſition to me; and by de-'grees attracted to his party all the inferior 'branches of the family, who find their ideas of 'ſelf-conſequence much more pleaſingly gratified 'in the relationſhip they bear to him, however 'diſtant, than in the diſgraceful conſanguinity of 'NOBODY.

'It has not been always thus. There was a 'time when the name of NOBODY was more reſ-'pected.—You cannot but know, Mr. Griffin, 'that in all places where the feudal ſyſtem ob-'tained, and even now I believe, in ſome remote 'parts of *Scotland*, it has been cuſtomary for whole 'Clans to take the name of the maſter under 'whom

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'whom they held their ſeveral tenures; inſo-
'much, that it was nothing unuſual for the in-
'habitants of whole diſtricts to be diſtinguiſhable
'from each other only by the difference of their
'*prænomen*, or chriſtian name, or by ſome addi-
'tional *cognomen*, which they adopted for the pur-
'poſe of this diſtinction; ſo that had you, Sir,
'lived in thoſe days, there would have been, I
'doubt not, whole provinces peopled with a
'hopeful progeny of *Griffins*. Ah, Sir, theſe
'were times indeed. Then it was, that I, and my
'old oppoſer SOMEBODY, by mutual compact,
'ſhared the land between us, and diſtributed our
'names to our reſpective adherents. The Barons,
'to be ſure, and all principal perſons, conſidered
'themſelves as members of his family; but then
'the tenants and the bulk of the people were of
'neceſſity contented to rank under my denomi-
'nation. And ſo very inconſiderable was the
'number of his adherents, compared to that of
'mine, that he might be almoſt ſaid ſcarcely to
'have ANYBODY on his party; whilſt, compa-
'ratively ſpeaking, EVERYBODY ſided with
'me.

'There

'There were then no regular ſteps of conſe-
'quence, no intermediate gradation of ranks be-
'tween the lord and his ſlave; but while the im-
'portance of the one was ſufficiently gratified in
'the title of SOMEBODY; the other, hugging him-
'ſelf in his own inſignificancy, was fully ſatiſ-
'fied to herd with the multitude of NOBODIES.

'How different is my ſituation, and how much
'leſſened is the eſtimation in which I am held in
'theſe days; while EVERYBODY is labouring
'with reſtleſs ambition to be conſidered by the
'world as SOMEBODY. It is this principle which
'enforces the young heir into expences far beyond
'the limits of his fortune, and melts the accumu-
'lation of years in the extravagance of an hour;
'that he may by his ſpirited conduct, perſuade
'the admiring world, that he is SOMEBODY. On
'what other principle does the ſpouſe of the ſub-
'ſtantial ſhop-keeper ground her arguments, in
'favor of froſting the cauliflower wig, and roll-
'ing up the round belly in a new red waiſtcoat,
'but that he may be enabled to diſplay himſelf on
'a *Sunday's* terrace, with a dreſs and a figure,
'which may ſhew him to be SOMEBODY? And
'whence that ſelf-ſufficient ſmile which
'curdles

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'curdles the fat cheek of his love, but from 'a conſciouſneſs of having aſſumed, together 'with her flowered damaſk, a degree of import- 'ance, which abundantly reſcues her from the dif- 'graceful appellation of a NOBODY?

'But even theſe deſertions, Sir, however diſ- 'treſſing, and this contempt, however wounding, 'I might perhaps be able to endure without 'complaint; and conſole myſelf with the idea of 'their being but negative misfortunes. But who, 'Mr. Griffin, could forbear to complain of the 'malice of falſe aſperſions, and the railings of 'groundleſs abuſe? who could bear, without re- 'pining, the imputation of vices, of which he 'was perfectly unconſcious; of outrages, of 'which he was wholly incapable?

'There does not paſs a day in which my name 'is not called in a hundred times, as a foil to the 'vices and imperfections of others; as thus, in 'ſpeaking of any notorious offender, "NOBODY "is more wicked," "NOBODY more abandoned," "NOBODY will come ſooner to the gallows."— 'It is, however, ſome compenſation for this, 'you will ſay, that I am alſo made uſe of as a 'com-

'comparison for all that is good and great in any 'character.—But, alas! when you consider how far 'greater is the propensity of most people to ca- 'lumny than commendation, you will readily own, 'that the being coupled once or twice with the 'name of a great or a good man, is but a slender 'consolation, for being daily associated with the 'name of every thing that is rascally and vil- 'lainous under the sun.

'It cannot, I think, have escaped your observa- 'tion, how often in common life, a suspicion of 'being an acquaintance of mine, has been preju- 'dicial to many an innocent and well-meaning per- 'son; and has served as an excuse for treating 'him with the utmost incivility; a hint, that 'such a person was a fellow "who spoke to No- "BODY," or a "creature that NOBODY knew," has 'been a cause sufficient to subject him to the most 'mortifying rudeness and contempt. But I shall 'pass over the consideration of this, and a multi- 'tude of other circumstances of the same nature; 'nor shall I stop to make a single observation on 'that unaccountable malignity with which man- 'kind are taught to persecute me in proverbs, and 'most maliciously to pronounce that wind "*An* "*ill wind, which blows* NOBODY *good.*"—But

'I

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'I ſhall proceed without delay to ſhew the in-
'juſtice and wickedneſs of mankind, in laying to
'my charge ſeveral enormities which it is actu-
'ally out of my power to perform. The firſt in-
'ſtance which occurs to my memory is one of
'very great antiquity, of which, you, Mr. Griffin,
'have in a former paper, very properly taken the
'notice it deſerved, for which I thank you. I al-
'lude to the paltry contrivance of *Ulyſſes*, who, to
'ſhield himſelf and his party from the reſentment
'of *Polypheme*, for the extinction of his eyes, had
'the addreſs to perſuade that ſimple ſhepherd ſwain,
'that it was one Οὖτις (meaning me, Sir,) who was
'perpetrator of the bloody deed. Of this accuſation
'you have already had the goodneſs to acquit me
'to the world. But it were endleſs to dwell on
'every particular circumſtance which has been laid
'hold of, to ſully my fair fame with malevolent
'aſperſions. I ſhould detain you too long, were I
'to enumerate the many atrocious houſe-breakings
'of which a confirmed ſuſpicion is ſaid to have
'fallen on NOBODY; the many midnight murders
'at which NOBODY was thought to have been pre-
'ſent; or (to deſcend to leſs heinous offences)
'the many ſtrayed tea-ſpoons and broken china
'baſons, the guilt of which a favourite lap-dog,

'a

'a cat, or a fine family of little ones have been 'lucky enough to throw off their own ſhoulders 'on thoſe of NOBODY. I myſelf was not a little 'diſpleaſed the other day, to hear an old gentle-'man (who by the bye, has one ſon of two-and-'twenty, and ſeveral head of younger children, 'living in the houſe with him) complain, in the 'double capacity of maſter of a family, and juſ-'tice of the peace, that he had at that time a pier 'glaſs ſhattered to pieces, an arm broken off his 'mahogony eaſy chair, and a houſemaid *in the 'Straw*, for all which circumſtances he was, as 'far as he could learn, indebted to the kind offi-'ciouſneſs of NOBODY.

'Now, Mr. Griffin, I have laid my misfortunes 'before you, in a manner that I think cannot fail 'to excite your compaſſion. With you it re-'mains to mediate between me and the public— 'and by explaining my caſe to them, to confer on 'me a laſting favour and benefit, and lay a ſtrong 'claim to the gratitude of,

'Sir,

'Your ſincere admirer,

'And moſt humble Petitioner,

'NOBODY.'

P. S.

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'P. S. One thing, Sir, I forgot to mention, 'while I was upon the ſubject of the miſchiefs 'laid to my charge, which is, that even my moſt 'violent accuſers have always the juſtice to own, 'that if NOBODY does perform all theſe ex- 'ploits, they fully expect NOBODY to make them 'reparation.'

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No. XXXV.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 9, 1787.

Sed turpem putat in ſcriptis, metuitque lituram.
——I but forgot,
The laſt and greateſt art, the art to blot.——

THERE are few inſtances of imperfection more mortifying to human pride, than thoſe incidental ones, which occur in the moſt illuſtrious and diſtinguiſhed characters. The traces of occaſional overſight are moſt frequently diſcovered in thoſe figures, whoſe outlines have been daſhed with a gigantic ſublimity of the maſterpieces of the moſt celebrated painters; few will remain, which

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which we can declare faultleſs; after thoſe are excepted, in which ſome trivial overſight has been diſcovered, and publiſhed with all the efforts of induſtrious petulance. The errors of *Hannibal* and *Charles the 12th* are ſuch, as an inferior genius would have been preſerved from, by the mere frigidity of cautious conſideration; however ſuperior the noble daring of a great mind, may be to that cold and faultleſs mediocrity which is approved without admiration. Though the puns of *Paradiſe Loſt*, the incidental nodding of the *Iliad*, and the *parties quarrèes* in *Somerſet* place, vaniſh before the collected ſplendor of the whole deſign; they muſt be regarded as infinitely more mortifying, than a ſeries of continued dullneſs, or a collection of united deformity.

In ſuch a train of reflections I was interrupted, by an unexpected ſummons from my Editor; who informed me, that a ſtranger, of a very extraordinary appearance, had of late made very frequent enquiries for me; and was now at his houſe, waiting my arrival with conſiderable impatience. As I am not by nature either incurious, or diſcourteous, I followed my Editor; who, after a walk of about a quarter of an hour, introduced me to a

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little parlour, and a little elderly man, with a very ſerious countenance, and exceeding foul linen. After ſmoothing his approaches to my acquaintance by ſome introductory compliments, he informed me, as indeed I might have gueſſed, 'that he was 'by profeſſion an Author; that he had been for 'many years a literary projector; that, owing to 'a kind of fatality, which had hitherto attended 'his attempts, and a firm reſolution on his own 'ſide never to indulge the trivial taſte of an ill-'judging age, in which it was his misfortune to 'be born,—but he would not trouble me with a 'detail of the open Hoſtilities committed on his 'works by avowed criticiſm, or the more ſecret 'and dangerous attempts of tacit malevolence, 'and pretended contempt,—that he had lately hit 'upon a project, which by its nature muſt ſecure 'to itſelf the attention of the public, and which, 'if he had not formed a very wrong eſtimate of 'its merit, would draw his former efforts from 'the duſt of unmerited oblivion, into general no-'tice, and univerſal approbation.

'It could not have eſcaped an exact obſerver, 'and ſuch a one he might, without hazarding the 'imputation of flattery, pronounce Mr. *Griffin*, (whereupon

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(whereupon Mr. Griffin bowed) 'that the reputation of our great Tragic poet was ſinking apace; and that, not ſo much from any radical or intrinſic defect in his writings, as from ſome venial errors, and incidental omiſſions. Our more refined neighbours had never been able to reliſh the low humour which pervades every ſcene, or the frequent violation of thoſe unities, which they obſerve with ſo religious a regard. Mr. *Voltaire*, with that philoſophic candour which ſo ſtrongly characteriſed his life and writings, had abandoned his defence; and, though in ſome inſtances he had deigned to borrow from him, had condemned him as the poet of a barbarous age, and the favourite of an unenlightened people. Even among a national audience, the moſt admired of his dramas were received at leaſt without that enthuſiaſtic applauſe, they had formerly excited; and we muſt expect, that, in another century, the partiality for our favourite poet will vaniſh, together with our national antipathies againſt popery and wooden ſhoes, and frogs and ſlavery; and that a taſte for *French* criticiſm will immediately follow a reliſh for their cookery.

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'Something muſt be done, Mr. *Griffin*, and that 'ſhortly. The commentators have done little or 'nothing. Indeed what could be expected from 'ſuch a plan? Could any thing be more ridicu-'lous? They have abſolutely confined themſelves 'to what *Shakeſpeare* might poſſibly have wrote! 'I am fully ſenſible that the taſk of reducing to 'poetic rules, and critical exactneſs, what was 'written in ignorance or contempt of both, re-'quires a genius and ability little inferior to that 'of the original compoſer; yet this is my pro-'ject; which, however arduous in the under-'taking, however difficult in execution, I am 'perſuaded to attempt; and to whom can I with 'greater propriety ——— Mr. Griffin, who 'himſelf——— ſo early an age——— 'in ſo extraordinary a manner——— &c. &c.

My friend continued, by remarking 'that the 'people of *Athens* allowed to the judicious critic, 'who ſhould adapt a Tragedy of *Æſchylus* to the 'ſtage, an equal proportion of credit and copy-'money, with the author of an original Drama. 'Yet he deſired me to obſerve, that the author of '*Græcian* tragedy was far more ſtrictly obſervant 'of poetic diſcipline, than the father of the *En-*

'*gliſh*

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'*gliſh* Stage. In all *his* tragedies, there is only 'one, in which he has ventured to break the unity 'of place; an eſſential point, and, as my friend 'declared, highly neceſſary; though it is very 'natural for the ſpectator to miſtake the ſtage for 'a palace, actreſſes for virgin princeſſes, &c. yet 'it is impoſſible for him to imagine that he is in '*Bohemia*, when, but the act before he was fully 'convinced that he was in *Sicily*.'

He at length concluded by drawing out of a tin box ſome "*propoſals for publication*," which he deſired might be communicated to the public through the medium of my paper; at the ſame time preſenting me with a very copious ſpecimen of the work he had undertaken. He reflected on the honour of ſuch a diſtinction, 'but he was natu-'rally partial to riſing merit; and *Gregory Griffin* 'might ſee a period when he himſelf ſhould ex-'iſt only in his writings.'

In the courſe of converſation, my new acquaintance became extremely communicative; deſired my opinion of a preface and dedication, and whether he ſhould prefix it to an improved edition of *Sleidan de quatuor imperiis*, or *Girton's Complete*

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Complete Pigeon Fancier; but upon recollection, reſolved upon an *Ode* which he had lately compoſed *On the uſe of acorns in conſumptive caſes.*

Having occaſion in the courſe of converſation to remark the number of claſſical ſcholars produced in our public ſeminaries, and the comparative pauſity of thoſe who have directed their attention to the cultivation of their native language, my friend regarded the cauſe as extremely evident; 'there were ſeveral aſſiſtances 'which the claſſical compoſer enjoyed, which— 'but all theſe difficulties I ſhould ſee obviated in 'his *New Dictionary of Rhimes*; it was a work, 'which had coſt him conſiderable labour and 'ſtudy. Thoſe of his predeceſſors,———*Byſshe*, '*Gent*, and others, were mere farragos, in which 'the ſound only was conſulted, without any 'nicety of taſte or accuracy of ſelection. This 'chaos, this rude and undigeſted maſs, he had re- 'duced to order, by ſelecting the rhimes proper 'for every poſſible ſubject; and reducing them to 'ſyſtematical arrangement. However, as this 'ſcheme muſt be unavoidably retarded by the 'proſecution of his former project, he ſhould be 'peculiarly happy to ſee his ſyſtem familiarly ex-

'plained

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'plained and illuſtrated in ſome of my future lu-'cubrations.' This requeſt, from an earneſt deſire I entertained of aſſiſting young practitioners in the pleaſing art of poetry, I immediately complied with; however, as I did not fully comprehend his ſyſtem, I took the liberty of tranſcribing the following paſſages from my author's manuſcript.

"For the eclogue, or paſtoral dialogue, let "the ſtudent conclude his lines with the rhimes "underwritten; always taking care to finiſh his "ſenſe with the ſecond rhime, and at no time to "ſuffer his verſe to exceed the juſt meaſure of ten "ſyllables. The rhimes for this purpoſe be "theſe.

——— ———"*ſhady brake*
——— ———"*Licidas awake.*
——— ———"*careleſs rove*
——— ———"*leafy grove.*
——— ———"*fruitful field*
——— ———"*harveſt yield.*
——— ———"*tuneful meaſures,*
——— ———"*harmleſs pleaſures.*
——— ———"*nymphs and ſwains,*
——— ———"*flowery plains.*
"&c.

"Should

"Should our ſtudent turn his thoughts to "panegyric, we would adviſe that he adhere to "the endings we have here preſcribed, as

"*The muſe*
"*A tributary——refuſe*
"*good and great*
"*ordained by fate*
"*noble line*
"*race divine*
"*great——heir*
"*peculiar care*
"&c.

"If my practitioner ſhould perchance be poſ- "ſeſſed of a great fund of humour, and be in- "clined to employ his wicked wit in ridiculing "the clergy, we would admoniſh him to adhere "to the following terminations, in order as they "are appointed, being careful only to confine "his lines to eight ſyllables,

——————"*muſty*
——————"*ruſty*
——————"*colledge*
——————"*knowledge*
——————"*Farce on*
——————"*Parſon*
——————"*vicar*
——————"*liquor*

"*eaſe*

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———— "*eaſe*
———— "*fees*
———— "*fire*
———— "*ſquire*
———— "*tale*
———— "*ale*
———— "*ſpouſe*
———— "*carouſe*
———— "*breed*
———— "*feed.*"

Should the public approve of this ſpecimen of my friend's abilities, I may perhaps in ſome future paper preſent them with a ſample of his projected publications. D

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No. XXXVI.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 16, 1787.

———*Neglectum adhibere clientem.*—JUV.
A long neglected client to admit.——DRYDEN.

I Feel myself so much obliged by the continued notice of my correspondents, that I should consider myself as highly ungrateful, if I did not sometimes leave wholly to them the weekly entertainment of my readers.

'To

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Ἡδὲ Ἰρίτηγε καὶ ΜΕΣΗ Ἰῶν εἰρημένων δυοῖν Ἁρμονιων ἦν ΚΟΙΝΗΝ καλῶ σπανειτε κυρίω καὶ ΚΡΕΙΤΤΟΝΟΣ Ὀνόματο:, σχῆμα μέν ἴδιον οὐδὲν ἔχει κατέρᾶλαι δέ πως ἐξ ἐκείνων μετρίως. ΚΑΙ ΕΣΤΙΝ ΕΚΛΟΓΗ ΤΙΣ ΤΩΝ ΕΝ ἙΚΑΤΕΡΑ ΚΡΑΤΙΣΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΤΣ; Περι ΣΤΝΘ: Τμ: κδ.

"But this third, and MIDDLE of the two "ſtyles already mentioned, which from want of a "better name I call the *common*, has no peculiar "dreſs of its own; but is compoſed equally of "both the other, and is, as it were, *a ſelection of* "*the beauties of each.*"

'TO GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'SIR,

'As being commendably and 'ſucceſsfully engaged in the ſame track, perhaps 'you will accept this VINDICATION of an il-'luſtrious predeceſſor, in the province of a pe-'riodical eſſayiſt; the inventor of that happy mode 'of imparting knowledge, of cultivating taſte, 'and of recommending virtue.

'I therefore make uſe of the medium of your 'paper to entreat the public clemency in favor of 'an author, who, though more than paſſable for 'his day, is in danger of being abſolutely eclipſed 'by

'by the tranſcendent radiance of theſe dazzling 'luminaries; or, to ſpeak with antiquated ſim-'plicity, whoſe ſuppoſed purity of ſtyle is falling 'into contempt, from a compariſon with the per-'fect models exhibited by the Johnſonian School, '—though of that ſchool the more characteriſtic 'merit perhaps be "*turgid Eloquence*," expreſſed 'in a ſtyle which no inferior genius could har-'monize with *ſuch* eloquence; "*a ſtyle refined to a* "*degree of immaculate Purity.*" You ſee, Sir, that 'when deviating into the ſilly plainneſs of the un-'poliſhed days of ANN, I exalt my phraſe and re-'inforce my ſtyle by calling in auxiliaries of a no-'bler port and gigantic elevation; auxiliaries, who 'by the union of incompatible qualities may con-'ſiſtently be accounted potent beyond the limits 'of poſſibility. But 'till a perfect uniformity of 'ſtyle be eſtabliſhed among men, till the "*want* "*of a conſecutive ſeries of ſenſes in their nature colla-*"*teral, when the radical idea branches into parallel* "*ramifications*" ſhall be tunefully lamented by 'the maidens, and ſignificantly recited by the 'liſping babes, the rude and the ignorant, in their 'advancement to an happier cultivation, may be 'permitted to indulge themſelves with an occa-'ſional page of ADDISON. It is indeed for this un-'fortunate

'fortunate writer, that I dare to plead; not-
'withſtanding he is convicted of two ſuch
'faults in ſtyle, (if one be not rather of the ſen-
'timent,) as would render any one who has written
'ſo long ſince, and upon ſuch ſubjects, utterly
'unworthy to be read:—"*feebleneſs and inanity.*"
'I will not ſay, that to thoſe who walk on ſtilts a
'natural walk may appear a feeble one; or that
'where there is nothing groſs, nothing crouded,
'nothing out of its place, the medium pure, the
'object of aerial brightneſs, it may be loſt to ſome
'in the ſimplicity of it's own light; like the ſky
'of a ſummer's evening, without clouds or miſt.
'I will not ſay this, becauſe it muſt occur to cri-
'tics who are ſo accompliſhed, as to ſee ADDISON
'ſo far beneath them. But I muſt ſay ſomething
'reſpecting the "MIDDLE STYLE" of which he is
'ironically accuſed. For the formidable cenſor,
'*ex Cathedrâ*, thus pronounces, "*I am not willing*
"*to deprive him of the Honor implied in Johnſon's*
"*Teſtimony, that* his proſe is the model of the
"Middle Style; *but if he be but a* MEDIOCRIST, *he*
"*is ſurely not a ſubject of imitation; it being a rule,*
"*that of examples the beſt are always to be ſelected.*"

'Now

'Now here I muſt move in ARREST of JUDGE-'MENT, "*for that in the record there is manifeſt* "*error*," and ſhall contend, with certainty of ſuc-'ceſs, that, upon the face of the indictment, *no* '*crime is charged*; that he is perhaps the only 'inſtance in our virtuous days, of a perſon indicted 'and convicted of a virtue. But "*the* MIDDLE "*ſtyle*," is firſt taken as ſynonimous with "*the* "*middling one*," and *that* being equivalent to *indif-'ferent, low, vulgar*, &c. ADDISON is conluded to 'have been thus an author of the MIDDLE STYLE. 'But, Sir, the word is a word of good fame and 'honorable eſtimation.—It ſhall not, like the inno-'cent Quaker, be brought under the diſgrace of 'proſtitution, becauſe another word of very dif-'ferent character appears habited like it.

'If I were to call my witneſſes to its reputation, 'I could fill the Court with the firſt literary wor-'thies, from ARISTOTLE, to HARRIS of SALIS-'BURY. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, *Longinus*, *Her-'mogenes*, *Quintilian*, *Cicero* himſelf, at once the 'Commender and the great Example—are per-'petual in its praiſe. The MEΣH, the KOINH Λεξις, 'the *æquabile et temperatum dicendi Genus*, has *Ho-'mer*, *Iſocrates* in his beſt productions, *Demoſthenes* in 'parts

'parts of his moſt finiſhed compoſitions; *Plato* 'in a variety of beautiful inſtances; *Xenophon* in 'his General Character; *Virgil* and *Livy*, for it's 'examples; it is placed in Literature as the 'GOLDEN MEAN in ETHICS; the VIRTUE be- 'tween the *extremes* of the *auſtere* and the luxu- 'riant. The SONS of ETON, thoſe who have 'been formed by a BARNARD or a FOSTER; 'thoſe who now liſten to a DAVIES,—have this 'Evidence already in their breaſts. But, Sir, 'I call no witneſſes: I am not moving for a New 'Trial upon a *Verdict by Miſdirection and againſt* '*Evidence*—though upon that I muſt proceed, if 'this were denied me:—But I plead in ARREST 'of JUDGEMENT; that there is *no Crime on the* '*Record*. That the *legal* ſenſe of the MIDDLE 'STYLE is perfectly aſcertained in the COURTS 'OF CRITICISM; and were it neceſſary to cite a 'written authority in affirmance of the common 'Law of good ſenſe and taſte in ſo clear a caſe, I 'would cite one which would be acknowledged 'by the Judge, who has pronounced this ſentence, 'to be equal to an ACT OF PARLIAMENT; 'though it be but an Ordinance or a PROCLAMA- 'TION of the late literary MONARCH.—The 'words of JOHNSON himſelf deciding on ADDI-

'SON.

son. "*His Proſe is the Model of the* MIDDLE "STYLE." "*On grave ſubjects not formal; on* "*light occaſions not groveling; pure without ſcru-* "*puloſity, and exact without apparent elaboration.* "*Always equable, and always eaſy: Without glow-* "*ing words or pointed ſentences.* ADDISON *never* "*deviates from his track to ſnatch a Grace; he* "*ſeeks no ambitious ornaments, and tries no hazard-* "*ous innovations. His page is always luminous;* "*but never blazes with unexpected ſplendor;—if his* "*language had been leſs idiomatical* (this is his adop-" tion of vulgar phraſe), *it would have loſt ſomething* "*of its genuine Angliciſm.* HE IS NEVER FEEBLE; "*and he did not wiſh to be energetic: he is never* "*rapid, and he never ſtagnates. His ſentences* "*have neither ſtudied amplitude, nor affected bre-* "*vity. His periods, though not diligently rounded, are* "*voluble and eaſy. Whoever wiſhes to attain an* "ENGLISH STYLE, *muſt give his days and nights* "*to the Volumes of* ADDISON."

'This is the MIDDLE STYLE, for which Ad-' diſon is to be condemned, in the ſenſe of the very ' Author from whom Cenſure is inferred; ſup-' poſed latent in the uſe of this expreſſion. *This* ' *the feebleneſs!* and were I to ſpeak to the *inanity* ' im-

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'imputed, I might cite the fine paſſage which pre-
'cedes that which I have tranſcribed, and in which
'ADDISON is deſervedly honoured as a Teacher
'of Moral Wiſdom, of Rational Religion, in
'every intereſting, every engaging Form, which at-
'tractive Fiction can lend, or the ſimple Elegance
'of Truth, preſent. Of the true, the graceful, and
'the virtuouſly conciliating in domeſtic life, he
'was not leſs a Teacher; with a perſuaſive eaſe,
'a delicacy, a pathetic mildneſs whoſe influence
'can never be entirely without effect on the heart
'of any of his readers. I would appeal to his VISIONS
'of MIRZA; to his *Allegory* on the origin of the
'connection between PAIN and PLEASURE, ex-
'tended to a noble concluſion from the idea hinted
'by *Socrates*; to his Eſſay on RELIGION and on
'PRAYER, for the higher inſtances; to his character
'of *Ruricola* and the *Cornelii*; to the ſerious and ſen-
'timental part of his inimitable portrait of the good
'*Old Knight*; and a variety of his other compoſitions,
'adapted to all the ſocial offices between indivi-
'duals, for the reſt. Nor, as a Critic, can he ever be
'meanly valued: whether we regard his merit of
'introducing MILTON to popular notice, more
'extenſively than would otherwiſe have been ef-
'fected even by the approbation of SOMMERS; or

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'his Eſſays on the PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION, 'to which modern refinement of inveſtigation may 'yet find itſelf much obliged, and modern ele- 'gance of ſtyle may be challenged to no eaſy Com- 'petition. I might here appeal again to JOHNSON; 'but to vouch external teſtimony in proof of ſuch 'excellence, borders on the charge of ridiculous 'anxiety,—it is

"*To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,*
"*To throw a perfume on the Violet.*"

'For one hint, as it is given by JOHNSON, I ſhall 'make no apology. "ADDISON *is now deſpiſed by* "*ſome, who perhaps never would have ſeen his defects,* "*but by the light he afforded them.*" Yet I hope it is 'by ſome only, and that many retain their vene- 'ration to a name to which our language, our taſte, 'our manners are ſingularly indebted; and who, 'firſt of our Engliſh writers, preſented virtue to 'our view, introduced by chearfulneſs, and at- 'tended by the graces.

'I am,

'Sir,

'Your's moſt reſpectfully,

'An ETONIAN.'

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'TO G. GRIFFIN, ESQ.

Saltantem ſpectes, & chironomonta volanti
Cultello———————
———————Nec minimo ſanè diſcrimine refert,
Quo geſtu lepores, & quo gallina ſecetur.
———JUVEN. Sat. 5.

The carver dancing round each diſh ſurveys,
With flying knife, and as his art directs
With proper geſtures every fowl diſſects;
A thing of ſo great moment to their taſte,
That one falſe ſlip had ſurely marr'd the feaſt.
———DRYDEN.

'DEAR SIR,

'WARM as I have ever been in my admi-
'ration of your excellent work, there was a ſen-
'timent in a late paper of yours, which ſtruck me
'more forcibly than any I had ever ſeen, as more
'perfectly according with my own ideas. "There
"is nothing" you ſay, "however inconſiderable,
"from which morality may not be derived."
'This, Sir, is an opinion, to which from my
'childhood I have been particularly attached.
'If the ſtories of my nurſe may be believed, I have
'often appeared totally wrapped up in reflections
'on my rattle, and ſat whole hours in profound
'meditation on a ſaucepan of pap.

'An

'An ingenious friend of mine, whose opinions 'are remarkably congenial with my own, who exer- 'cises the laudable profession of a taylor, called upon 'me a few days ago with a bundle of papers in his 'hand; which he informed me were tracts, poems, 'dissertations, tragedies, &c. of his own compo- 'sition. I own I was at first preparing to rebuke 'my friend for quitting the more honourable em- 'ployment of cutting out coats and breeches, for 'that of stitching together a parcel of rhimes, or '*cabbaging* materials for a dissertation. In short I 'began seriously to expostulate with him on his 'temerity, and to recall his exertions from the pen 'to the needle. My good friend, smiling with a 'look of compassion for my ignorance, informed 'me, "that these two instruments mutually as- "sisted each other; that the same pieces of cloth "furnished him with materials for a new coat, and "a new composition; and, that in short he stitched "as an author, and wrote as a taylor." I was a good 'deal surprised at this account, till upon looking 'over my friend's manuscripts, I found among 'many others, the following titles; "*A treatise on* "*sewing, with a comparison between a pair of* "*sheers and a Lord Chancellor.*" "*Taylоring* "*considered in a moral and philosophical light.*"

'*The*

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"*The plot discovered, or* HELL *in an uproar,*" 'a Tragedy. "*View of men and manners, as taken* "*from a taylor's board.*" "*Directions for cutting* "*out,*" a Didactic poem; and a variety of others 'of the same nature. What a blessing, Mr. Grif- 'fin, would it be for this country, if every body 'would imitate the example of this gentleman; 'and make either their pleasures, or their business, 'subservient to nobler pursuits. We might then 'expect a generation of poetical green-grocers, 'metaphifical cork-cutters, and philosophical 'tallow-chandlers. We should then all be like 'the gamester, who to the surprise of a large 'congregation, brought into church a pack of 'cards instead of a prayer book; and on being 'reprimanded, proved, that the cards, in the light 'he considered them, answered every purpose of 'the liturgy. For if the haberdasher, when 'rolling up his small wares, would consider them 'in an astronomical view, and the cheese-monger, 'when surrounded by *Stilton and double Gloucester,* 'regard his goods as subjects for philosophy; 'there would be nothing wanting to render the 'former a *Newton* and the latter a *Socrates.*

'For

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'For my own part, Sir, I have not the happineſs of exerciſing any of the trades in queſtion, 'and therefore cannot myſelf apply them to the 'purpoſes of morality. But you muſt know, Sir, 'the chief delight of my life is——*good eating*; 'nor am I aſhamed to own myſelf a GLUTTON; 'ſince I can at the ſame time boaſt that I am a moralizing one. As I ſwallow with remarkable 'expedition, I have uſually done dinner before 'the reſt of the company; and in order to fill up 'the vacant time, amuſe myſelf with obſerving 'the manœuvres of ſome one who ſtill continues 'eating. An inexperienced perſon can have no 'idea of the fund of knowledge and improvement 'which ſuch ſpeculation affords; nor can they at 'all conceive the many uſeful leſſons and rules for 'my future conduct, which I collect, merely from 'obſerving the knife and fork ranging from one 'part of the plate to the other; induſtriouſly collecting the different ſubſtances, and piling up the 'fat on the meat, the ſallad on the fat, the gravy 'on the ſallad, and the ſalt on the gravy. When I 'ſee this delicious pyramid deſcend the throat, it 'reminds me of a poet, who heaps tropes upon 'epiſodes, ſimilies upon tropes, and cataſtrophes 'on ſimilies; and at laſt ſees the whole fabric deſtroyed by the tooth of the Critic. If the unfaithful

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'faithful fork happens to let go his cargo, juſt 'as the mouth is opening for its prey, what a me-'lanchory picture does this accident preſent, of 'the uncertainty and viciſſitude of all human affairs! 'How ſtrongly does it bring to my mind that 'trite but excellent maxim, of πολλα μεταξυ πελει 'κυλικος και χειλεος ακρυ, "many things hap-"pen between the cup and the lip?" By this 'means, Mr. Griffin, you perceive that my fond-'neſs for eating is of eminent advantage to my 'mind and morals; ſince the ſame ingredients af-'ford wholeſome food to my ſtomach, and whole-'ſome reflections to my heart.

'If this letter ſhould meet with a favourable 'reception, I will, in a ſhort time, ſend you a 'very elaborate diſſertation on carving, which 'was compoſed "*interciſivo tempore*," that is, be-'tweeen the firſt and ſecond courſe.

'I remain,

'Your moſt devoted Servant,

'Σοφος Πολυφαγος.'

NOTES to CORRESPONDENTS.

Semicolon is received---I will venture to give *Quintus* the piece of advice which Horace gave to his nameſake, *ne tercunctetis.*

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No. XXXVII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 23, 1787.

O! curas hominum! O! quantum eſt in rebus inane.
PERSIUS.

How anxious are our cares, and yet how vain.
DRYDEN.

WHEN Philoſophy, affecting to exclaim thus on the vanity of human purſuits and knowledge, and the emptineſs of human glory, ſings the praiſes of retirement and ſecluſion from ſociety, I cannot ſuppreſs the ſmile which ariſes at the mock ſolemnity of the declaration; and have ſufficient ill-nature to ſuſpect, that the ſentiment has been dictated by that very vanity, which it ſeemingly deſpiſes. I believe that none are found to be more warmly attached

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tached to that periſhable frailty (as they call it) fame, than thoſe who outwardly neglect it.—They may do it with ſafety;—by the ſingularity of affecting to depreciate what others value ſo highly, they are certain of attracting the attention of mankind. If theſe men are ſincere and ſpeak the real ſentiments of their hearts, let them not be diſturbed in their favourite retirement; their opinions are harmleſs, and will have but little influence on the world at large. But let them extend to others that toleration, which is granted to themſelves. If their quiet is not envied by the great, let them not impede the more active purſuit of others; if their cottage is left untouched, they ſhould not attempt to deſtroy the palace which another is rearing; they may reſt aſſured the world will not moleſt them, if they do not moleſt the world; in ſpite of their outcries men will follow their different purſuits with the ſame ardor, and by endeavoring to deter them, they only betray their own impotence. The truth is, that in the great maze of life each may purſue his own path without fear of interrupting his neighbour; the roads are numerous and broad enough for us to paſs without crouding each other. As each man has his particular turn, his favourite

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favourite purſuit, he may follow it. I only wiſh he would not abuſe his neighbour for chuſing a different track. There is nothing more common, at the ſame time nothing more abſurd, or a more infallible mark of a narrow underſtanding, than to condemn every purſuit but your own, and depreciate every ſtudy in compariſon with ſome beloved object; ſurely the diſpoſition, which refuſes to mix with any but that of a ſimilar texture, is not only uncharitable and unſociable, but ridiculous.

Every man muſt be a competent judge of what is moſt conſonant to his own inclinations; and as every man muſt undoubtedly wiſh for happineſs, it follows, that he will purſue the means which he thinks the moſt likely to attain it. The philoſopher and the active man in their different purſuits muſt each feel a pleaſure, which the other is incapable of taſting. The contented ſoul of the one ſhrinks from the dangers and the tempeſts to which ambition is expoſed; and the turbulent ſpirit of the other ſickens at the thought of a calm, wherein all his powers are rendered uſeleſs and inert.

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The queſtion is now reduced to this point, "Of the different means by which we purſue happineſs, which is the moſt likely to gain its end?" I muſt here obſerve, that as things are generally in extremes, both the active and inactive have puſhed their opinions too far; if one has too much phlegm the other has too much fire; and as all extremes deſtroy themſelves by too eager a purſuit of a favourite object, we often miſs our aim. The man who in chaſe of pleaſure, plunges into the exceſſes of debauchery, or he who in the rigour of his morality, obſtinately rejects all pleaſures, and moroſely ſecludes himſelf from ſociety, leſt he ſhould be contaminated, have in the eye of wiſdom equally been miſled. Him who conſiders fame as not worth poſſeſſing, or him who reſts his whole happineſs on the gaze of the multitude, ſuch, as having entirely miſtaken their ends, I exclude from the queſtion, as wiſhing to confine it to thoſe, who purſue their inclinations with moderation, and found them on rational principles. On the firſt view the retired man ſeems to proceed on the ſurer grounds. His happineſs depends upon himſelf alone; his reſourſes are contained within himſelf, and conſequently are not expoſed to the viciſſitudes, which

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which a man of the world muſt inevitably experience. The latter is liable to have his ſchemes thwarted, and projects defeated, by thoſe whoſe intereſts claſh with his. His ill fortune, the treachery of a friend, or the ingratitude of his country, may deprive him of the reward of his labours, and leave him deſtitute in the evening of his days, when his powers are exhauſted, and he is no longer able to cope with the difficulties which ſurround him.

This is all ſpecious, perhaps true: But let us take the reverſe of the ſcene.—The calm contented happineſs which is to roll for years, "*in the noiſeleſs tenor of its way*" is I believe to be found only in the raptures of poetry, what is *called* philoſophy, and enthuſiaſm. For the firſt, fiction is its peculiar province; for the ſecond, it is an *Utopian* ſcheme, which has never been realized; and who regards the mad reveries of an enthuſiaſtic viſionary? This calm half-animated exiſtence pleaſes from novelty in ſpeculation: The man who has been toſt in a tempeſt, is delighted for a time with the tranquillity of a calm; but who wiſhes to ſtagnate in a calm for ever? the ſame revolution of the ſame objects in eternal

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eternal ſucceſſion, without change or variety, muſt fatigue at laſt; our ſtock of ideas in ſuch a ſituation are ſoon exhauſted; the mind ceaſes to dwell with delight on objects, (tho' beautiful in themſelves) which ſhe has ſo often contemplated, and with whoſe perfections ſhe is minutely acquainted. She is convinced of the truth of the inference ſhe has drawn from thoſe objects; and as ſhe has viewed them in every light they are capable of being viewed in, can we wonder that ſhe wiſhes for a change? Have we never examined a beautiful proſpect till our ſight is ſatiated, and our curioſity exhauſted? The mind in retirement loſes much of its elaſticity, by wanting that ſtimulus, which the hopes and fears of a buſy life continually ſupply. It is variety, ſo entirely loſt in retirement, which gives us freſh ſpirits to proceed; and which ſerves as a ſpur to awaken us from ſatiety and languor.

"*Never leſs alone than when alone*" is the ſplendid ſentiment of a *Roman* Hero, and has been the univerſal motto of the advocates of retirement. It is a noble ſentiment, and worthy of the great man from whom it fell. But it ſhould be remembered, that this truly illuſtrious

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trious hero, was not the mere recluſe. *Scipio* was eminent amongſt the moſt eminent, univerſally acknowledged a Stateman, General, Scholar, and Philoſopher; by a felicity rarely attained he blended the oppoſite quality of an active life, and a philoſophic eaſe. Perhaps, after all this altercation, the diſpute, like moſt others of the ſame kind, muſt be ſettled by a compoſition; and the man who like *Scipio* can unite ſuch oppoſite virtues, is the character we ought to imitate.

If the world was entirely filled with the buſtling and ambitious, ſuch would be the tumult, that anarchy and confuſion muſt inevitably prevail; if with philoſophers only, life would ſtagnate, and its ſcenes be rendered inſipid. At preſent they are as a mutual check on each other, by which the proper balance is kept between them; the reproof of the one reſtrains the licentiouſneſs into which the other, unleſs ſo curbed, might be apt to fall; and the ſupercilious pride, which philoſophy is apt to indulge againſt thoſe who are not of her ſect, is checked by the contempt that pride is ſure to meet with from the oppoſite and far more numerous party.—*Cowley*, who had tried the promiſed felicity of retirement, regretted the loſs of that

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that ſociety which he had voluntarily abandoned.

To regulate but not ſuppreſs the efforts of ambition, is a taſk worthy of true philoſophy; but ſurely to obſtruct the growth of knowledge, by inculcating "that all knowledge is vanity," is not ſo laudable an undertaking. This at once ſtrikes at the root of all deſire to exert that mental ſuperiority, which is the attribute of men alone. If we are prepoſſeſſed with this notion, who will ſacrifice his health, and wear out his abilities in purſuit of that whoſe end is vanity? For who is willing to labour in vain, or to ſow where he has no proſpect of reaping? I cannot be perſuaded that the deſire of knowledge, which is ſo univerſally prevalent in man, could be implanted in us only to torment us; only to convince us, that after years of fruitleſs toil, that toil might have been ſpared, as no advantage could be derived from it. Thoſe who attend only to the minutiæ of ſcience, may with reaſon be reproved, as directing their attention to trifles, whilſt they leave the more important parts unexamined; but ſurely the diſcoveries of *Newton*, or the eſſays of *Locke* are not to be conſidered as the effuſions of ignorance

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rance under the diſguiſe of knowledge? Has man been declared the lord of this lower world, has he been endowed with all his various faculties, and has nature implanted in them his various paſſions, that he may be the laughing ſtock of ſuperior beings? Is it not his duty, rather, as being placed here in a ſtate of probation, to exert, not to bury his talents? To me at leaſt it is plain, that ſuch would be the wiſh of every rational being.

It is no eaſy taſk to trace theſe pretended philoſophers through the different links which connect their ſyſtem. Even *Socrates* himſelf, wiſe and good as he was, is not entirely free from the fault which infected his brethren. The confeſſion "that the ſummit of his knowledge was, "that he knew nothing," was the effect of vanity, concealed under the maſk of pretended humility. "I don't know how it is," ſaid *Phryne*, "theſe "men may talk of their wiſdom and their tem- "perance, but they knock at my door as often as "other men." The exemption from the paſſions other men are ſubject to, which they claim as the privilege of their ſect, was ſurely only an empty boaſt. What *Tacitus* ſaid of *Auguſtus* refuſing the empire,

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empire, may be equally applied to their outward neglect of fame, "*Imperium ſpecie recuſantis fla-*
"*grantiſſime cùpiverat*," "Under the maſk of a
"refuſal, he concealed the moſt eager deſire of ob-
"taining the Imperial dignity." "*Of all the cants*
"*in this canting world, the cant of hypocriſy*" and falſe philoſophy, which are nearly allied, is not only *the worſt*, but the moſt *tormenting*.

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No. XXXVIII.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 23, 1787.

Mos pro lege,
Cuſtom is a ſecond nature.——MONTAIGNE.

NOTWITHSTANDING I feel the diſadvantages under which I labour, in treating of a ſubject ſo happily, and ſo much more ably handled by moſt of my predeceſſors in this way of writing, yet by throwing ſome new light on the old

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old materials, I ſhall hope to engage the attention of my readers. Thoſe females who honor my lucubrations with their peruſal, will excuſe me, if perchance ſome lettered beau ſhall have informed them, that my engliſh motto is not exactly the tranſlation of the latin one, and will, rather than cenſure me, be candid enough to call the book of proverbs to an account, for not furniſhing me with a better.

CUSTOM has been very juſtly termed the parent of thoſe many abſurdities, to which we are every day witneſſes, but which, from their frequency become ſo familiar, that we can look upon them "*ſiccis oculis*," and with the ſame indifference as on the moſt rational occurrences of life. It is the hinge, upon which the manners of the world in general, and the peculiarities of each nation turn. What are termed the laws of honor, have the ſanction of CUSTOM only to plead in their behalf. What elſe could ſo directly have oppoſed them to juſtice? It is by ſome author, I know not whom, obſerved, that it is conſidered as diſgraceful in a man who conceives his honor injured, to apply to the laws of his country for redreſs! and yet if he has recourſe to any other expedient, he is puniſhed

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by thoſe laws which he has ſlighted. The HIGH COURT OF CUSTOM has preſcribed one remedy, Juſtice another: This has reaſon for its ſupport, that violence; this makes an appeal to the long robe, that to the ſhort cloak. Nay, the very facetious author, from a tranſlation of whoſe eſſays I have taken my *Engliſh* motto, goes much farther in his aſſertion of the power of CUSTOM: He would wiſh to perſuade us, that the laws of conſcience, which all writers without heſitation ſeem to agree in attributing to nature, proceed merely from CUSTOM: From the almoſt innate veneration we feel for the opinions received among our countrymen; and from which conſequently we cannot depart without reluctance, nor adhere to without ſelf-approbation. Nor is CUSTOM alone dictator in the more eſſential occurrences of life, but even directs the moſt trivial alterations of dreſs, phraſe, and the etiquette of good-breeding. Our very polite neighbours are certainly guilty of *groſſieretes* even in their moſt refined and poliſhed converſations, even in the humanizing ſociety of the fair, which would ſhock the moſt rugged *Engliſh* ear, and force the bluſh into the cheek of modeſty, eſpecially when unuſed to the ſo frequent repetition of them. And yet theſe ſame people

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people would reprobate the idea of the ſmalleſt contradiction to the moſt ridiculous aſſertions, or of differing in the leaſt from the moſt prejudiced opinions. It has been obſerved, that lying and perjury are not vices with the French, but "*only a* "*way of ſpeaking.*"

Perhaps I cannot bring forward a ſtronger inſtance of the prejudices ariſing from cuſtom, than the very extraordinary method of ploughing, known certainly to have been adopted by the *Iriſh*, who, from a long practice of tying their horſes tails to the plough, were ſo bigotted to the cuſtom, that nothing but an abſolute order, (nay I believe an act of parliament) could perſuade them of the ſuperior eaſe and convenience of harneſs. Mr. *Pennant*, if I am not miſtaken, in his tour, mentions a no leſs ſingular prejudice of the *Scotch*. The poorer Highlanders were ſo accuſtomed to a ground floor only, that it was not, 'till after much obſtinate reſiſtance, they could be convinced of the advantage of additional ſtories; and even then they were ſo poſitive in their refuſal to aſcend a ſtaircaſe within the houſe, that it was actually built externally. Every one is acquainted with the dread the *Ruſſians* had of inoculation,

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culation, tho' they ſaw the ravages of the natural ſmall pox, 'till their Empreſs, with a courage peculiar to herſelf, convinced them of its ſafety, by ſubmitting firſt herſelf to the operation. And yet this method was long before practiſed with ſucceſs in *Turkey*, under the name of ingrafting the diſeaſe. I cannot but here repeat what I have before obſerved, how cuſtom familiarizes objects, at firſt ſight the moſt diſguſting to us. And here, gentle and benevolent reader, you will pardon my addreſſing one of my correſpondents in particular, whoſe caſe, as cenſor general of this little world, I think myſelf in duty bound to conſider, and I have given it the conſideration it deſerves. Let then VIR BONUS frequently repeat his ride thro' our territories, and in caſe of moleſtation, let him plead the promiſe which I now ſolemnly (tho' *excluſively*) give *him* of the omiſſion of the thiſtle. Let him take every opportunity of ſubmitting his deformities to the inſpection of my very facetious fellow-citizens, and let him be aſſured that they will gradually wear off; and that even a brown buz-wig, a light blue coat, and (tho' much the moſt durable ſtain about him) black everlaſting breeches, may at length thro' cuſtom be incorporated into our ideas of

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of humanity. Let him not however be impatient at the length of the proceſs; let him not in deſpair of ſucceſs put a period to his miſerable exiſtence. The little I have ſeen of this wicked world, convinces me, that with a little more experience I ſhall like it very well; let him reflect only on the magnitude of his offence,—that he is a *Quiz*, and rather let him conſole himſelf with the reflection, that be he at preſent never ſuch a "*tough one*," Cuſtom may in courſe of time render him almoſt "*perfectus ad unguem*," *as neat as my nail.*

Montaigne has entertained his readers with a collection of the moſt laughable, and yet the moſt oppoſite cuſtoms that he could pick up from this or any other nation, and by placing them in a very ridiculous point of view, he almoſt extorts from us a reſolution to make uſe of our own reaſon, in preference to vulgar prejudice, as our guide thro' life. There have been many, who have eagerly embraced the greateſt hardſhips, merely to diſcover the extent of their patience; and to endeavour by practice to lighten and familiarize them. Some have abandoned their riches to exerciſe themſelves in a voluntary poverty;

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verty; others courted labour, and the auſterity of a painful life, to inure themſelves to misfortune and fatigue. Theſe, and more than theſe, merely by a reſolute perſeverance, they at length overcame; and not only by cuſtom were taught to tolerate, but even to take a pleaſure in them. But ſuch men as theſe are not to be deemed the authors of all the frivolous cuſtoms we ſee daily here and every where diſperſed thro' the globe; cuſtoms, which have not even the ſanction of a miſtaken virtue to ſupport them, but which are the effects, either of the capricious whims of the few, or of the impenetrable ignorance of the many. Whoever would diſengage himſelf from theſe unaccountable prejudices, will, by a little obſervation diſcover, how many things are received without ſcruple among the multitude, which have not the ſmalleſt foundation in nature or reaſon; and when this maſk of prejudice is thrown aſide, will be ſpleened to think, how long he has himſelf been an accomplice in blinding the eye of his judgement, and in concurring in opinions the moſt vulgar and contemptible.

To this powerful agent in all human affairs, the *true born Engliſhman* is indebted for many of the

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the privileges which he ſo excluſively enjoys, and which nothing but ſo abſolute an authority as that of cuſtom can juſtify. Of theſe not the leaſt is the noble art of SWEARING, which, as I have more fully deſcanted on it in a former paper, I ſhall at preſent leave to reap the benefits of the improvements ſo liberally laid down by me. Rather than relinquiſh any one of theſe rights, the ſturdy *Briton* will ſtand forth the protector of his own and countrymen's liberty, like the old Gaſcons againſt Charlemagne, who were ſo attached to their ſyſtematic rudeneſs and ignorance, that they boldly aſſerted an excluſive privilege of ſtupidity, when he firſt attempted to introduce among them the latin language and imperial laws. Hence alſo that *remnant of manhood*, the Taylor, upon the revolving feſtivals of Chriſtmas and Eaſter, buttons up his knees, draws on his ſhoes, and deſcending from the deſerted board, puts in a claim for every privilege of humanity, by grinning, in imitation of the rational faculty of laughter, and "*by holding up his head like a man.*" I remember a friend of mine who had ſo accuſtomed himſelf to talk in the horſe-dealing phraſe, that I really think he could convey his ideas by no other channel. He was once preſcribing me

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a remedy for a ſprained hip, "*Aye,*" ſaid he, "*we "must fire you on the round bone, and give you a "winter's run.*" Upon my expreſſing ſome ſurprize at this addreſs, he loudly exclaimed againſt my ignorance, ſwearing at the ſame time that he believed I ſhould not know a *ſnaffle from a curb.*

I ſhall ſubjoin to theſe remarks a letter from one of my correſpondents, not very foreign from my ſubject.

'DEAR GREG,

'HAVING occaſion to travel 'a few weeks ſince on the north road, I was not a 'little ſurprized at being charged by the poſti- 'lion for twenty miles, when the real diſtance was 'but ſeventeen. Upon my remonſtrating, the 'boy allowed what I ſaid, but they never charged, 'he ſaid, on that ſtage by the mile ſtones, but by 'the old "*time out of mind*" cuſtom of the houſe. 'Upon ſo barefaced a declaration, I inſtantly paid 'him the money, aſſuring him at the ſame time, 'that tho' I was obliged to ſubmit to *his cuſtom*, I 'never would in future trouble him with *mine*. 'Your opinion of the repartee, will much oblige,

'Dear GREG,

'Your conſtant reader and admirer,

'MISOETHUS.'

M

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The Reader may more eaſily conceive, than I can expreſs, the extreme ſorrow with which I inform the Public, of the indiſpoſition under which Mr. GRIFFIN *now labours. It has been, alas! for ſome time the opinion of the moſt able Phyſicians, that he could not outlive* forty;—*if ſo, two weeks, "two little weeks, with wings of down" (as the Poet ſays) will terminate his exiſtence, as the Guardian, the Cenſor, and the Inſtructor of the little World. He ſeems indeed, to be fully ſenſible of his ſituation; ſo much ſo, that he commiſſioned me to make it known to the Public; and to inform his Correſpondents at the ſame time, that it is his earneſt deſire, that they would ſend in to him without delay, their names, and the claims they have to their reſpective compoſitions, that he may be able to do them juſtice in his laſt will and teſtament. He is happy that he can attribute his approaching end to no other than natural cauſes. He had indeed, ſome time ago, a kind of paralytic affection, which totally deprived him of the uſe of one half of his body; but to this, (though I cannot indeed pronounce him quite recovered of it,) I can by no means aſcribe his alas-I-fear-too-quickly-approaching end.* Tant mieux, *as the* French *have it, "ſo much the better," we are all mortal men; high and low, rich and poor, all muſt die one time or another; and of this* Mr. GRIFFIN *ſeems well aware; for tho', for ſome ſpace of time, one half of his body was of no manner*

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ner of ſervice to him, he always kept up his ſpirits. Should Mr. GRIFFIN, *recover, I may be allowed to exclaim with the poet,* "Arma virumque cano,"—*but* τον δ' απαμειβομενος "*if the worſt comes to the worſt,*" *I ſhall have the ſatisfaction to reflect, that I have done my duty in warning the Public of their approaching loſs,—and then—but the dejection of my ſpirits will not ſuffer me to make any other remarks on ſo melancholy a ſubject, than that complete ſets of the* MICROCOSM, *or any ſingle Number, may be had as uſual of*

Caſtle-Street, Windſor, July 23, 1787. THE EDITOR

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No. XXXIX. OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 30, 1787.

Non omnis morior.—OVID.
I die not all.—GARTH.

DEBILITATED as I am with ſickneſs, I feel that I ſhall not be able to entertain my readers, as uſual, with a calm diſcuſſion of topics not the moſt immediately intereſting. I feel plainly that I am no longer a Man of *this World*. And that being the caſe, I think it incumbent on me to leave to my fellow-citizens ſome knowledge of the Life of one, whoſe writings have been dedicated to their ſervice.

A life indeed of ſo ſhort duration, as that of GREGORY GRIFFIN, cannot be ſuppoſed to have been replete with any uncommon incidents; or to have abounded with any ſurpriſing adventures. It has, as may be imagined, been chequered rather by a variety of ſentiments, than ſituations; and owes its diverſification rather to a ſucceſſion of ideas, than a ſeries of events.

Yet

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Yet even in theſe, I flatter myſelf, that my fellow-citizens will find themſelves intereſted; and that they will be ſolicitous to become acquainted even with the moſt trivial circumſtances, which concern one, to whom they are indebted, if not for inſtruction and entertainment, at leaſt for an earneſt deſire to inſtruct and entertain.

Of my birth and parentage I ſhall ſay nothing; for, from an account of either no inſtruction could be gathered. Of my education—the firſt circumſtances, which I have any recollection of, are, that I was, at the age of ſix years, employed in learning the rudiments of my mother tongue, ſpinning cock-chafers on corking-pins, and longing for bread and butter, at a day ſchool, near ————My proficiency here was ſo great, that I actually got through within a month, by far the greater part of a gingerbread alphabet, and might be literally ſaid to devour my learning with an aſtoniſhing avidity. In my hours of relaxation from ſtudy, the utmoſt ſtretch of my intellects was the acquiſition of the aforeſaid bread and butter; the higheſt notion I could conceive of rational amuſement, was enjoyment of that delight, which aroſe from the contemplation of the abovementioned cock-chafer, writhing, or, as I then

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then, in compliance with the cuſtom of my ſchool-fellows, termed it, *preaching*, in the agonies of impalement. And yet, my temper, gentle reader, is not cruel; my diſpoſition, would you believe me, is far from tyrannical. But the abuſe of power is equally prevalent among children and men. And when we every day find by melancholy experience, that the ſtrongeſt intellects, and the matureſt judgments are unable to reſiſt the intoxication of uncontrouled command, and rioting in the plenitude of power, break thro' the laws of reaſon and of right, can we expect that the ſenſes of childhood ſhould be leſs frequently faſcinated, and leſs eaſily overcome; and that, when armed with the ability of diſtributing life and death to the ſubject tribes of animals and inſects, it ſhould exerciſe its dominion with equity, and adminiſter its charge without injuſtice? Not but, with regard to myſelf as well as others, the rage of deſpotiſm has been checked, and the triumphs of tyranny interrupted, by the admonitions of friendly advice, and the interpoſition of parental authority. But, alas, how could I regard thoſe admonitions, or revere that authority—when, after being ſeverely chidden for wantonly diſmembering a waſp, or knocking down a butterfly, I was often called upon to cruſh a ſpider, or trample

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ple an earwig to atoms, becauſe forſooth, a lady in the company had conceived a rooted horror to the one, or was endowed with a natural antipathy to the other? Let the parent, who would keep his child pure from the ſtain of cruelty to animals, beware, how he makes him the executioner of his vengeance on even the moſt noxious; the cruſher of ſpiders, and the trampler of earwigs. The diſtinctions of harmleſs and hurtful, are not to be explained to childhood. Self preſervation needs not the admonition.—The child who executes theſe commands, muſt, either if he does not reflect at all, be ſteeled by their repetition againſt the pleadings of pity; or if he does reflect, in what light can he conſider them, but as dictated by the luſt of deſtroying, cloaked indeed under the affectation of antipathy!

But to proceed in my narrative. My removal at the age of eight years to a *Grammar School*, at ———; as it changed my method of ſtudy, and enlarged my proſpects of improvement in the belles lettres, ſo did it give a totally new turn to the train of my ideas, and open a larger field for the exerciſe of my adventurous ambition. I ſet out with becoming a profeſſed admirer, and would-

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would-be imitator, of the heroes of the head-claſs; and wearied the good-natured patience of all my friends, relations, intimates, acquaintance, and viſitors, during the firſt ſix vacations, by relating ten times a day, with a conſiderable degree of archneſs, and an infinite quantity of admiration, the tricks of *Tomlinſon*, and the wickedneſs of *Wilkins*; and "how *Spriggins* kicked the Uſher's ſhins under the table, and then ſaid it was'n't he." I called moreover into action my mimetic powers, and before the expiration of my eleventh year, was able to imitate, with no ſmall ſhare of ſucceſs, the tone and manner of the writing uſher, in pronouncing "*Very vell, Maſter Simkins, I'll ſar-* "*tinly get you vipt for dartying on your breeches.*"— But the time was now arrived, when I was to be no longer the trumpeter of another's fame, the humble admirer of another's atchievements. Having attained the "topmoſt round" of that learning which this ſeminary was capable of beſtowing, and going on, as I was, in my twelfth year, I thought it time to aim at being the pattern of the excellence I had pictured; and to become myſelf the hero of my own celebration. Like the ſon of *Fingal*, I now reſolved to ſing the atchievements of myſelf and my own companions.

——— "*quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi,*
"*Et quorum pars magna fui.*"

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And if in the ardor of narration, I by chance, had drained the ſources of reality, and emptied the ſtores of truth, I betook myſelf, without heſitation, to ranſacking the riches of fiction; and truſted implicitly to the inexhauſtible fertility of my own invention. Many a time have I entertained, or perhaps tired, an indulgent audience, with long accounts of my miraculous eſcapes from dangers of my own raiſing; and extricated myſelf with admirable addreſs, from ſituations of my own contriving. Often have I, for the ſake of diſplaying my heroiſm, and telling a good ſtory, endangered my precious neck, by leaping fancied ditches, and climbing imaginary walls, for the purpoſe of deſpoiling fictitious apple-trees, or non-exiſtent gooſeberry-trees.

Luckily for my ſafety, and perhaps for my reputation, I was reſcued from the midſt of theſe "imminent deadly" dangers by a removal to *Eton*. From her to have "ſucked the milk of ſcience," to have contracted for her a pious fondneſs and veneration, which will bind me for ever to her intereſts; and perhaps, (pardon kind reader, the licenſed vanity of a Periodical Writer, abandoning himſelf on his death-bed to the faſcination of egotiſm) to have improved by my earneſt endeavours

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vours her younger part of the preſent generation, is to me a ſource of infinite pride and ſatisfaction.

But I find myſelf growing weak, and am unable to proceed any farther. With the reſt of my life, and how it has been employed, my fellow-citizens are ſufficiently acquainted.—For my own part, I look back upon it with contentment;—but I muſt reſign the pen to my *Publiſher*, who will ſay whatever I have left unſaid—that ought to be made known to my Countrymen.—They will, I flatter myſelf, remember, not without eſteem, the name of GREGORY GRIFFIN,—they will preſerve a regard for his memory.—

Mr. GRIFFIN could not finiſh the ſentence he was about; this laſt effort has quite exhauſted him, and he has left to me the melancholy office of concluding his life.—Which by the bye, if printed, with a neat type, in a thin octavo, and adorned with a well looking title page, would cut a very pretty figure in the annals of literature. I ſhould indeed be a little in doubt whether to entitle it ſimply the LIFE OF MR. GRIFFIN, or the CONFESSIONS OF MR. GRIFFIN, or AN APOLOGY FOR THE LIFE AND WRITINGS, &c. but of that hereafter—*Tempus edax rerum.*—I find nothing

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among Mr. G's papers worthy of meeting the public eye; as I diſcovered upon ſearching his breeches pockets ſince he went to bed, that they conſiſt of, in his right hand pocket, his laundreſs's bill; in his fob, a piece of brown paper, containing one penny-worth of ſugar-candy, of which he was wont to be very fond; and a ſmall note to a friend, containing a poſitive declaration that he leaves behind him no writings whatſoever unpubliſhed, but his Will, which he intends enjoining his executors to lay before his fellow-citizens after his deceaſe.

It may be queſtioned, why, I, who muſt naturally entertain a veneration for his perſon, do not, now, that ſo fair an opportunity offers itſelf, attempt ſomething, juſt by way of a character or ſo; and it may be ſuſpected, that there is ſome reaſon for the omiſſion; and to ſay truth, ſo there is.—It muſt be confeſſed, that I have for ſome time intended, (and have collected materials for the purpoſe,) as the eyes of the world muſt infallibly be fixed on his exit, to favour it, after Mr. G's demiſe, with a collection of *Anecdotes, Stories, Smart Sayings, Witty Repartees, Funny Jokes, and Shining Sentiments*, under the comprehenſive title of GRIFFINIANA.—Of this work the following extracts will give a ſufficient ſpecimen.

'Mr.

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'Mr. GRIFFIN was a man of great humour. 'Coming one day into the parlour, where *Pompey*, 'the *Editor's* little dog, was lying and baſking be- 'fore the fire, "I proteſt, *Pompey*," ſaid he, "you "are almoſt as lazy a dog as myſelf!!!"

'The voluntary ſallies of Mr. GRIFFIN's wit 'were only to be equalled by the readineſs of his 'repartees: of this the two following anecdotes, 'will give evidence,

'Mr. GRIFFIN walking one day in the Street, 'was ſuddenly accoſted by a friend of his, who, 'pulling off his hat, addreſſed him with "How "do you do, Mr. GRIFFIN?" Mr. GRIFFIN, 'without the ſmalleſt heſitation, or embarraſſment, 'inſtantly retorted "Pretty well, I thank you, "Sir; I hope you are well?"

'Another time, Mr. GRIFFIN was attacked in 'a large company by a lady, who thinking to 'catch him unprepared, aſked him very ſharply, "how much two and two made?" "Two and two, "madam," ſaid he, with great quickneſs, and without betraying the ſmalleſt confuſion, "make "*four*."

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I will be candid enough to own, that the idea of this publication was borrowed from one of a ſimilar kind, on a man of almoſt equal eminence with him who is to be the ſubject of theſe memoirs. But tho' there may be a near reſemblance between the anecdotes here ſet down, and ſome which are related of that Gentleman, the reader will, I hope, have fairneſs enough to think, that it is very poſſible that both ſhould be original. I have however been once on the point of dropping the deſign, when it was repreſented to me by a friend, on whoſe judgment I had great reliance, "that I ſhould act unworthily as a biographer, "and ungenerouſly as a friend, in endeavouring to "reduce the name of Mr. GRIFFIN, by ſuch a "publication, to the level of *Joe Miller* and *Tom* "*Brown*; and in raſhly bringing to light, ſuch "unintereſting and trifling effuſions of momentary "mirth, or occaſional levity, as would but detract "from the weight of his other performances; and "ſuch, as from their own intrinſic merit, could "only paſs without ridicule, when they paſſed "without public obſervation."

THE EDITOR.

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No. XL.

OF THE

MICROCOSM.

MONDAY, *July* 30, 1787.

Amicorum munus eſt, quæ voluerit, meminiſſe,
——quæ mandaverit, exequi.——TACIT.

It is the office of friends, to remember the requeſts of the deceaſed, and faithfully execute his commiſſions.

THE melancholy event predicted in a late Number has taken place.—GREGORY GRIFFIN is no more.

About five minutes, three ſeconds after nine o'clock on *Monday* evening, his friends were alarmed by a haſty ſummons to his bedſide. The good

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good gentleman ſeemed to be perfectly ſenſible that the moment of his diſſolution drew near.

It has been uſually cuſtomary with the Biographers of eminent men, when drawing towards the concluſion of their Hero's exiſtence, to make the World acquainted with every little ſymptom attending his exit. But the effects of a Cathartic, or the operation of an Emetic, have been too minutely inveſtigated, and too frequently diſcuſſed, to be any longer intereſting; and the various circumſtances of this kind which marked the termination of Mr. GRIFFIN's exiſtence, would be of as little conſequence to the literary, as medical World. Theſe therefore we ſhall omit mentioning.

"My friends!" (ſaid he, as we ſtood round him, raiſing himſelf a little on his left elbow, while the bookſeller's boy placed a pillow unde his head,—*We knew there was but one way, for his noſe was as ſharp as a pen*)—"my friends" ſaid he, "I could not quit *this World* ſatisfactorily to "my own conſcience, without acknowledging my "obligations to you. I die, it is true, at an age, "when I might, without preſumption, have "hoped

" hoped for the enjoyment of a protracted ex-
" iſtence. But I have long foreſeen this event,
" and am happy to be prepared to meet it. It
" is a great conſolation to me, that I leave you
" behind me, the defenders of my conduct, in
" that official character, which, I have during
" my life-time ſupported. It has been my en-
" deavour to blend the inſtruction of my fellow-
" citizens with their entertainment; to temper
" my cenſure with lenity; and to laugh away their
" follies, rather than to ſcourge their vices. If,
" in any one of theſe points, my ſucceſs has been
" equal to my wiſhes; the end of my exiſtence is
" fully anſwered.

" It has indeed ſo happened, that contrary to
" my expectations, my name has found its way be-
" yond the limits of our little republic. Even
" there, caſt as I was on the *wide World*, I have
" met with ſuch a reception, as to convince me,
" that the tendency of my plan has been warmly
" approved; however inadequate may have ap-
" peared its execution. And if by theſe means,
" I have added one more citizen to our Com-
" mon-Wealth, or contributed to diffuſe a patri-
" otic love of *Eton* among its preſent members,
" then

"then indeed ſhall I be proud to congratulate my-
"ſelf on the ſucceſs of my endeavours.—But I
"feel my ſtrength going from me."—The Pub-
liſher pulled out his pocket-handkerchief—
"Adieu!"—the Publiſher applied his pocket-
handkerchief to his eyes. "To your care I en-
"truſt my will,—you will find, I have not for-
"gotten you, my friends;—you will execute my
"commiſſions with fidelity."—"Mr. GRIFFIN is
"dead" ſaid the bookſeller,—"Sure enough" ſaid
the bookſeller's boy.—The printer's devil blub-
bered.—It was too much.—We were forced to
retire, to give vent to our feelings—and open the
Will.—A copy of it we now lay before the
Public.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT, OF GREGORY GRIFFIN, ESQ.

'*Viceſimo tertio die JULII, anno regni GEORGII*
'*Tertii Magnæ Britanniæ, Franciæ, et Hiberniæ Regis,*
'*Fidei Defenſoris, &c. viceſimo ſeptimo; Domini,*
'*milleſimo ſeptingenteſimo octogeſimo ſeptimo.*

'I, GREGORY GRIFFIN, of the College of
'ETON, in the County of BUCKS, being
'weak

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'weak in body, but ſound in underſtanding,
'on this twenty-third inſtant of this July preſent,
'in the twenty-ſeventh year of the reign of his
'Majeſty GEORGE the third, of Great-Britain,
'France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the
'Faith, &c. in the year of our Lord, one thouſand
'ſeven hundred and eighty-ſeven, do hereby com-
'mit my body to the preſs, from whence it came;
'my ſpirit to the comprehenſion of my readers.

'Of my Worldly Effects, conſiſting chiefly of
'Eſſays, Poems, Letters, &c. &c.

'IMPRIMIS, I do give and bequeath the
'whole of the aforeſaid Eſſays, Poems, Letters,
'&c. &c. to my much-beloved friends J. SMITH,
'G. CANNING, R. SMITH, and J. FRERE;
'to be among them divided as ſhall be hereafter
'by me appointed; excepting only ſuch legacies,
'as ſhall be hereafter by me aſſigned to other my
'worthy and approved friends.

'And I do further conſtitute and appoint the
'aforeſaid, my much beloved friends, the Ex-
'ecutors and Adminiſtrators of this my laſt Will
'and Teſtament, to divide my Effects, according
'to the form appointed therein.

'ITEM.

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'ITEM. I DO GIVE AND BEQUEATH to 'Mr. JOHN SMITH, late of the College of 'ETON, now of KING's College, CAM-'BRIDGE, all myPapers, Eſſays, &c. &c. which 'bear the Signature of A.

'ITEM. To Mr. GEORGE CANNING, now 'of the College of ETON, I DO GIVE AND 'BEQUEATH all my Papers, Eſſays, &c. &c. 'ſigned with B.

'ITEM. To Mr. ROBERT SMITH, now of 'the College of ETON aforeſaid, I DO ASSIGN 'all my Papers, &c. &c. (as aforeſaid) ſigned C.

'ITEM. I DO MAKE OVER to Mr. JOHN 'FRERE, now of the aforeſaid College of 'ETON, all my Papers, &c. (as beforemen-'tioned,) marked D.

'ITEM. To Mr. JOSEPH MELLISH, of 'TRINITY College, CAMBRIDGE, in token 'of my reſpect and eſteem, I DO ASSIGN the 'Paper bearing the ſignature of M.

'ITEM. To Mr. B. WAY, I DO BEQUEATH 'the Letter ſigned MUSIDORUS; to Mr. 'LITTLEHALES, the Letter of CÆMETE-'RIUS; to LORD H. SPENCER, the Letter 'and Poem of IRONICULUS, with the Letter 'of Σοφος Πολυφαγος.

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'The reſt of my Papers, &c. &c. here un-
'diſpoſed of, I DO HEREBY ENJOIN my
'EXECUTORS, to make over to ſuch of
'my CORRESPONDENTS as ſhall ſeverally
'make good their claims thereunto; DE-
'CLARING moreover, that all ſuch PAPERS
'as do not bear any of the aforeſaid ſignatures,
'A. B. C. or D. are not to be conſidered as the
'property of my EXECUTORS.

'Dated this Twenty-third Day of *July* pre-
'ſent, in the Year, &c. &c. 1787,

'Signed

'GREGORY GRIFFIN.'

Witneſſes

CHARLES KNIGHT,

HENRY CHISHOLM.

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And now, in the character of Mr. GRIFFIN's Executors, having firſt rendered our thanks to the Public, for the great ſupport which that gentleman has experienced from their candour and indulgence; it would be ungrateful, were we not in his name to expreſs his more particular obligations, to a *World*, which he quits with ſo much regret.

Long may it flouriſh, as it has hitherto done, the Nurſery of Heroes and Stateſmen; of Poets, and Philoſophers; and may its Citizens, equally qualified to ſhine in the buſy ſphere of political eminence, or cultivate with taſte the elegancies of literary retirement, ever look back with filial affection on the ſpot where they were formed for ſuch noble, ſuch elevated purpoſes.

May the Contemporaries of Mr. GRIFFIN, ever join with him in looking up with gratitude and veneration to the INSTRUCTOR of their youth, whoſe approbation has been equally the aim of all *their* puerile exertions. To him, as the ſource from which their merit, if any, has originated, we now commend

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commend the Guardianſhip of theſe early efforts, begun under his auſpices; and conſequently with peculiar propriety entruſted to the continuance of ſuch diſtinguiſhed approbation.

B & C.

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The Reader is desired to correct the following Errors of the Press.

Page 7, line 3, for *efforts* read *effort*; page 7, line 9, for *pleludes* read *preludes*; page 19, line 16, for *oppulence* read *opulence*; page 21, line 22, for *Yorrick's* read *Yorick's*; page 47, line 12, for *verdent* read *verdant*; page 53, line 7, for *confuit* read *conficit*; page 59, line 6, for *fevery* read *severely*; page 65, line 10, for *our* read *my*; page 97, line 18, for *genealogist* read *genealogists*; page 98, line 4, for *characterestic* read *characteristic*; page 108, line 11, dele *other*; page 115, line 5, for *excuderit* read *extuderit*; page 121, line 12, for *ferosity* read *ferocity*; page 122, line 16, for *muse* read *writers*; page 122, line 18, for *the* read *their*; page 145, line 9, dele *to them*; page 150, line 22, for *to community* read *to the community*; page 151, line 5, for *incincerity* read *insincerity*; page 155, line 19, for *inexausted* read *inexhausted*; page 158, line 25, for *equivalant* read *equivalent*; page 222, line 18, for *nevet* read *never*; page 234, line 12, for *Gumanicus* read *Germanicus*; page 251, line 5, for *sumtis accedid* read *sumptis accedit*; page 264, line 19, for *dynastics* read *dynasties*; page 265, line 4, for *regel* read *regal*; page 280, line 22, for *mabogony* read *mabogany*; page 321, line 17, for *poker* read *porker*; page 330, line 15, for *coarse*, read *course*; page 334, line 15, for *quadruped* read *quadrupede*; page 362, line 26, for *intarference* read *interference*; page 370, line 10, for *vegitation* read *vegetation*; page 394, line 8, for *pausity* read *paucity*; page 415, line 26, for *sourses* read *sources*; page 418, line 4, for *Stateman* read *Statesman*; line 6, for *quality* read *qualities*.

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